# The Boston Weekly Globe.

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## SAXON AND GAUL.

### A Bad Feeling Growing Up Between the Two.

### England Loudly Blamed for the Cholera Epidemic in Egypt.

### A Good Market in Prospect for American Cereals—The Queen.

LONDON, June 30.

A panic in breadstuffs now threatens England. Its imminence is due chiefly to the cholera blockade against India. There seems to be no relief excepting from the United States and Americans, because of the probability of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, which will practically cut off the Indian supply cereals, have before them the best grain market ever given a nation. There are many elements in this probable breadstuff panic which bode great ill to the large European speculators in human food. Nearly all the London East Indian houses that deal in cereals, by an apparently concerted action, early in the spring, took steps to forestall the American supply by securing corners on Indian grain. The reasons, they alleged, for their actions were that they possessed information showing that New York and Chicago speculators had arranged to secure in advance the control of the American grain supply for the present summer, and that all reasonable calculations pointed to bad grain weather throughout England. They filled India with experienced buyers, and bought up a monopoly of the present harvest. This is now reaped, and is in their hands. The weather throughout England has turned out, contrary to calculations, to have been uncommonly fine for grain growing. The Suez canal is practically closed because of the absolutely necessary quarantine; cholera is ravaging the country on both sides of this commercial thoroughfare, and the people of all that country, in a state of wild panic, are running for their very lives away from their avocations. Grain lies piled up in Bombay, Calcutta, and in all other Indian ports, with a prospect of rotting where it lies, before either labor can be got to handle it or a way be found to get it to market. At this very moment the holders of grain at both Bombay and Calcutta are offering it at bidders' prices, without finding takers; and speculators who find themselves in need of cash are offering discount rates double that which are usual during even a monsoon.

It is difficult to convey a full idea of the state of the apprehension which exists in commercial circles here affected by the grain trade. The latter is threatened with absolute paralysis, and unless the cholera in and around Egypt is speedily suppressed or confined the most certain thing in England is a great panic in the grain trade. The signs of the impending crisis are already alarming in the Indian ports, where the grain speculation is crushed, and where the dealers are being pushed to extremities for settlements.

In Paris there is a semi-panic on account of the cholera. Throughout France there exists a feeling that England is directly responsible for the present state of Egypt. The small holders of Suez shares have staring them in the face the prospect of no income from the canal for an indefinite time to come, and are today in a state of rage against England. They point to the present Egyptian crisis as the first fruit of English control, and are cursing the day on which the Suez company allowed the British fleet free access to the canal as a base of operations against Arabi. It cannot be denied that there is a great feeling in Europe that the English government since its occupation of Egypt has devoted almost its entire energies to politics, and has neglected all the sanitary measures which any careful government should have felt itself bound to carry out when put in possession of a country to which they are so peculiarly essential. In this view, England is held responsible for the present condition of Egypt.

Astonishing as it may seem, the government, with that peculiar disposition to "drift," as Lord Salisbury described it, seems to be actually inactive in regard to the whole matter. It has gone so far as to say the French panic has undoubtedly been caused by exaggerated semi-official communications, based, probably, on bogus press reports; and that there is good ground for suspicion that these false reports have been made with the political purpose of increasing the tendency towards an animosity between the two countries, and this in the face of the fact that all the countries surrounding Egypt are straining every nerve to secure perfect quarrantine regulations.

The French government has issued strenuous orders subjecting all vessels arriving from Egyptian and Eastern ports to quarantine, provided there is any ground for suspecting the existence of disease at ports of clearance or call. These orders are to be carried out whether vessels possess clean bills of health or not.

#### Growing Coldness Between England and France.

There can be no doubt that there is a growing coldness between the French and English people, and an increasing loss of friendship between the two governments. Last Saturday the English cabinet tendered the mediation of the English government in the Tonquin dispute. Lord Lyons, the British ambassador at Paris, made the tender to the marquis and M. Jules Ferry. The former graciously accepted and sent to Earl Granville, the English minister of foreign affairs, the terms on which China was prepared to treat. M Jules Ferry intimated that he would give an answer Monday. He has given none yet. Yesterday the marquis sent an interrogatory to Earl Granville concerning the state of the mediation. Today the earl was compelled to notify the Chinese plenipotentiary that the English government felt compelled to retire from its tender because of the growing delicacy against England on the part of France. This jealousy is particularly exhibited by the French in each phase of the Suez canal controversy. The French holders of Suez shares treat every overture of British customers of the canal as a step in a scheme to dispossess the French of control, and continually refer to the British occupation of Egypt as the beginning of the grand conspiracy. The suspicion with which the French holders have met every proposal of the British shippers has finally exhausted the patience of the latter, who are now organizing the lobbies to influence the government to declare the De Lesseps monopoly untenable; to refuse the concessions necessary to enable De Lesseps to cut a second canal, and to encourage English capital to cut a rival water-way, which shall be entirely under British control.

#### Exporting Paupers.

The government is lending countenance to the deportment of paupers and criminals to the United States under the guise of assisted emigrants, no matter what official declarations are made to the contrary. Mr. Parnell, upon his return to London, will call a meeting of the Irish parliamentary party for the purpose of taking some action upon the subject. The Irish leader is said to have made a close investigation into the matter during his present trip through Ireland, and is understood to have prepared to charge the government with having covertly encouraged the poor law guardians in Ireland to get rid of as many paupers as possible by sending them to the United States as "assisted emigrants," and with having in this way succeeded in securing a delivery in the United States during the two months ending Sunday, June 23, of 15,000 indigent and helpless Irish people. It is hinted that Mr. Parnell will make the point that this wholesale swindling imposition upon a friendly nation was made possible by corruption at New York, and that a thorough investigation would implicate both English and American officials. All the Irish papers, excepting those published in the extreme Tory interest, are loud in their praises of the action of the secretary of the treasury of the United States on the ordering of the New York commissioners of emigration to compel the return of the paupers sent to Castle Garden. The Nation says that the English government's plan of getting rid of Irish paupers is to offer a few pounds sterling per head for each pauper deported requiring the rate-payers remaining in the depopulated districts to contribute the balance as the price of relief from continual taxes to support the beggars in the district. This journal, continuing, says that if the New York emigration commissioners carry out the instructions of Secretary Folger, they will completely defeat the government scheme, and pronounces the American secretary's action to be the most open, most humiliating, and best deserved rebuke ever administered by one government to another during the present generation.

#### Great Meeting of the Cobden Club.

There was a great meeting at the Cobden Club tonight arranged for the purpose of healing the differences caused by the desertion of Lord Ampthill, Mr. George J. Goschen and others, because of the election to membership of M. Clemenceau, the French Socialist, by the majority of radicals in the club. Mr. Chamberlain was selected to make the address. The meeting had been announced for several days, and Punch attempted to forestall its result by the publication of a carefully gotten up cartoon. This picture was entitled "The Daring Duckling." It represented Mr. Chamberlain as a duckling just hatched by a hen. The duckling being without its mother and coming across a big pond, true to nature, had boldly plunged into the water. The mother hen stood upon the shore, wild with terrified surprise, fluttering her impotent wing and crying out, "Oh! where is he going to stop?" The cartoon has been convulsing all London. When Mr. Chamberlain entered the club tonight he was greeted with cheers and laughter. He was escorted with much ceremony to the head of the dinner table, having been invited to preside. After the banquet his health was proposed by Mr. T. D. Poly, who closed his introductory remarks by reference to the cartoon and the expression: "I, for one, am willing to follow the daring duckling."

Mr. Chamberlain, in his response, went further, even, into radicalism, than he did in his Birmingham address. He declared that party union must be based upon mutual concessions, and denounced as tyranny any attempt to silence members of the Liberal party upon questions upon which the party was divided. The true political programme, the speaker insisted, was gradual radicalism, with the fullest toleration for the expression of opinion. The public might not yet be quite ripe for the acceptance of the speaker's views, but the public was certainly ripe for full discussion of them. Without the fullest freedom to discuss there could not be any union in the Liberal party, any reform without revolution. He had the fullest confidence in the people. The surest footing in the public confidence could be obtained by the Radicals only when they adopted as their platform free schools for secular education and the widest suffrage for the whole people.

Sir Charles Dilke, who was present, pronounced the address to be Mr. Chamberlain's most memorable speech, and Herbert Gladstone praised it highly.

#### A New Political Movement.

The defeat of the deceased wife's sister marriage bill on its third reading in the House of Lords has led to a political movement, which has for its object the abolition of the bishops to sit in the Lords. The bill was really popular. When it passed the second reading the bishops became alarmed, and energetically beat the ecclesiastical drum throughout the country. The greatest church lobby of the age was at once organized against the measure. The Radicals and Liberals in the Commons, seeing the prospect of successive defeats for the bill in the House of Lords by the votes of the bishops nullifying the majority of the lay peers, have arranged to start an agitation for the abolition of the right for the bishops to vote in the House of Lords, and the movement bids fair to be popular.

#### The Queen Morose and Irritable.

The Queen has become morose again, and is living in great retirement in Windsor. Her disposition has now taken a singular turn. She insists on having the most extraordinary precautions taken for her personal safety. Her Majesty seems to believe it is as necessary for her to be secluded from supposed enemies as for the Czar of Russia, and appears at times to suppose that her subjects are restless and discontented and should be barred as far as possible from any approach to her presence. Her mental condition is that of an exceedingly irritable, gloomy person. For the first time in her life the Queen the other day refused to attend the Prince of Wales' garden party.

#### Iroquois Off for America.

Iroquois, Aranza and Parthenia have all been sent back to the United States. Iroquois is here considered to be worth £3000 more for studding purposes or for the race track than he was worth last spring. Mr. Lorillard's commission for Iroquois in the Stockbridge cup race, won on the 21st inst., was $3000, which was obtained at Evans. The Prince of Wales nominated Iroquois for the cup, and nearly all of the Prince's party backed the winner. Iroquois will be put to stud in America after completing several races for which he is already announced on the other side

#### Looking Toward International Copyright.

The Athenæum is authority for the statement that there has been organized a powerful movement to obtain an international copyright law between England and America. This movement will be carried on by the principal authors of England and America, who have resolved to act for themselves, and independently of the publishers. They will personally appeal to the American Congress and people to do justice to authors as a body, irrespective of nationality, and establish for them a property in the production of their brains.

#### Recovering From the Dynamite Scare.

The government appears to have nearly recovered from its dynamite scare. The police precautions were further relaxed today. But one policeman is now stationed as guard at the entrance to the government buildings in Whitehall street. In Dublin most of the judges still retain but one guard, and the others dare now to go without any. Earl Spencer, however, maintains a full cavalry escort, and wherever he goes his car is surrounded by mounted cavalrymen with detectives following in their rear.

#### The Labor Market Active.

The labor market is active in all the building trades. Navvies are in great demand, because of briskness in railway building. At all the collieries work is plentiful, except at the North Staffordshire mine, where the great strike is entering upon its ninth week, with no prospect of any arrangement. The strikers are suffering great privation and hardship. The special building industry is universally prosperous. Marine engineering is brisk. At Birmingham and Sheffield all the trades are busy.

#### Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is understood that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson will soon reach an adjustment of their dispute, and that her majesty's colonel will direct an operatic season in New York on his own account at the Academy.

The Trubuer Company announces that it will offer for sale the original document of the constitution for the Confederate States, and also the original manuscript containing the opinions of the attorney-general of the Confederate States on the question of the rights of the States to secede.

## MORMON RECRUITS.

### Nearly 700 of Them, Half Women, Are Landed in New York.

NEW YORK, July 1.—The steamship Nevada of the Guion line today brought 680 passengers of the Mormon faith, accompanied by twenty-two missionaries. Half them are women. One-third of them came from Sweden and the rest from Denmark, England, Wales and Norway. All are claimed to be converts and not emigrants in the ordinary sense of the word. The missionaries say that all that came are well provided with money to take up land and support themselves for a year or two, while there are from 150,000 to 200,000 more converts in Europe, who are preparing to come, and saving money for that purpose. Many of them are personally Monogamists, although accepting the Mormon doctrine of polygamy.

## CIVILIZATION IN MISSOURI.

### It Not Only Tolerates Lynching, but the Mutilation of the Victim.

LOUISIANA, Mo., July 2.—A mob of 100 men went from here to Bowling Green early Sunday morning and hanged Bill McDowell, a negro, charged with an assault on Miss Murray. The verdict of the coroner's jury was death from hanging by unknown parties. The body was brought to this city, where it was again strung up to a tree and a photograph of the corpse taken. The head was then cut off and the body mutilated. The head and other portions of the body are now in possession of a physician of this city.

## Dukes' Will.

UNIONTOWN, Penn., July 2.—The will of N. L Dukes has been found. It is written on the back of a letter, and as no one was looking for a will in such a place, it came near being overlooked with some old papers. On the morning of December 29, while in the sheriff's parlor, and anticipating his liberation on that day, Dukes took out of his pocket a letter and wrote on its back his will in a brief form. He gave $2000 to Miss Mary Beeson, to whom he was supposed to be engaged, and the remainder, without specification, to his mother. He made his stepfather, Asbury Strubble, his executor, and the will is witnessed by Register and Recorder Connor and Sheriff Hoover.

## Ill Luck of a Lottery Prize Winner.

NEWBURYPORT, June 28.—Some months ago one of the crew of the schooner Lucy May at this port drew $10,000 in a lottery. Of this amount he invested $6000 in the schooner Clarabelle, of which he took command, accompanied by a sailing master. In his new venture he met with nothing but failure, and on Saturday last, after discharging a cargo at this port, he sailed for Lanesville, where he took a cargo of paving stone for New York. In going around Cape Ann on Tuesday evening the vessel struck on Avery's rock, and the reports say she will prove a total loss.

## Death from the Prick of a Tack.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 27.—Maud Lennon, a young daughter of John Lennon of this city, died this morning in convulsions from blood poisoning, caused by a prick of a tack in her forehead, received one week ago. The case is a very unusual one.

STINGING, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

## CHOLERA'S TERRORS.

### Probability that the Suez Canal will be Closed.

### A Death From the Terrible Disease on a Vessel off Havre.

### An Accident to the Belgravia—Aix La Chapelle Burning.

PORT SAID, June 29.—A rumor prevails this evening that the government has issued such stringent regulations for the control of the canal traffic while cholera prevails that the Suez Canal Company can no longer transact its business, and has decided to shut off traffic altogether. The local officers only answer by the statement that vessels are passing, and any one can see that traffic has not been stopped. They refuse to say what instructions they have, or if they have any at all, but that they shall for the present, at least, follow closely the regulations of the Khedive's government, which are stringent enough and which in outline were suggested by the English government officers here. The belief in well-informed circles is that the canal has been ordered closed at once or within a few days. When this question was propounded to M. Grenetti, the highest canal authority whom your correspondent could reach, he refused to answer at all. Cholera has closed Port Said tighter than government rules or quarantine laws. Coal and water are not taken here even when crews have to be put on short allowance all the way to Malta. The moment captains learn of the alarming epidemic they refuse to allow any one to approach from the shore and get under way with as little loss of time as the somewhat lax local quarantine regulations will permit. Their fear of contagion is, if possible, exceeded by their fear of losses and delays resulting from long quarantine at call ports and at points of destination. No vessel can afford to spend twenty-five days at Malta and shorter periods at more distant points and run the chances of longer detention should there be any suspicion that they are carrying the contagion. The passengers by the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company's boats, many of whom have business of the most urgent character, are alarmed by the danger of being stopped at Brindisi or intermediate stations, or being held at Gravesend within sight of home. Their fear of this is greater than any danger from the contagion. The French Messageries line has given notice that its sixty vessels, making every port on the Mediterranean, will take no transfer of merchandise from points beyond Alexandria unless they have been subject to quarantine, and there is danger that they may apply the same rule to passengers.

The vessels of the French fleet will leave here as soon as possible, and activity on board them today indicates preparations for immediate departure. It is not known whether other deaths have occurred on board the ironclads L'Invincible and La Battile, but that it is possible. Deaths have occurred in the town, but details cannot be procured, the government having taken such strict precautions.

## ENGLAND BLAMED.

### The Failure to Comply With the Requirements of the Sanitary Conference Said to Be the Cause of the Plague.

[By Cable to The Boston Globe.]

LONDON, June 29.—The foreign governments are universally placing the blame for the spread of the cholera epidemic on the English administration in Egypt, and what is said is said very forcibly. The Spanish government has made the most direct complaint in a diplomatic way by demanding that England shall comply strictly with the resolutions adopted by the sanitary conference, the policy of that conference having been very largely dictated by the English representatives and suggested by the needs of English commerce.

The French press is especially loud in its denunciation of England's management in Egypt, and not only charges British officers with the greatest lack of foresight in failing to take the most obvious precautions against the admission of the disease, but of criminal laxity in taking necessary steps to prevent its spread at a time when that could have been easily done. They say that the Khedive's government unhampered would have done much better service, while his careless English advisers have laid all Europe open to the plague.

#### A Death From the Plague at Havre.

HAVRE, June 29.—A death from cholera has occurred on board a vessel lying off this port. She came from Bombay, and has been strictly quarantined, having come through the Suez canal.

## PUZZLING THE PHYSICIANS.

### The Peculiar Ailment of a Louisville Girl Which Beats All the Doctors.

[Courier-Journal.]

A singular case of a peculiar nervous affliction is that of Miss Ella ——, a young lady residing on Magnolia avenue, near Second street. For some time she has been afflicted with a slight attack of rheumatic pains, and has been generally in delicate health. Last Friday she grew suddenly worse, and was prostrated with an attack of mental chorea, which presents some remarkable features. The patient retains full consciousness of all that transpires; recognizes the faces of the members of her family and her physician and friends, and yet the words she utters are almost entirely beyond her control. For instance, in attempting to say anything, she may express what is directly opposite to her meaning. One expression is continually in her head, and is repeated over and over again, the patient being unable to avoid saying it. At times she gives utterance to a low whining noise, often imitating the barking of a dog; but more frequently gives utterance to a shrill scream, not loud, but startling. All day yesterday she was singing, and when attempting to speak her words would follow the tune, or assume a rhyme, which would be repeated over and over. She seems also to have lost control of the pitch of her voice, and one part of a sentence may be made in a whisper, the other in almost a scream.

A convulsive flinging about of the hands and arms is another symptom, and in this she manifests surprising strength. The action, like her words, seems to be entirely involuntarily, hardly ever being under her control. She frequently slaps the faces of her attendants, and has manifested a disposition to bite her near relatives, though not in a violent manner. When spoken to it is evident that she understands clearly all that is said; but it is only with the utmost effort that she can make even a short intelligible answer.

The case is a very singular one, and seems to be the culmination of a series of low nervous troubles. It is allied to chorea, only in this instance the loss of control is chiefly manifested in the vocal organs. Her sleep is fitful and seldom exceeds twenty minutes in duration, while the ailment of her throat precludes the taking of anything but liquid food. The case is under the treatment of Dr. Robert H. Porter, the well-known nervous specialist, who pronounces it one of the most remarkable he has ever met in the course of a long practice.

## A SAD STORY.

### Bridal Apparel Twice Exchanged for Emblems of Mourning.

[Greensburg (Pa.) Post.]

About three years ago Miss Rose Haverman, a bright and good-looking young lady of this place, was engaged to wed a young gentleman of Middletown, Pa., by the name of Fox. A short time before the day set for the solemnization of the marriage young Fox was taken ill with typhoid fever and died three days before the day set for the ceremony. Stricken with grief, the young lady for a time lived in retirement, but recently her heart and hand were again sued for and successfully won by a promising young man of 22 named David Price. They were engaged to be married, and Mr. Price removed to Latrobe, where last Sunday he lost his life while bathing, just three weeks before he hoped to be united in marriage to Miss Haverman. Upon hearing the news of her affianced's sudden death, she left immediately for Latrobe to attend the funeral, only to discover that he had been interred the previous day, the news having been delayed in reaching Greensburg.

Miss Haverman was strongly affected by the shock and was taken with violent spasms, under which she is still laboring. She now lies in a very critical condition.

## Horsewhipped by a Woman.

POTTSVILLE, Penn., July 1.—Dr. J. R. Wilson, editor of the Tower City Echo, has incurred the enmity of the School Board at that place by waging a war against their management of the school affairs. Among those who received particular attention was the secretary of the board, H. M. McElwain. While Dr. Wilson was at a blacksmith's shop near McElwain's residence, overseeing the shoeing of his horse, he was attacked by Mrs. McElwain with a heavy whip, with which she belabored him for some time. The whip had been borrowed from Updegrave's Hotel, the proprietor of which is also a member of the School Board. The editor was pretty seriously injured.

## IGNORING THE LESSONS.

### Mr. Beecher Abandons the Discussion of the International Papers—A Series of Interesting Questions and their Answers.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Mr. Beecher has abandoned the Friday evening discussions of the international Sunday school lesson. He ignored the lesson tonight, stating that he had determined to stop talking on the lessons for several reasons, one being the fact that his Sunday school had adjourned for the summer and another being that he thought he did not handle the lessons well. The topic of his talk this evening was suggested by a letter writen him from Massachusetts, asking whether a man who is a Christian ought to have a clear and distinct consciousness that his sins have been forgiven, should have the evidence that he has been converted. There were two elements, Mr. Beecher thought, to be considered in such cases. One was the element of inspiration, and the other the element of the personal, constitutional peculiarities of men. People who had been instructed under a mechanical theology to look for a definite, positive sense of transition, of going over from the natural state to a gracious state, were disappointed if they did not experience this feeling. That there was substance in this teaching of the old theology Mr. Beecher did not deny, but he did deny that these were the usual experiences of men. This was not the way in which Christians taught men, and the teaching of the apostles was a very different thing. Mr. Beecher examined what is spoken of as "The call of Christ." The Saviour said "Follow me." That was precisely as if one should say, "Come to my school," and the moment one came and began to learn, that very moment he became a disciple, which was only the later word for pupil or scholar. A man puts himself into the school of Christ at first imperfect, but constantly learns more and grows higher and higher. If one makes a resolution to lead a better life, and so conform to the gospel and obey

#### The Commands of Christ,

he is converted, no matter if he can mark no precise time. Every man that earnestly strives to follow the Lord Jesus Christ is a Christian. Mr. Beecher compared the doubting beginner to a student at college who should doubt as whether he is getting an education because he has no startling feeling on the subject. If a man had great susceptibility and a vivid imagination, and went into the kingdom with drums beating and banners flying, he was only a modest disciple of Christ, like the man who went in silently.

When space for remarks was given, several questions were put to Mr. Beecher. In the course of a reply to the first question, he said: "He that lives by an ideal is damned, and he who does not live by an ideal is damned. If a man finds that he is fully up to his ideal, there is no hope for him. Every man should feel every day, I have not done what I meant to do, and could do; God forgive me. I will press on." In reply to another question, Mr. Beecher said: "Christ receives us as a doctor receives me when I am sick. Says he, 'My boy, you are sick, but I will bring you out of it.'" Somebody asked whether too much introspection did not create a morbid condition of mind. Mr. Beecher said: "Yes, a man that doesn't know anything about mental philosophy, and looks into his mind, is like a man looking down into a well which is too deep for him to see the bottom, and he keeps looking and looking and never seeing anything."

A gentleman inquired whether if a man fell short of the resolves he made from day to day he were

#### Leading a Christian Life.

Mr. Beecher answered, Yankee fashion, by asking: "I set out in the morning with a determination to walk to Rochester at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and I only walk fifteen. Am I going to Rochester or not?"

Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, brother of the Plymouth pastor, recalled the religious character of Uncle Tom to illustrate a question he put. "Many of those poor Southern negroes," said Henry Ward Beecher, "often have a spiritual susceptibility that white folks have not anyhow. You remember what Mrs. Stowe says of the Florida negroes. 'Miss Stowe,' they said, 'when we read the New Testament it don't seem as though we knew much about the gospel, but when it comes to revelations, oh, we understand that.'" One of the largest assemblages of the year was present at the meeting tonight. Mr. Beecher preaches one Sunday after the next, and the prayer meeting on Friday evening next will be last before the summer vacation.

## STEAM AGAINST HORSE POWER.

### Terrible Collision in Chicago, in Which Twelve Persons Were Seriously Injured.

CHICAGO, July 2.—A collision occurred last night, between 11 and 12, between a street car and the Kansas City express, on the Wabash road. The scene was near the stockyards, and, in consequence of meagre facilities for reaching places, the news was not received here until near morning. The passenger train, going at a rate of nearly twenty miles an hour, dashed into the car, which contained twelve passengers. All were more or less injured, and it is feared a number will die. The car was knocked from the track, and the only wonder is that all of the passengers did not meet death. Bert Gannon, the driver, was fatally injured; G. T. Reynolds, injured about the hips and hurt internally; Mary Mack, hurt about hips and body fatally; William Jetter, wife and two small children, severe injuries; Maggie Boyle had her feet horribly crushed; John Benson, badly injured; Theresa Metger, badly cut about head. The physicians were soon on hand, and the wounded persons were conveyed to their homes. At the point where the collision occurred about a dozen tracks run parallel.

## AMPHIBIOUS MISS BECKWITH.

### A Most Remarkable Swimming Feat Accomplished by Her.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Miss Agnes Beckwith did some wonderful swimming today, but failed to accomplish her task. After going eighteen out of twenty miles of her course from Sandy Hook buoy to Rockaway beach she showed herself to be the most wonderful swimmer in the world, and did better than Captain Webb did on his trial. The currents are very heavy and the water was lumpy. She was accompanied down the bay by a party of friends and newspaper men, who started from Fulton ferry at 6 o'clock. She chatted pleasantly all the way, and seemed to feel confident that she would succeed. She asserted that she could stay in the water with perfect comfort for twelve hours, and could remain in for six days, doing all her sleeping in the water, provided she had a few moments' occasional relief and some one to watch her while she slept. Her brother Will—who claims the world's championship of fast swimming—and William Taylor, her manager, accompanied her on the steam launch Bonny Doon. The start was made from the buoy No. 6, Miss Beckwith throwing off her outer garments, leaving only a simple leotard bathing suit, which displayed her supple form and gave her as much freedom of motion as possible. She took her "header" at 8.52.40 a. m. and followed the southwest course indicated by the pilot. As soon as she rose to the surface, she shook the water from her hair and started with a vigorous rest-stroke, which, with less speed, gives more rest, and is easier to her than the side-stroke. The tide was half-ebb, and such wind as came was not annoying. There was a heavy ground swell. The little lady swimmer kept on the even tenor of her way until 11.30 o'clock, when she signified her willingness to take a little nourishment, which was handed her by Taylor, and which was made as hot as she could comfortably swallow. She took another drink of the hot mixture at 12.25, before the arrival of the excursion boat, which contained many of her friends. It was nearing the time of the change of tide, and her friends began to fear she could not complete the race. As she neared the bell buoy off Rockaway point, she struck the heavy incoming tide, against which it was almost impossible to make any headway, although she tried hard to do so, using the side stroke. She refused to leave the water, and said she would stay until the evening turned, when she would still have plenty of daylight in which to reach the beach. Her friends, and the pilot, knowing the labor that would be involved in any effort to stem the current during that time, feared exhaustion, and would not permit her to remain. They took her out much against her wishes at the end of 5 hours 7 minutes 20 seconds, after having gone 18 miles. So confident had she been of success that when she was taken in and saw how close to shore she was she sat down and cried.

## Shooting Affair Between a Woman and Sheriff.

FLORENCE, Wis., July 1.—The wife of John Morrison shot four times at Sheriff James Redmond of Florence county this afternoon, and was in turn shot in the breast and the leg, at the ankle, by him. Morrison is a hard case and his wife is just as bad. He was arrested by Redmond for a small misdemeanor, and she tried to kill the officer in revenge. The woman was seriously wounded, but will recover.

## Showing the Power of Their Weapon.

NEW YORK, July 2.—A delegation of the Clan-na-Gael and Fenian organizations went to Englewood, yesterday, where they placed a torpedo with two pounds of dynamite under the stern of an old ship, which, when the torpedo exploded, was blown to atoms.

## BEIRNE AND ELAM FIGHT.

### Elam Falls at the Second Fire, Shot in the Thigh.

### Two Prominent Officers of the Law Take an Active Part in the Duel.

### The Principals' Ride of Two Hundred and One Miles.

WAYNESBORO, Va., June 30.—The duel between Mr. Richard F. Beirne, editor of the Richmond State, and Mr. W. C. Elam, editor of the Richmond Whig, occurred two miles south of here this morning at 6 o'clock. Promptly at that hour the principals were placed in position by their seconds. At the first fire Elam's ball pierced the skirt of a sack coat worn by his opponent, but neither was hurt. In the second round Elam was wounded in the right hip, the ball passing through the fleshy part of that side and sinking in the left hip. When Elam was struck he said to his seconds, who stood near, "I'm struck." Mr. Beirne then declared himself satisfied, and raised his hat to his opponent and his seconds, and entered his vehicle and left the ground. Beirne was represented by Mr. F. Wright of Petersburg, and Mr. W. E. Chockley of Richmond. Elam's seconds were Sheffey Lewis of Rockingham, a son of Governor John T. Lewis, and United States attorney for the west district of Virginia, and John D. Snelling, a well-known local coalition politician of Richmond. The weapons were Colt's revolvers, of 32-calibre, and the distance eight paces. At the word of command both fired promptly, the reports from their weapons ringing out upon the morning air almost simultaneously. Both men are represented to have behaved with perfect calmness and self-possession throughout the long and tedious delays incident to the affair, as well as under fire. Beirne is a powerfully built man and weighs over 225 pounds, while his antagonist does not weigh 143. The difference in their sizes was of course greatly to the disadvantage of Beirne. Elam's near-sightedness was asserted by his friends to be an offset to that disadvantage of his opponent. Dr. Lewis Wheat, a nephew of Lieutenant-Governor Lewis, acted as surgeon for Elam. Beirne had no medical attendant, and his friends throughout the long delay always seemed to be impressed with the conviction that Beirne would come out unhurt, so no medical attendant was secured by him. After Dr. Wheat gave Elam such attention on the ground as he could, he was removed to Linwood, the residence of Lieutenant-Governor Lewis, twenty-two miles off. The object in selecting the vicinity of Waynesboro as the duelling ground, was because it was about midway between Greenbrier county, where Beirne was in concealment, and Hanover county, where Elam lay hid from the authorities. The wounded man's wife was telegraphed for, and left this afternoon for his bedside. The results of the duel make Elam the nominee of his party for governor in 1885. The most romantic part of the duel is the manner in which the two principals escaped the authorities after they were interrupted at Hanover Junction. June 25, Beirne escaped from the sheriff there and fled to Greenbrier county, West Virginia. Page McCarthy, his second, went to Richmond and proposed a new cartel in which Waynesboro was agreed on as the place of meeting. Beirne had safely secreted himself beyond the limits of the State, and the question then arose how were the parties to get together. Deputy sheriffs all along the lines of railroad were on the outlook. The authorities had drawn a complete network around the parties. McCarthy, Royall, Ragland and all parties connected with the affair were watched by detectives. Elam was securely hid near Richmond, but Beirne could not move from West Virginia. Finally McCarthy resorted to a cipher despatch. Messengers were sent to Beirne, one bearing a pair of navy revolvers and the other the key to the cipher. The cipher man was chased by deputy sheriffs, who suspected him, but he escaped by running through a big cornfield. The railroad authorities, who read, and it is alleged gave away, all telegrams that passed over their lines in relation to this affair, perused despatches concerning brilliant transactions in tobacco, and rash attempts to bull the wheat market, while the chances of a brilliant season at White Sulphur Springs were discussed, and the despatch which appointed the place of meeting discussed the maple sugar crop of Greenbrier county. The determined duellists encountered many difficulties on the journey. The wagon which bore the travellers was swept down a mountain stream, its occupants barely escaping. Elam and Snelling left Richmond in a double buggy Wednesday and arrived here last night late. The distance travelled by each was 201 miles, over mountains and through valleys, across swollen rivers and creeks. No better evidence of the determination of the two men to meet could be given than their willingness to encounter these deprivations to do so.

#### Elam's Wound So Serious That Death May Result.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—A private despatch received here today by Hon. John Ambler Smith, son-in-law of ex-Senator Lewis, at whose house Editor Elam is, states that Elam's wound is of so serious a character as to cause serious fears as to his ultimate recovery.

## ANOTHER RAILROAD MURDER.

### Assassination of an English Clergyman while on His Way to Paris.

LONDON, June 28.—Considerable excitement has been caused here by dispatches just received from Paris giving the details of another assassination on an express train just arrived in Paris. Locked up alone in a compartment of a first-class carriage was found an English clergyman in a dying condition. His body was bleeding from stab wounds, and his pockets were rifled and satchels cut open. The clergyman's ticket shows that he was on his way from London to Paris, nad had boarded the train at Calais. Despatches were at once sent out, and it is ascertained that the assailant has been caught and turned over to the police. At a station where the train stopped, one of the railway signal men happened to look into the compartment occupied by the clergyman and saw the robber engaged in cutting open the baggage. The robber immediately leaped and took to his heels, but was pursued by the signalman and after a desperate struggle was overpowered.

## A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

### Part of the Crew of the Brig Aristos Carried off by a Dutch Ship.

Capt. Harding of the brig Aristos, which arrived at this port Thursday from Fayal, states that on the 10th inst., when in latitude 42°, longitude 63° 30′, being short of provisions and a Dutch ship in sight, set signals for her to heave to and despatched a boat, containing the first mate, two seamen and three passengers, the latter volunteering to go to the unknown ship to obtain a supply of food. After seeing them safe aboard the ship, Captain Harding put the brig in a position to keep company with the stranger until the mate should be ready to return, there being a light breeze at the time. Shortly afterward the wind increased to a strong breeze, when the captain was astonished to observe that the ship had put about and was standing away on her course, carrying off his boat's crew and passengers. Captain Harding states that he kept company with the ship until the next day, when she finally went out of sight. The ship showed no signals, and the brig could not get near enough to ascertain her name or destination. When last seen she bore west-southwest, and was probably bound to New York. Captain Harding is at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the officers of the ship.

## HE SHOT HIS INSANE SISTER.

### Discarded by His Affianced, a Young Man Commits Double Murder.

NEW YORK, July 2.—William H. Seaman, aged 24, yesterday afternoon shot and killed his sister, Fanny Seaman, aged 28, at the residence of William L. Ferris, at Throgg's Neck, Westchester county. Seaman was engaged to a young lady of this city, who, hearing that his sister was insane, broke the engagement. He went yesterday to Throgg's Neck and went to Ferris' residence, entered by a window, and going to his sister's sleeping-room, where she was in bed, fired two shots at her, killing her instantly. He then shot himself in the head, dying in a few minutes.

## Mystery of a Gravestone.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., July 2.—While workmen were tearing down the chimney of an old house, demolished three years ago at Seekonk, a hamlet, two miles west of this village, they found a gravestone of slate with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Elean, daughter of Eli and Sabra Lyon, died 1781." The remainder of the inscription was obliterated. An examination of old records show that Eli Lyon lived there in 1776; had a grist mill and a saw mill from 1788 to 1796, and ultimately removed to Bloomfield, N. Y. How the gravestone came there, or where the grave is, is unknown; but it is supposed that some years ago a brick oven was repaired and the stone placed there by those who had forgotten the family.

## A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

### A Young Lady of 20 Becomes Her Brother's Mother-in-Law.

The Erie Dispatch says: Mr. John Page of North East and his youthful bride were visiting friends in Erie on Saturday. The great disparity in the ages of the bride and bridegroom, together with the fact that the ceremony made the young wife mother-in-law to her own brother, invested the marriage with more than an ordinary interest. Mr. Page is a farmer of considerable wealth. In years he has nearly reached the allotted age of man, but his recent marital venture indicates that he has no immediate fears of dissolution. His wife was Miss Hattie Wellman, an exceedingly attractive young lady, barely out of her teens. Her vivacity and many excellent qualities won the love of her elderly host, she being a visitor at his house. Friendship ripened into a warmer feeling, and it was not long before Mr. Page went wooing in earnest, and offered his hand and heart to the girlish object of his affections. She accepted him, and they were recently married at her mother's home near Chicago. Miss Wellman's brother had previously married Mr. Page's daughter, a young lady older than herself; thus, when she married the father of her brother's wife, she became his mother-in-law.

## SAD RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

### Six People Killed and Nine Wounded.

PITTSBURG, Penn., July 1.—A special from Bradford, Penn., to the Times says: "This morning a serious and fatal railroad accident occurred on the Rochester & Pittsburg railroad near Rasselas, about thirty-five miles from this city. Station Agent Lundergain was apprised of the wreck about 4 o'clock a. m., and in company with Drs. Kinsley, Page, Sweet and others, started for the scene of death and destruction. The scene which met their view was appalling.

The bodies of the dead and dying were strewn on either side of the wreck. The train was composed of loaded coal cars and cabooses, and was in two sections. Coming up a steep grade, the first section stopped to take water, and while attempting to start, the coupling broke and let five cars and a passenger car go down grade, which is ninety feet to the mile. They ran into the section which was about a mile a behind, when the passenger coach struck the engine. It was torn to splinters, and the engine stripped of everything, except the fire box and boiler. The engineer and fireman of the latter train saw the danger and jumped, saving their lives. The dead and wounded were brought to this city, where anxious friends and a large crowd was assembled at the station.

The victims are residents of this city. The dead are S. M. Tolles, conductor; M. Downs, brakeman; Robert Clemens, George Huynn, S. J. McKee and Angelo Adawno. The wounded are David Ford, brakeman, leg broken and injured internally; W. L. Davis, bad scalp wound; John Collins, seriously hurt; J. Casmill, leg broken in two places; J. Bestway, fatally injured; J. Ravelle, badly scalded; Downs, engineer of the second section, slightly wounded; and Mrs. W. H. McCurdy and son, four years old, neither seriously hurt. Coroner Barron empannelled a jury, and after viewing the dead bodies at the morgue took a special train to the scene of the disaster. The inquest will be held tomorrow.

It is rumored that other bodies are under the wreck, as a few passengers have not been accounted for. It is supposed that the passengers were all asleep when the train started back, and the surviving brakeman says the brakes would not hold.

## THAT DETESTED TRADE DOLLAR.

### Efforts of Representative Men to Get the Coin Placed on a Proper Footing.

NEW YORK, June 28.—The movement against the trade dollar is gaining strength daily. A man may have a dozen of them in his pocket, but unless he has other coin he cannot cross a ferry or ride in a street car. Nor will they be received at the custom or other public offices. The American Chamber of Commerce recently appointed a committee of bankers and merchants to fix up a plan for getting this coin placed upon a proper footing. The committee yesterday reported through a sub-committee composed of Hon. W. W. Crapo, president of the First National Bank of New Bedford, Mass.; Senator J. N. Camden, president of the First National Bank of West Virginia; Mr. L. W. Ballou, treasurer of the Woonsocket (Rhode Island) Institution for Savings; Mr. R. H. Arthurs, president of the First National Bank of Pittsburg, and Mr. C. P. Williams, president of the National Exchange Bank of Albany. The committee was fairly inundated with correspondence from all parts of the country relative to this coin, and promises of assistance have been received from many representative men. All business men addressed were anxious to have the coin withdrawn, and will join in a memorial to Congress looking to that end.

## OLD, FRIENDLESS, POOR.

### Husband and Wife Attempt Suicide in Brooklyn—The Wife's Determination.

BROOKLYN, June 30.—An old German couple, Henry and Theresa Wagner, 75 and 74 years of age respectively, living in New York, being out of work, friendless and poor, this morning determined to go to East New York and die together. Wagner first severed the main artery in his wife's left arm with a pocket knife and then repeated the operation on himself. They were found bleeding by the roadside by a mason. The ambulance was sent for, but Theresa refused to be attended, repeatedly tearing the bandage from her arm. She will die, but her husband, who proved more tractable, is on the road o recovery.

## "ONLY ARTERIAL BLOOD."

### The Strange Affliction of a Family Living at Poland Corner, Me.

LEWISTON, July 1.—It was a month ago, on the authority of an Auburn doctor, that a boy, 10 years of age, living at Poland Corner, suffered a slight abrasion of the knee. The wound was not serious, but the flow of blood that ensued continued all day and the next and the next, thus for three weeks in greater or less amounts, and was stopped only after the most determined means were taken. Three days ago the boy cut his finger. The wound operated in exactly the same way. In spite of three physicians in attendance the wound bled profusely. The boy became weakened and delirious under the loss of blood. The bleeding stopped Friday, after the boy's condition had become critical. Neighbors stoutly assert that the boy "has no veins and that only arterial blood courses throughout his body." Such a case is of course held to be improbable. The strangest part of the affair is that the entire family of boys have been and are affected in the same way. A number of years ago one of the boys in the family lost his life through an impossibility of stopping its flow of blood from a slight wound. The explanation of an informant was that a morbid fear of death by bleeding kept in action the blood to such an extent that its stoppage became wellnigh impossible.

## CATAMARAN VS. HORSE.

### A Novel Race of Ninety Miles—The Former the Winner.

NEW HAVEN, July 1.—The race between the catamaran Jesse, owned by Fred Hughes of New York, and the steel-grey mare Boston, owned by Ezra Doggett, also of New York, which began at New York this morning at 5 o'clock, in which they were to go to Stony Creek, Conn., fourteen miles beyond New Haven—or a distance of ninety miles—terminated in favor of the catamaran, which arrived at Stony Creek at 3.35 this afternoon. The horse passed through New Haven at 3.45 and arrived at Stony Creek about 8 o'clock. It is said that the horse was in good condition on arrival. Dr. Adams of the Connecticut Humane Society, it is rumored, went to Stony Creek tonight to arrest the driver of the horse for cruelty to animals.

## BARGAINING FOR A JUDGESHIP.

### The Charge That $100,000 Was Paid for a Seat on the Supreme Court Bench.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—"I intend to introduce a resolution at the next session of Congress to investigate the charges made concerning the appointment of a judge of the United States Supreme Court for the consideration of $100,000," said a Democratic congressman-elect from Pennsylvania. "This matter affects the integrity of the Supreme Court and the character of one of its members, as well as the reputation and memory of General Garfield. The Supreme Court, to have the confidence of the people, must be absolutely free from all suspicion of wrong."

## Great Fire at Bermondsey.

LONDON, July 2.—The establishment of Brockter & Bevington, glue and size makers, Bermondsey, a suburb of London, is on fire. The tenants of a large number of small houses in the neighborhood have hastily removed their effects to places of safety. The fire is one of the largest that has occurred in that vicinity in many years.

## Rapid Spread of the Haytian Rebellion.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Late Haytian advices show that the rebellion is spreading rapidly. At Port-au-Prince great uneasiness prevailed among the foreigners, who were claiming protection from their consuls.

## GREAT BRITAIN ACCUSED.

### Was the Treaty of Washington Procured by Fraud?

### Professor Hind's Statement That His Government Falsified Figures,

### And Also Subpœnaed Witnesses Before the Halifax Commission.

WINDSOR, N. S., July 1.—Professor Henry Youle Hind of this city has given out for publication a sworn statement of his charges that her majesty's government submitted false exhibits and suborned testimony in support of its case, before the International Fisheries Commission at Halifax in 1877. He says that in the spring of that year he was summoned to Ottawa to prepare himself to act as a scientific witness on the part of her majesty's government before the commission. Certain alleged exhibits of the Canadian fisheries were placed in his hands. He soon detected that they differed widely from the government official records from which they purported to be taken. He called the attention of the proper persons to these discrepancies, and was afterward assured that the proper corrections had been made, and that the exhibits were then correct. He discovered later that the falsified statistics had not been corrected, but had been retained, and formed a part of the case of her majesty's government.

He reported this discovery to the Canadian authorities, and afterward to her majesty's government, some months before the award of the arbitrators was paid by the United States. He received no attention. In November, 1878, he went to England with the proofs of his allegations, but no opportunity to present them was given him. Subsequently he submitted his conclusions and proofs to a representative of the United States government.

He charges that the proceedings connected with the preparation of the case of her majesty's government involved the following unlawful acts:

First—The altering of an immense number of statistical tables, and the disguising of the true relations of figures alleged to have been taken from Canadian records.

Second—The prior fabrication and manufacture of alleged records of government and the subsequent official presentation under oath to the commission of these alleged records as exhibits purporting to represent true records of government.

Third—The suborning of an official witness to testify under oath before the commission to the truth of these altered and fabricated exhibits.

He further charges that shortly after the signing of the treaty of Washington the following steps were taken:

First—To tamper with an officer or officers of the United States government to secure certain changes in the record of the annual official statements of the United States government relating to commerce and navigation and concerning the fisheries, which changes were prejudicial to the interests of the United States and favorable to Canada.

Second—To tamper with or wink at the proceedings of an officer or officers of the Canadian government and secure certain changes in the annual official statements of the Canadian government relating to trade and navigation and concerning the fisheries, which changes were favorable to Canada and prejudicial to the United States.

Professor Hind goes on to say that the British commissioner, Sir A. T. Galt, could not have failed to recognize the falsity of the Canadian exhibits, because they were the converse of his own official records and reports. He continues:

I visited England a second time in 1882, for the purpose of submitting the whole matter to her majesty's government. I did submit the matter in condensed form, and I subsequently received, by direction of Sir A. T. Galt, the British arbitrator at Halifax in 1877, in reply to a letter embodying distinct and definite charges, a wholly unsatisfactory and deceitfully evasive answer.

He charges that Sir Stafford Northcote, M. P., at that time a member of her majesty's government, accepted these unlawful and dishonorable proceedings. He makes charges also against Mr. Henry S. Northcote, M. P., whom he accuses of furthering the interests of the Northwest Territory swindles.

Professor Hind's affidavit is supplemented by many exhibits, which he asserts prove the truth of his charges. He says he is ready at any time to further substantiate his allegations, and he asks that he be given an opportunity to do so publicly in England.

## FAILURE IN DIAMOND FIELDS.

### Disastrous Effects of Three Years' Continual Drought at Cape Colony.

NEW YORK, June 29.—It was a strange and picturesque scene today on board the Austrian bark Lea, Captain Segarich, moored at Martin's stores, Brooklyn, after a voyage of fifty-nine days from Cape Town. There were five men from the shipwrecked crew of the whaling schooner Pilot's Bride, whose story of suffering on Desolation island has already gone into standard sea literature. They were sent home from Cape Town by the American consul there. A group of five Madras coolies attracted particular attention. They comprised four men and one woman. The men came here to engage themselves as cigarmakers and intend to join the Cigarmakers' Union.

Three of the men were cousins. They spoke English and French, the latter with fluency. Their utterance was soft and musical. Their features were very regular. Their teeth were marvels of perfection. One of the young men had a dark but narrow tattoo line running through his forehead, in a line with his nose. All the men wore handkerchiefs as turbans. The wife of one of these men was

#### Adorned With Gold and Jewels

in probably the most astounding style ever adopted by any woman making her appearance here. Fastened in her nose on one side was a gold ring, or rather button. On the other side of the nose was fastened a button of gold and jewels. A ruby was in the centre, and this was surrounded with pearls on spikes of gold. In the lobe of the ear was a resplendent gold ring about a half-inch in diameter. Just above this was another, but smaller ring, while through the top of the ear a gold shaft was run, terminating with gold buttons. On a toe of each foot were two silver rings. Her necklace is a mammoth chain of thirty-five gold pieces about the size of five-dollar gold coins. She wore a calico wrapper, the groundwork of which was pink. She was much darker than the men, with the blackest of black hair. Her face had a very mild expression, and she was decidedly comely. An agent of "a show" offered her husband $10 a week for the privilege of exhibiting the woman.

Mr. H. B. Joseph, a passenger, a Cape commission dealer in diamonds, copper, wool, etc., told a Telegram reporter today most distressing tales of the great sufferings in Cape Colony. In parts of the country there has been no rain for three years, and the people are starving. He says that the condition of affairs in Cape Town, at Kimberley and DuToits Pan (the diamond fields), the Leydenburg gold fields, the Orange Free States and surrounding country is worse than it has been for years. What adds to the general distress consequent on the failure of the crops is

#### Disaster at the Great Diamond Mine

at Kimberley, 600 miles up from Cape Town and 400 miles from Natal. The mine is 380 feet deep and 1¾ miles in circumferedee. The soft debris has fallen back into the mine in such quantities that it is estimated that eighteen months will be required for its removal. Upward of 4000 tons fell within twenty-four hours. The extent of the calamity can be judged by the fact that this celebrated mine has yielded £3,000,000 in diamonds a year. The effect at Cape Town has been most disastrous. The revenue has fallen off 50 per cent. and the mining shares have gone down 75 per cent. It is estimated, said Mr. Joseph, that it will cost £250,000 to clear the mine.

The fall in the price of diamond shares has ended in a great tragedy. There are sixty-five diamond mining companies, with a subscribed capital of £7,000,000, and of these companies only fourteen are paying dividends. Most of these mines are within a radius of 150 miles, and at an average of 600 miles from Cape Town. The extent of the commercial convulsion is illustrated by the great Central Diamond Company. It has a subscribed capital of £900,000 and paid taxes on £840,000. Two years ago the shares were rated at £360 each, but today it is said by Mr. Joseph, they are worth only £80. The Freres' Diamond Mining Company at De Beers, a quarter of a mile from the Kimberley mine, with a subscribed capital of £130,000—£100 a share—has been sold out by the sheriff for £15,000 for rates owed to the Mining Board. Mr. Herm Wilegroot, a leading merchant, blew out his brains on account of all these troubles, and two weeks afterward Mr. J. R. Schonz, resident magistrate, killed himself. Altogether there have been about

#### Ten Suicides of Leading Men

caused by the commercial depression. The most terrible stories of starvation come from the copper region, especially from the neighborhood of the great Manamaculand mines.

Captain Segarich, commander of the bark, said that commercial circles in Cape Colony are so greatly depressed that many of the colonists are returning to Europe, and especially to England. He said that he could have brought many more passengers if he had had room. The bark was in ballast, the only valuable part of her lading being 300 bales of wool. A passenger on the Lea said that the small-pox epidemic of last year in the colony greatly damaged its business interests, and the supplementing of this by lack of rain, and by the diamond smash, had caused numerous business failures, and that Europeans arriving at Cape Town find few safe investments for the money they bring. He added: "It will take the colony years to regain what it has lost in recent months."

# AROUND THE FARM.

**Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.**

### Agricultural Chemistry.

All good soils contain within themselves fertilizing elements sufficient to bring forth good crops for hundreds of years.

A wise Providence has withheld from man the ability to exhaust land more than to a limited extent The farmer can, indeed, so far exhaust the land as to render it incapable of producing a crop that will be remunerative; but even when such is the case, there is an amount of latent fertility left sufficient to sustain the population of ages. To instruct the farmer how economically to develop that latent fertility and maintain it in his land, is the aim and object of agricultural chemistry. It is the interest of the farmer and also of the State to maintain land in a profitable productive condition, and yet lands in the older States have become lessened in fertility to a serious extent, and in the newer States the same system of exhaustive cultivation is pursued, and like results will in time follow; and the time is not distant, if it has not already arrived, when crops of all suitable kinds can be grown more profitably in New England than at the West, and that emigration from here to wild lands there should cease, and that we should be able to retain more of the emigration from abroad than we now do.

There are thousands of acres of land to be had here that the first year's crop would pay for, yet many will go farther West and fare worse. The widespread maltreatment of land must certainly have its origin in false conceptions of the use of land, and the improper management of it flows from that false conception. Land properly treated will increase in fertility and in aptness to bring forth fruitfully, because the elements of fertility are being not only gradually developed, but those that are free do progress. Chemical action in soils may unfold the rich treasures thereof, and mechanical appliances render their efficient aid, but if wrong conceptions of the use of land continue, all means used to increase its fertility will leave it more hopelessly exhausted than before.

Land was given to live on, and whatever is taken from it as food should be retained as manure. Land so treated will increase in fertility, but land continually under the plough not only loses the mechanical condition favorable to fruitfulness, but insect life is thereby greatly increased.

Very minute creatures attack the tender plants, and sometimes a crop will nearly be destroyed, while the same kind of plants, the same season, on land less injuriously treated, will yield a remunerative crop.

Let land be properly dealt with, and chemistry will then come to the aid of cultivators of the soil, teaching them how to strengthen the growth of their plants; how to hasten the period of ripening; how to improve the quality of their grain, and to increase the aroma of fruit, and how to cause soils now yielding inferior plants to bring forth superior ones. It teaches us that alkalies give strength and stability to the stalk, that the phosphates hasten maturity, that lime renders pease more melting, potatoes more mealy, and has changed rye lands into wheat-growing farms. It will also tell us of the action of carbonic acid gas on the small particles of rocky matter in the soil, and what chemical changes result from the frequent admission of common air into the ground in the process of cultivation.

There is much land worn out by bad management, and so located that to bring it into condition with barnyard manure is out of the question, as it takes time with barnyard manure to get land again into condition, whereas by the use of artificial manures lands may be made at once to produce a paying crop. J. B. Lawes, L.L. D., F. R. S., says: "With the composition of dung before me and the known composition and condition of the various ingredients it contains, the question has often occurred to me as to whether it will be possible to do anything by way of improving its fertilizing powers, ought we to fix the ammonia, or ought we to try and manipulate it in some way to hasten its action? If we can get the full effect of an artificial manure in one year, why must we wait a lifetime to see the end of one application of dung?

Time is moving; the old-fashioned idea that a manure is valuable for its lasting properties will not bear argument, as, if true, it would then be better to leave bones and phosphate rock unground. With all this scientific prelude, I am bound to confess that I am just as helpless in regard to the management or improvement of dung as the most old-fashioned farmer. It is of no use fixing ammonia where there is hardly any to fix. It costs nothing to look at your dung with the idea of doing something to it, but you certainly cannot touch it without going to some considerable expense.

I, for my part, therefore, am content to let it alone. As I grow a good many mangolds, I apply the greater part of the dung to this crop, my practice being to open out the furrows and apply about twenty tons per acre; then, after earthing up the furrows, I proceed to drill the seed upon the top. If I did not grow shoots, I should apply the dung in autumn to the clover or grass. This, of course, would involve exposure to the atmosphere, but I should not fear much loss on this account, or, at all events, I do not think there would be more by this process than by any other.

To give some idea of our attempt to estimate the loss of the ingredients contained in dung, I may say that we applied it to grass land between 1856 and 1863, and, having taken a crop of hay every year since, at the end of twenty years we had only got back 14 per cent. of the nitrogen supplied in the manure, less than one-half the potash, not much more than one-third of the phosphoric acid. The effect of the dung last applied eighteen years ago is still quite distinct, and when it will come to an end no one can predict. On the whole, as regards the question of economy, I am therefore inclined to advise that the dung should be carted from the yards to the field, and left there in a heap until required for application, or that it should be applied direct from the yards."

All labor expended upon dung adds certainly to the cost, but it does not add with the same certainty to its value.

Of all the crops raised corn requires the largest amount of phosphoric acid, 100 bushels with stover abstracting from the soil 64 pounds, while potatoes and tobacco take from the soil a large amount of potash, 600 bushels of potatoes abstracting 219 pounds. It is assumed that the soil contains enough of the other mineral elements for the growth of crops, for we are constantly informed that all that is requisite to add to the soil is nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, and latterly nitrogen is in not as high esteem as it was, particularly in the growing of corn. The experiments in Connecticut on the crop show the nitrogen increased the crop enough to pay the cost in thirteen trials out of ninety-six. The pecuniary loss rose and fell with the amount of nitrogen used. With mineral fertilizers alone the crop gathered some sixty-five pounds of nitrogen per acre.

As sixty-four pounds of phosphoric acid can be furnished in fine ground Charleston phosphate of lime at two dollars and twenty-four cents ($2 24), and 219 pounds of potash in muriate of potash for six dollars and fifty-seven cents ($6 57), both combined costing eight dollars and eighty-one cents ($8 81), to furnish the mineral elements deemed necessary to supply to the soil the amount abstracted by 100 bushels of corn or 600 bushels of potatoes, it does not appear to be economy, good judgment or profitable to let our lands run down and go to waste, and it will not be long before agriculture will be more thought of in this section, and more attention given to it. The one great want has been manure. Our stock has decreased, our lands have not been kept in condition for the want of manure and a bad system of tillage, consequently farming has not, as a general thing, been so profitable as to induce those who could get out to remain in, but our farms have now got to a price that should induce purchasers, and by the application of artificial manures they can be made to grow paying crops at once, and, with the labor-saving agricultural machinery now in use, nearly all the labor on the farm can be done by horses. Haying, ploughing and harrowing comprise the most laborious parts of farming, but now they are the least irksome, as it is merely ride and drive where the labor-saving machinery is used, and if the farm is not of sufficient size to warrant the labor-saving machinery, farming must be followed at a disadvantage, or, by co-operation, as is being done in many places, when the advantages can be realized.

A. H. W.

### Holstein Milk Record.

I herewith send statement of milk record of my Holstein cow Echo, 121, from March 20, 1882, until March 20, 1883. She was bred by Gerritt S. Miller of Peterborough, N. Y., dropped September 21, 1873; sire, Rip Van Winkle 35; dam, Crown Princess 6—both imported from West Friesland by Mr. Miller. Mr. A. P. Wright of Buffalo purchased Echo of Mr. M. in 1876, and sold her to me in February, 1881. She was then in very poor health and condition, having been subjected to the most severe cold and kept in a very poor stable with not half the required food. In consequence of this treatment she was very lame, and has not yet recovered. During that year she did very well, but no record was kept.

On March 11, 1882, she gave birth to a heifer calf, which ran with her until the 20th, when we began milking her. May 20 she was turned out to pasture. During the season she received the same care as the other cows in my herd, and no more. In September she was taken to the western New York fair at Rochester, and was away from home one week. The last week in December, for the first time during the year, I figured up the milk records of my herd, and finding Echo's so large I thought she could be made to do something, so I instructed my man to feed her three pailfuls of bran per day. This was just double what she had been having since she came from pasture. When in the stable she has fifty-five pounds of corn ensilage, six pounds of hay or twelve pounds of cut straw, with the quantity of wheat bran named. From March 20 until June 5 she was milked twice a day, and from June 5 until August 4 she was milked three times per day. During the rest of the year she was milked twice a day.

| | | | Largest day's yield. | | Ave. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | lbs. | oz. | lbs. | oz. | lbs. | oz. |
| March, 12 days.... | 592 | 12 | 52 | 8 | 49 | 6 |
| April .............. | 1,433 | 4 | 50 | 12 | 48 | 5 |
| May..... ......... | 1,533 | 8 | 58 | 12 | 49 | 5 |
| June............... | 1,988 | 4 | 83 | 0 | 66 | 4 |
| July............ ... | 2,196 | 12 | 79 | 0 | 70 | 12 |
| August.......... .... | 1,554 | 0 | 67 | 8 | 50 | 2 |
| September.... ..... | 1,406 | 8 | 52 | 12 | 46 | 12 |
| October... ........ | 1,455 | 8 | 53 | 0 | 46 | 10 |
| November ........ | 1,302 | 12 | 53 | 0 | 43 | 8 |
| December.... ..... | 1,375 | 12 | 46 | 8 | 44 | 5 |
| January....... .... | 1,340 | 12 | 45 | 12 | 43 | 4 |
| February........... | 1,189 | 4 | 46 | 8 | 42 | 2 |
| March, 19 days.... | 752 | 4 | 42 | 8 | 38 | 7 |
| Total............. | 18,120 | 8 | | | | |

In conclusion, let me state that if we had started with the intention of making a record, and fed accordingly, and had not sent her to fairs, etc., we would have done much better, undoubtedly. She is due to calve May 27.—[F. C. Stevens, in Country Gentleman.

### Facts and Figures on Topics of Vital Importance to Farmers.

Dr. Voelcker of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, after a quarter of a century spent in agricultural experiments, says:

"An agricultural experiment, to be worth recording at all, is no easy matter. Indeed, I may say, without fear of contradiction, that I do not know of any kind of experimental inquiry more difficult in carrying out rationally and successfully. In the first place, a definite inquiry should be at the base of each experiment. The more simple and definite the inquiry the better. Many of the published experiments are far too complicated to yield useful results. When a great number of different kinds of manures, mixed together in various proportions, are applied to the land and to a variety of crops, such a complication of conditions ensues that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to say to what constituent the result is due; and I confess I always look with suspicion upon published accounts of field trials in which the result of fifty or more plots, manured indiscriminately with all kind of manuring matters, are given; and, indeed, in nine cases out of ten, experiments of such a kind are misleading and utterly useless for all practical ends. Let me give one or two instances showing more clearly what I mean in saying that an experiment should be made as simple as possible. The question may be raised, In what form may nitrogen be most profitably applied to land? A point by no means settled. The question be thus put: Will it answer my purpose better to apply to wheat nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, or will it be more economical to use nitrogenous manure in the shape of (organic nitrogen) shoddy or wool refuse? The solution of this question will depend, of course, upon the character of the land and the season, but it is a definite question which can be answered experimentally. Again, as regards the various quantities of nitrogenous top-dressing for wheat, barley, etc., a number of clear and instructive experiments might be made by any intelligent farmer. Then, as regards the mode of applying manures, the time of the year at which to apply them to the land, simple and useful experiments which might be tried in a variety of ways and which naturally suggest themselves to practical men. Equally useful and comparatively simple trials may be made in the feeding stalls of cattle. Thus, the question might be tried, What quantity of linseed cake or cotton-seed cake may be given with the greatest advantage to fattening stock? Another important and definite question is, How much dry food, such as hay or chaff, should be given along with mangels, swedes or turnips, so as to derive the greatest economical benefit from the consumption of roots? Ought the roots to be sliced, pulped or given whole? These are definite inquiries, to which experimental feeding trials can alone give an answer.

"Having settled the purpose and scope of an experiment, the experimenter should, in the next place, consider how far the character of the soil and the prevailing climate are suitable to the natural habits and requirements of the crops upon which he wishes to experiment. Thus, it would be of little use to try field experiments on roots on a stiff, imperfectly drained clay soil which has never been brought under the ameliorating influence of thorough drainage and autumn cultivation, nor would there be any use in trying to grow continuously, from year to year, on a soil so little suited for wheat as a poor, infertile sand. Equally useless is the attempt of growing vines or other plants filled with sand, etc., with 'nutritive liquids' of various kinds. Plants confined in pots and grown under physical conditions, altogether adverse to their healthy development, drag on a sickly existence; some for a shorter, others for a longer period; but none of them produce anything to afford valuable information. This is an extreme statement, made to show the folly of trying experiments under altogether abnormal conditions. But there are ordinary soils in every country and on almost every farm which are altogether unsuitable for field experiments, for one of the following reasons:

"First—The soil may be in bad physical condition, it being either too light or too heavy for general manuring experiments.

"Second—On account of being located in too exposed a position, in consequence of which the crops are likely to suffer.

"Third—The experimental field may not be sufficiently level nor sufficiently uniform in composition or depth of the soil.

"Fourth—The soil may be too shallow.

"Fifth—The soil may be abnormally fertile or similarly sterile.

"Of course useful experiments may be made with the view of reclaiming bad lands or bringing into cultivation stiff clay soils or light poor sands. But these remarks refer to general agricultural experiments. For these all soils possessing extreme characteristics are undesirable. Neither soils of extraordinary fertility nor others of more than ordinary sterility should, for obvious reasons, be chosen for experiments. Land heavily manured or soils in high agricultural condition are also objectionable for experimental purposes.

"Land in fair average condition, of uniform depth and composition, in level position, resting on porous sub-soils, is the kind of land best adapted for field trials.

"Before beginning a systematic course of experiments, it is desirable, in order to secure greater uniformity in the agricultural condition of the field throughout, to grow without manure one or two crops before the experiment is undertaken. [This will enable you to examine into the nature of the soil carefully, and to form some idea as to the natural capacity or strength of the soil.] Thus much in regard to the selection of fields for trial and their preparation for experiment.

"We have, in the next place, to consider the size of the experimental plots. It is not always easy to find a field of ten or twelve acres, or perhaps twenty, that is fairly uniform in character, but it is far more difficult to lay your hands on a similar field of fifty acres. On account of this difficulty, if you make your experimental plots too large, you not only increase very much the trouble, time and expense in harvesting and weighing the produce, but the want of uniformity in these large plots prevents you from drawing legitimate conclusions from the results of the harvest of such plots. On the other hand, if you reduce the experimental plots to very small dimensions, you greatly multiply the unavoidable discrepancies which, on large plots, would be comparatively insignificant. As a rule quarter-acre plots are well suited for experiments on corn crops and for roots. If an even crop of roots could always be secured, experimental plots of a smaller size, say one-tenth acre, or, perhaps, one-twentieth acre, would suffice, but as this is not always possible, and a few missing plants or bare places in the field may not affect the produce materially on quarter-acre plots, but altogether vitiate the experiments on small plots, occupying only 1-112th part of an acre, I have come to the conclusion that field experiments on roots should be tried on plots not less than one tenth of an acre in extent.

"Passing to the consideration of manures or fertilizers and their application to the land, I observe that the composition of all the manures should be accurately ascertained beforehand. It is well to mix artificial manures which have to be used with twice their weight or more of dry sand or soil before spreading them on the land, in order to secure their more even distribution, which may be effected either by hand or machine. In the Woburn experiments the artificial manures, such as nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, etc., after having been mixed with sand for the cereal crops, are applied by the broadcast distributor, manufactured by the Bristol Wagon Company, which I find a useful instrument for distributing top-dressings more evenly than it is possible to do by hand. For root crops the manure is applied by hand.

"All manuring experiments should be made in duplicate, and in each set at least one plot should be left unmanured, as it is absolutely necessary to notice what are the natural variations of the soil independently of any effect produced by the manures applied. In conducting systematic experiments on cereal or root crop, the whole produce of each plot, and not a small portion only, should be weighed, and the produce per acre be calculated, not merely from the weight of a part of the yield from the experimental plots. In the case of root crops it is also desirable to ascertain their composition and nutritive value; inasmuch as it is well known that certain manures, as nitrogenous or ammoniacal matters, applied in rather large proportions, are apt to produce roots abounding in water and deficient in solid nutriment, whilst others, such as phosphatic and bone manures, are conducive to early maturity and the production of less water, more sugar and other solid nutritive matters. I have known a difference of from 8 to 10 per cent. of sugar in beets from this cause.

"I would next submit the desirability of continuing field experiments for a number of years, carefully recording the results each year, and of avoiding the conclusions from isolated field experiments extending only over a few years. The effects of most manures, though not of all, as is well known, show themselves not only in the crop to which they are applied, but also in successive crops.

"In systematic manuring experiments, the produce of each plot, variously manured, extending over the whole rotation, should, if possible, be ascertained. The result of a single season's experiment is often misleading and utterly worthless, as illustrated by experiments at Woburn. Experience at Woburn show that isolated experiments, as a rule, help but little in solving agricultural questions which may appear simple enough, but which, nevertheless, can only find satisfactory answers in the self-denying, painstaking labors of field experiments like those of Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, who, for nearly forty years, have devoted their best talents to the pursuit of field and feeding experiments, which have been the greatest benefit to the farmers of England and all civilized countries. Systematic experiments, like those of Messrs. Lawes & Gilbert, or the more recent experiments which, under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, through the liberality of the Duke of Bedford, Dr. Voelcker has the privilege of conducting, may appear disappointing to men who have no conception of all that is implied in field experiments, and who cannot understand that years of persevering labor in the experimental field and in the laboratory should be expended before many apparently simple agricultural questions can be answered satisfactorily."

### Wholesale Cash Prices of Fertilizing Materials.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sulphate ammonia, 24 to 25 per cent.................. | 4 cents per pound. |
| Nitrate soda, 95 per cent.. | 2½ cents per pound. |
| Nitrate potash, 94 to 96 per cent ......................... | 5½ per pound. |
| Dried blood, 15 to 17 per cent. ammonia........... | $2 75 to $3 00 per unit. |
| Dried blood, 12 to 14 per cent. ammonia........... | $2 75 to $3 00 per unit. |
| Dried blood, 10 to 12 per cent. ammonia........... | $2 50 to $2 75 per unit. |
| Dried meat, 14 to 15 per cent. ammonia........... | $2 00 to $2 50 per unit. |
| Castor pomace, ground, 6 to 7 per cent. ammonia.. | $18 to $20 per ton. |
| Cotton-seed meal, 7 to 8 per cent. ammonia........... | $24 per ton. |
| Fine ground bone, 3½ to 4½ per cent. ammonia; 50 to 55 per cent. bone phosphate............... | $32 to $36 per ton. |
| Bone black waste, 32 to 34 per cent. phosphoric acid | $25 per ton. |
| South Carolina phosphate, ground, 25 to 28 per cent. phosphoric acid.......... | $12 per ton. |
| Navassa phosphate, ground, 25 to 28 per cent. phosphoric acid.............. | $18 per ton. |
| Canadian apatite, ground, 30 to 35 per cent. phosphoric acid.............. | —— |
| No. 2 superphosphate lime, 15 to 16 per cent. soluble phosphoric acid....... | $20 per ton. |
| Acid superphosphate lime, 12 to 14 per cent. soluble phosphoric acid....... | $16 per ton. |
| Lobos guano, 4 to 6 per cent. ammonia, 18 to 20 per cent. phosphoric acid. | $56 per ton. |
| Peruvian guano, guaranteed, 6 to 8 per cent. ammonia, 12 to 14 per cent. phosphoric acid......... | $59 per ton. |
| Muriate potash, 50 per cent.......................... | $36 per ton. |
| Sulphate potash, 60 per cent.......................... | $30 per ton. |
| Potash salts, 28 to 32 per cent....... | —— |
| Kainit, 22 to 26 per cent. potash.................... | $8 50 per ton. |
| Keiserite, 60 to 70 per cent. sulphate magnesia....... | —— |
| Keiserite, 50 to 55 per cent. sulphate magnesia....... | —— |

### The Future of American Farming.

The Rural New Yorker, in speaking of the future of American farming, wisely says:

"There is no class for whom the future holds so much social and intellectual advancement, so much assured prosperity, and so much rational happiness, as for those engaged in the various departments of agriculture; and in no country in the world are the farmers so well prepared as in this, by intelligence, energy, enterprise, and political, as well as natural conditions, to pluck the earliest benefits from the treasures of the future."

There is no need of seeking for a wider or deeper field of intellectual culture than a well-directed farm life affords. Herein lies an explanation of the fact that men of wealth, of leisure, of education, and the highest social position have found the occupation of farming a constant source of pleasure, to say nothing of the attendant profitable results when carried on in a business way, on business principles.

If the sons of farmers would strive to excel in farming; strive to increase the annual average yield of the staple crops best adapted to the locality where they live; be thorough in whatever they undertake; be able to give a reason why they pursue a given system of rotation of crops and manuring, why they breed certain kinds of stock, and why they find it more profitable to pursue one system of farming than another, they would find farm work more interesting and attractive. Agriculture, when viewed from an intellectual standpoint, rises above the plane of a mere mechanical pursuit. The reason is evident. The daily duties of a wide-awake, progressive farmer bring him into familiar contact with the marvellous operations of nature. If he will but make his calling a success in the highest acceptation of the term, he will find in it ample scope for the application of all his knowledge, and abundant material for fresh thought and study. Agriculture, as a pursuit, is unquestionably entitled to the foremost rank among the industries of mankind.

### The Sheep Gad, or Bot Fly.

During the latter part of June and through the month of July the sheep will be noticed standing with their noses to the ground, shaking their heads and stamping, and occasionally running violently as if in delirium. The cause of these actions is a small fly, resembling an overgrown housefly, which is endeavoring to deposit its eggs or larvæ in the sheep's nostrils.

It has been generally taught that this fly deposited only eggs, which hatched into grubs or larvæ in the nostril; but Professor Riley has shown (First Annual Report on the Insects of Missouri) that sometimes, at least, the eggs are hatched in the body of the fly, and are deposited as living maggots.

In either case the grubs very soon make their way upward into the frontal sinuses of the head, where they attach themselves, by hooks, to the membranes which line these cavities, and there live and grow by feeding upon the mucus secreted by these membranes, much as the bot-fly of the horse lives when attached to the membrane of the stomach. It is claimed by some writers that the sheep bot-fly does little or no injury, but this claim will not be indorsed by those who have seen the frantic efforts of the sheep to avoid the fly in summer, and the sneezing and coughing caused by their efforts to get rid of the grown grubs in the spring. There is no do doubt that these grubs sometimes become so abundant as to cause the death of the sheep.

The best remedy against this insect yet known is to place small logs in the sheep pasture, having holes bored in them about eight inches apart and three inches deep, with a two-inch auger, and to keep salt constantly in the bottom of these holes, and smear the edges about twice a week with pine tar. The sheep, in trying to get the salt, will smear their noses with tar, the odor of which will drive the flies away.

### The Wastes of Breweries and Distilleries.

Much ignorant opposition has been made to the use of brewers' and distillers' wastes in feeding dairy cows. It is not these substances themselves that are at fault, but the condition in which they are used. When fresh they are as innocuous as the malt from which they are made, but when spoiled they are as objectionable as spoiled malt or corn or hay would be. The following by Professor Caldwell in the Rural New Yorker bears on this point:

He says the editor of the Journal d'Agriculture writes that in his study of agricultural questions for forty years he has found the opinion everywhere prevailing among farmers that the feeding of cows on brewers' grains and mashes from the brewers and distillers, always produces excellent results. The milk dealers of the city protest against such wholesale condemnation of those foddering materials, and call for a searching investigation of the matter. Ladureau, director of the experiment station of the North, in behalf of such fodder, refers to the results of a practice so old that its beginning can hardly be traced out, to the fondness of the animals themselves for it, to the high value set upon it by all dairymen of experience, even the most honest, and to all the published analyses of it, made during the past fifty years by Boussingault and others. In conclusion he gives an analysis of his own of a distiller's mash, sold at the rate of about thirty cents per 100 pounds, showing that although it contains nearly 82 per cent. of water, it has 4.75 per cent. of albuminoids, and 9.3 per cent. of carbohydrates.

The Milch Zeitung, an able and honest German dairy paper, says:

"On a large estate in Finland, where cheese is a specialty of the dairy, and 3000 bushels of rye are annually worked into brandy, a herd of 139 head is fed largely for six months on the slumps, of which eighty quarts are given to each animal daily, together with eight pounds of hay and 2.5 pounds of straw. The following precautions are observed in the management of the feeding: The slump is given only in the fresh condition, at the most not over twenty-four hours old, and the cribs are thoroughly swept out after each meal. Its temperature is always between 88° and 100° Fahrenheit when fed; the cattle are never allowed to drink before eating, and are fed from three to five times a day. Under such treatment the cows are perfectly healthy, give an average of 2400 quarts of milk per annum, and produce large and healthy calves.

If rightly handled, therefore, it appears that distillery slump is unquestionably a valuable fodder; and so valuable, when it is considered what a large quantity is produced, that it is a great and unpardonable waste to throw it away, if it can be honestly and profitably used without harm to any one. It is estimated that the total value for fodder of the refuse of the distilleries of the German empire is not less than 20,000,000 marks ($5,000,000); the quantity produced in this country is certainly not less."

In the worst cases which have been made public in America, it has not been the food, but the outrageously filthy and unwholesome manner in which the cows have been kept that has been injurious, and perhaps to a less extent a bad method of using the feed.

### Relation of Texture to Fertility in Soils.

A proper mechanical texture in soils is essential to fertility. On the texture of a soil depends, not only its suitableness for the growth of different crops, but likewise the rapidity of their growth. It is this also which regulates to a great extent the soil's power of absorbing and retaining heat, moisture and manure. To be fertile the soil must be firm enough to afford a proper degree of support to the plants which grow in it, and yet loose enough to allow the delicate fibres of the rootlets to extend themselves in all directions. It must be of such a texture as to allow the free access of air, without which plants cannot live; and it must be close enough to retain for a considerable time the water which falls on it, and, at the same time, porous enough to allow the excess to drain away. In this respect the nature of the subsoil and the depth of the surface soil are both of them important. When a soil rests immediately upon a bed of rock or gravel it will be naturally drier than where the subsoil is of clay and marl. On the other hand, a clay subsoil may be of material advantage to a sandy soil, by enabling it to retain moisture longer in dry weather.

For the fertility of a soil depends not only on its composition—not only its wealth as a full storehouse of what the growing plant needs as food, but on its efficiency as a laboratory in which the materials thus required are prepared for use. And it is in its relations to the water which is the great carrier to and fro of the ingredients which are at once the chemicals in this laboratory and the food in this storehouse, that the efficiency of a soil in both these characters, and therefore its fertility, very materially depends. Unless there be a sufficiently free passage for the rainwater throughout the substance of the soil, neither will the food of plants be properly prepared, nor the stationary roots of plants be fed. It is in the great change thus introduced into water-logged soils by land drainage that its extraordinary power as a fertilizing agency depends.

The relative fertility of a soil is further dependent on the climate wherein it lies. Disregard of local conditions as to rainfall, temperature, aspect, height above the sea, and other necessary circumstances, may lead to very erroneous estimates of the value of soils. They may be the same in composition and texture and yet differ greatly in value. Nothing is more certain than that the amount of rain and the season of its descent determine in a great degree the nature of the husbandry of the place, and the value of its soil for agriculture. The temperature of the air in any particular locality has an important bearing upon the actual productiveness of the soil, whatever may be its composition and texture, and however propitiously the rain may fall upon it. Other things being equal, we should expect that sheltered situations, with a good southern aspect, would be those in which we should find the capability of any given soil best exhibited. But though soil and rain and duly-tempered warmth favor us, these and many other considerations besides, may fail to determine, in every case, whether this or that plant may be grown within particular limits. That also depends on the presence or absence of its proper food, and it is here that art is available for meeting the defects of nature.—[L.P. Morton, in Agriculturist.

### Concerning Sheep.

The beauty of a flock of sheep consists in having them all of one size, shape and quality of wool. These points show taste and judgment in breeding, denote purity of blood, and cannot be obtained by any mixing of breed. A good deal of skill and judgment is required to improve or even keep up a well-bred stock to a certain standard; but comparatively little is necessary to raise grades or cross-breeds. If all farmers raised the latter kind our flocks would rapidly deteriorate, as there would be no source to draw rams from, and it is impossible to keep the flock to a desired standard by using grade or cross-bred sires; and so the breeders of thoroughbred stock should have the credit, in a measure, for the good flocks of mixed kinds of sheep that we often hear about. To establish an intermediate flock half-way between the merino and cotswold, or any other coarse breed as for that, of uniform shape, size and quality of wool, is an impossibility; hence, the farmer that raises grade or mixed kinds of sheep, is no breeder at all, but may be properly termed a keeper or raiser of sheep. Atwood and Hammond were properly sheep breeders, and their names will be memorable as such.

For one, I have had enough of grade sheep. Several years ago I lacked a little ram timber, and, being anxious to make an experiment, bought a full-blood Cotswold ram-lamb and crossed him on some full-blood merino ewes, and raised seven lambs, and there were about as many sizes of sheep and grades of wool as number of lambs. Some looked more like the merino; some more like the Cotswold; some half-way between; one in particular had just enough Cotswold to distinguish it from merino.

The identity of both pure breeds was sunk into an uneven mixed kind. I opened my eyes to the fact that I was running my flock into an uneven, undesirable lot of sheep, called a halt, and weeded out the mongrels, and shall not try that plan again very soon. Where wool is the primary object, there is no breed that will bring so much money, in proportion to the cost of keeping, as the merino; they can be herded together, all a farm will carry; do better on poor feed, and suffer neglect better than any other breed; are never troubled with ticks, and can stand the cold better. No one can say so much for the long, open-wool sheep.

Ever since the war of the rebellion, up to 1880, coarse wool has been quicker of sale than merino wool, and multitudes of farmers changed from fine to coarse wool, and now the production is greater than the demand, and last fall the demand for merino rams to cross on coarse ewes was greater than ever before, and many extra ones were sold for enormous prices, both in Vermont and Ohio, and those who held on to their fine flocks are now in the boom, and have done as well in past years as the growers of coarse wool, for it is a fact that merino wool can be grown 25 per cent. cheaper than coarse, where wool is the main object. Near large cities, and in small flocks, where early lambs will sell for high prices, coarse-wool sheep may pay as well. Much has been said in years past against merino mutton as not being so good as that of other breeds, but this prejudice is fast dying away, and merino mutton brings as much per pound in Boston market as any of the coarse-wool mutton, and shippers of mutton sheep throughout this section pay the same price for merino as for other mutton.

### Points on Pear Culture.

The cultivation, until the trees have come into their second or third year of bearing, may consist in growing corn the first year, as it affords considerable protection to the young trees from the heat of the first summer. After this some hoed crop, like potatoes, pease or beans, may be grown; and it should be fertilized with well-rotted stable manure and thoroughly cultivated. This keeps the trees supplied with food and the soil loose and friable. Hot, violent manures should never be applied to an orchard, and especially to one of pears. Use an ordinary one-horse cultivator and a good one-horse plough. A good workman will go deep enough with such a plough, and not injure the roots as he would with a large one. By all means be sure of the efficiency and carefulness of a man before admitting him into the orchard with a horse and cultivator or plough. The damage a poor man did in one of our orchards in less than half a day would not have been covered by two or three months of his wages. A five-year-old pear tree in vigorous health is worth fully $10, and when a dozen such are injured the aggregate loss is quite an item. The horse should be a careful one, accustomed to such work.

Owing to other pressing duties, it occasionally happens that a heavy growth of fall grass is permitted in the orchard, after the vegetable crops do not longer need cultivation. It should not remain all winter, especially around the trees, as it affords snug retreats for rabbits, field mice, etc., which too frequently gnaw the bark of the young trees, sometimes completely girdling them, and causing death. To prevent this, in the late fall, with a hoe or strong iron rake, remove the grass from around each tree for two or three feet, and to make a further protection, ridge up around the trees with the plow; this ridge can be easily plowed or cultivated down in the spring to give a level surface to the orchard.

Planting hoed and well-manured crops between the trees supplies them with all the matter needed during the first few years. When the trees get too large to make it either desirable or profitable to grow such crops, manure in some form must be specially applied to make up the deficiency. Bone-dust makes a valuable dressing, as does well-rotted stable manure, which, no doubt, is the most easily obtainable on the farm. There is nothing which equals wood ashes, and we attribute much of our success in raising heavy crops and splendid specimens of pears to the liberal use of this fertilizer. Not only did we use all that we could save on the place, but bought liberally at good prices. If enough cannot be secured to put over the whole surface spread the ashes around each tree. The best time to apply the manure is in late fall or early spring, after the ploughing and before the harrowing. If there is an undue growth of wood and foliage diminish the supply of manure; and it is sometimes well to put the land down to clover (never to timothy, wheat, rye or other uncultivated grain), and let it remain one or two years in sod. It can then be ploughed and planted with corn to break the sod, and the ground either used for vegetables or kept fallow.—[Agriculturist.

### Why Always Timothy?

The tendency to fall into routine is nowhere more strikingly shown than in our grass lands. It is timothy and clover so generally in all the meadows that one would suppose timothy was the only grass that would succeed in our climate. In New England timothy was formerly called herdsgrass, a name which in Pennsylvania is given to what is known elsewhere as redtop. This formerly led to much confusion, but at present the name herdsgrass is generally dropped. Timothy is especially unsuited to the too common method of treating grass lands. There are farmers who still, after taking a crop of hay, turn their animals upon the land, after the grass has made a second growth, and convert it into pasture. Timothy forms a bulbous swelling at the base of its stems, from which next year's growth will start, and is greatly injured by cattle trampling it, and eating off the leaves that should protect the bulb during the winter. Some farmers, after a few years, give up a mowing lot to pasturage; the grass being almost entirely timothy is soon killed in spots, as, however valuable for hay, timothy is a poor pasture grass. In many respects, a much more useful grass than timothy is orchard grass (Dactylis glomerata). In England it is generally called "RoughCock's Foot Grass." Orchard grass, the only name by which it is known in this country, unfortunately conveys the idea that it is only suited to the shade of trees. We never knew a farmer to fairly try orchard grass who was not so pleased with it that he did not continue its use. Yet, take the country through, it has made its way but slowly. It is preferable to timothy to combine with clover for hay, as the two are in perfection, that is, in blossom, at the same time, while as pasture grass it is vastly superior. Orchard grass is, in fact, a true pasture grass, while timothy is not. It at once recovers after it is closely cropped, and the earliness of its growth in spring is greatly in its favor. The chief, in fact the only objection that has been made to orchard grass, is its tendency to form tussocks or clumps, a trouble which may be overcome by thick seeding. Two bushels of clean seed to the acre, if alone, or one bushel if clover is to be sown with it, will give a sufficient thick growth to prevent the formation of clumps.

Another grass, which should receive more attention from farmers is the meadow oatgrass, or tall meadow oatgrass (Arrhenatherum avenaceum). In Virginia it is sometimes called Peruvian grass. In that State and farther south it has been found especially valuable for winter pasturage. Those who have made a trial of this generally neglected grass, speak highly of it, especially as it may be sown in the fall, and produce a good crop of hay the next summer. Farmers commit a mistake in confining themselves so exclusively to timothy, and not experimenting more with other grasses.—[Agricultusist.

### Farm Work and Wages.

Those who are familiar with the farm life of thirty or forty years ago, and are enabled to contrast its present condition will note the marked advance paid for farm wages at the present time over the rates which prevailed in the earlier period. Wages have been constantly increasing during a time when the supply of farm labor has been growing more and more abundant through the immense immigration from Europe. Notwithstanding the immense increase in numbers of our working population, it is probably more difficult now to secure really good help at $25 a month than it was to hire efficient labor thirty years ago at half that sum. The price of farm products has somehow increased since then, but not in like proportion to the advance in wages. A great many farmers, especially those who remember the old times, say that high wages have taken the profit out of farming, and that it is no longer possible to succeed. If this were true in any large section of the country it might be considered a national calamity. Agriculture is the basis of national prosperity, and if this be necessarily a failure it involves widespread ruin in every direction. We do not believe that it is necessarily or even generally true that the wages are too high. It is true the present high cost of labor, to be profitable to the employer, requires improved methods of farming, the best labor-saving implements and the most thorough culture in its connection. The laborer is worthy of his hire. If the workman be intelligent and faithful, it is his right to demand that his employer pay him according to what the best use of the land tilled will afford. If the employe perform well his part it is not his fault, nor should he suffer the penalty, if his employer is negligent or incompetent. The wages of the best farm help are gauged by the ability of the most successful farmers to pay. Those cultivators who are less successful must content themselves with poorer assistants or none at all. This is a law of political economy, seemingly harsh in some cases, but, like the laws of nature generally, really beneficent for all in the end.

The truth is that the standard of capacity for the best farm work has advanced materially within the last thirty years. Greater muscular exertion than then is not demanded, perhaps not so great even, but the farm hand of today, to be fit for any important position, must have greater intelligence. If he cannot run a reaper or a mower, cannot understand all the new-fashioned implements, and is not apt to learn how to intelligently care for stock with rations of cotton-seed meal, oilmeal, ensilage and the like, he is not up to the required standard. It is intelligence that costs in any department of labor. When farmers demand more intelligence on the part of hired help they must expect to pay for it. If they do not compensate brains it is quite certain the best help will not stay, or will prove unsatisfactory. The unskilled laborer, such as sometimes comes to us from Europe, can often be secured at apparently low wages. One year's trial, however, generally convinces farmers that, though nominally cheap, it is really the dearest labor that can be employed. A farmer not long ago remarked that on a large farm he hired three men by the month, paying respectively $45, $35 and $15 per month. The man who received $45 boarded himself, while the others boarded in the family with the farmer. The highest-priced laber was most profitable, and the $15 help the least so. Getting small wages the latter did his best not to earn more than his board. If the farmer had not a good deal of work that a poor hand could do nearly as well as a good one he could not have afforded to keep the inferior laborer at any price.

The farmer who has rich, well-drained land that can be depended on to produce a good crop every year can afford to, and generally does, pay the best wages. We sometimes hear complaints against such farmers that they advance the wage rate. They do so in just the same way that anything which makes the community prosperous raises the rate of wages. We may not and should not hope to grow wealthy without sharing something of this wealth with the poor. The intelligent farm laborer is, or should be, as much interested in improved farming as his employer. If poor farming were the rule, or if the crops were to fail for a succession of years, he would be the chief sufferer. For one year's failure the farmer must bear the loss as best he may; but he instinctively seeks to shift the burden on other shoulders, and first of all by a reduction of farm wages.

The fact that labor-saving implements enable one man to do much more than formerly is generally recognized as one reason why wages are and should be higher. It is not so well understood, however, that any kind of improvement which largely increases production and decreases cost has the same effect. If we could increase our wheat crop to an average of thirty bushels per acre instead of ten or eleven, wages would be higher than now, and wheat might or might not be cheaper. So long as we are wasting fertility the tendency is to poorer farming. It was under this wasteful system that wages declined to the rate current in the East thirty to thirty-five years ago. Since then in many sections we have been increasing the fertility of the soil, and this has doubtless had its effect in advancing wages. There is one satisfaction which farmers engaged in these improvements may feel, and that is in the fact that if wages advance from this cause it will only be in proportion to their increased ability to pay for the best help. Such an advance may be and usually is of advantage to all parties affected. It is the natural result of increased wealth, which diffuses itself so as to add to the comfort and happiness of the entire community.—[Cultivator.

### What Are Our Orchards Worth?

Cheap land is good if it is adapted for the purpose desired, and is eligibly located for the prosecution of the work which its purchaser desires to pursue. If he has time which he wishes to turn into money and can afford to wait for returns, it is a good thing to begin with undeveloped and unimproved land, which can be had at a low price. Land which is improved and has bearing trees upon it represents a certain amount of work and investment from some one, and when it does reach this profit-yielding state it should be valued at figures somewhat commensurate with its yield as an investment. The owner is clearly entitled to such a value on a productive agricultural enterprise, just as clearly as the man who has by labor and investment established a prosperous business is entitled to value his enterprise at something above store rent. People who complain about the high prices at which bearing orchards are rated by their owners when sales are made, generally complain of what merits no dissatisfaction whatever. A bearing orchard is an established and profitable business, and the man who has built it up is entitled to his reward, and if he finds a purchaser who is looking for an investment to yield immediate and regular interest, who prefers to buy an orchard rather than to pay for entry to some established mercantile concern, why should any one find fault and cry out as though the owner was doing the State some injury because he values his lands and trees at an amount upon which they will pay liberal and regular interest? It is a mistaken idea to decry the value of our bearing orchards. If a man holds unimproved land too high, and thus retards development, he may be looked upon as an obstruction, and his course may be deplored, but we cannot see how any such view can be held of high rating of finished and productive property. Let it bring all that cool, calculating men are willing to pay for it. As a rule the buyer is not too liberal in his views.—[Pacific Rural.

### Things Worth Knowing.

Charcoal should be liberally fed, for no one thing is more conducive to health than this. It should be broken in small lumps and put where the fowls can get at it, they will eat it with great relish. We have seen it fed to pigs with the very best results; and those which were treated to it were never troubled with disease or sickness, while neighboring ones were. This helps to prove its value, not only for swine, but for fowls. Where the birds are kept in confinement, continues a contemporary, it is a very good plan to keep a small trough in a sheltered place, full of small bits of fresh charcoal, and the fowls will soon learn to help themselves. The value of lime in the form of whitewash is well known, and those who use it liberally are the ones who keep their flocks healthy and cleanly. To render whitewash more effective in dislodging, driving away, or destroying lice and other parasitic nuisances, the addition of a little carbolic acid is invaluable for vermin. Air-slaked lime should be occasionally scattered over the floor of the chicken house, to remove unpleasant and unhealthy odors, while a little of it should be scattered around the yards and runs. For materials for egg-shells, oyster-shell lime is the best for the purpose.

The Gardeners' Monthly gives in substance the following good practical directions for pruning ornamental shrubs on the approach of spring: Indiscriminate cutting back will not answer the desired purpose. Distinction must be made between slow and vigorous growers, and between those which bear flowers on old wood and those which flower on new growth. Such as grow too strong to flower well should be lightly pruned, and in the same individual the weakest shoots should be cut in more severely than the stronger ones. Lilacs and the Philadelphus bear flowers on the wood of last year, and to prune them much now destroys the flowers, while the altheas and others which flower on the young wood cannot be too severely cut in.

A great many farmers, says Colonel F. D. Curtis, comfort themselves with the notion that if they change seed with some other farmer they are doing a big thing. This is a mistaken idea. Seed should be improved and taken from the farm where it is grown, and to which it has adapted itself. At home is the place for improvement. The idea that the little germ of a seed can carry the good qualities of a good farm with it is ridiculous; but it can carry with it peculiarities in its nature (growth and maturity) acquired in one place, which will be unsuited to another. He therefore advises farmers to improve the seed on their own land by careful selection of the best ears for planting.

Prof. Beal of Michigan relates that, in order to test the belief in the necessity of bumble bees for fertilizing red clover, he made several experiments. The first year a few clover heads, covered with light sashes of muslin, yielded about two-thirds as many seeds as those left uncovered. In the second year four heads covered before flowering 18, 30, 38 and 41 seeds, respectively, while four heads that were uncovered yielded 46, 54, 43 and 57 seeds each. In the third year of the covered heads only one among thirty-one heads yielded seed. For the second crop of the third year eleven covered heads yielded no seed, while the uncovered heads yielded an average of 37½ each. Other experiments showed that, with the aid of the bumble-bees, four times as many seeds were produced, compared with those from which they were excluded. The professor thinks it fair to conclude that the bees are of considerable value in fertilizing the flowers of red clover.

An exchange says that the difference between the yield of eggs in the most prolific cases, as compared with poor layers, is as three or four to one. In favorable instances individual hens have been known to produce 250 eggs per year. Yet 200 is reached so seldom as to be called a remarkable yield. The greatest average yield that we have ever had ourselves, in a flock of twelve hens, was 147 eggs per annum, while the greatest average in twelve flocks, numbering in all 200 layers of various breeds, was 102 eggs. In the latter case there were eight different breeds, and some were old hens and others were pullets, and many of the number were employed a part of the time in hatching and rearing chickens.

June in the poultry-yard is a comparatively leisure month unless one wants to rear a good many late chickens. These may be reared profitably for market purposes, as the weather is fine and the chicks grow rapidly on a smaller amount of food than must be given to earlier broods.

Epicures may be a little cranky about the quality and appearance of the chickens they eat, but epicures are good customers, and it will be well enough to try to please them. If they insist on short-legged, plump-breasted, yellow-skinned, neat-looking poultry, you will not go far wrong in furnishing that kind.

To fatten young poultry they must be cooped up in a clean, airy, but shaded coop set up some distance from the floor or ground. The coop must have a slatted bottom so as to allow the droppings to fall through and be removed or covered with dry loam. Feed regularly as often as three or four times a day as much as the birds will eat up clean. In a week they will do to kill and send to market.

Agriculture is a mighty factor in the nation's progress. During the past five years the exports of agricultural products have averaged over four-fifths of the total exports of the country, ranging from 83 per cent. in 1880 to upwards of 75 per cent. last year. The total amount during that period has been over $3,100,000,000, and their average annual amount upwards of $620,000,000. Who can estimate the effect of good or bad crops upon the prosperity of this republic? What interest should receive more careful consideration at the hands of our law-makers than agriculture?

The greasy look of butter, as if cut with a warm knife, is not always due to overworking. It may be caused by the feed. Too much cotton-seed meal often causes it, and we would caution those who desire to make a strictly first-class article in appearance, as well as flavor, not to use cotton-seed meal or oil-meal alone, but only as an addition to other grain. Churning too rapidly or too long, or having the cream too warm, will also produce the objectionable greasy look.

To have green corn for boiling or roasting during the season, after it first comes on, there should be an interval of about ten or twelve days between the time of first and second planting, and as the weather grows warmer the interval should be shorter, if the same variety is planted through the season. The large evergreen corn requires a longer time to grow, and should be planted at about the time of the third planting of the smaller kinds. It will then be fit to pick about ten days after the other.

Foul foot in cattle is caused by pasturing on land so wet that the hoofs sink into the soil. When it once gets in a herd it is apt to become infectious, and great trouble is often found in getting rid of it. Powdered vitriol applied after thoroughly cleansing the foot is the common remedy. It is harsh, but effectual. As boggy land is usually reserved for pasturing, it is worth while to know that even for this purpose thorough draining works marked improvement. Again, after under-draining, such land is often the best for grain and root crops.

Farrow cows that have been milked all winter will fatten very easily if dried before turning out to grass, and a very light ration of corn meal given daily. Where milk can be sold by the quart it will pay to continue the milking until the animal is fattened; but if the milk has to be made into butter it can quite as profitably go into beef and fat. At all events it will pay to thoroughly fatten any cow before selling, with present high prices of good beef. It is only beef of poor quality that comes in competition with dressed beef shipped from Chicago.

Take a tight barrel, saw it in two in the middle, then wash it out with hot water till there is not a particle of bad flavor in it. Then take two quarts of lime and slake it, filling the tub or half-barrel full of fresh water; when slaking, add one pound of alum to it and stir it well, let it stand until the sediment has settled and the liquor is clear, and it is ready for use. When using it take one pint of the clear liquor and add it to one pail of fresh water, and give your fowls to drink during summer months, and you will find that you will not have any chickens dying of cholera.

Full-grown hens will eat very nearly one bushel of corn each per year. The larger varieties being less active than the smaller ones are content with about the same quantity of food, though with other stock the amount of food consumed is generally in proportion to the live weight. Some poultry-keepers claim that there is but little difference in the amount used in the first year of the life or the second, the voracious appetite of the half-grown chicken making up for the amount saved while they are small. Four dozen eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen pays the hen's keeping when corn is $1 a bushel, and a hen one year old, if well taken care of, ought to lay ten dozen eggs during the subsequent year.

This is a superior method for summer pruning, as the waste of winter pruning is avoided. By pinching off the ends of the young shoots the energy of the tree is directed to the formation of new twigs or the better development of those of more feeble growth. A compact and sturdy growth is especially desirable in this latitude on account of the sudden changes in the temperature in early winter. If this is attended to each week, regularly, low and compact heads can be formed upon the peach and other trees that are most liable to injury.

Thick, brown sheeting, one and one-half yards in width, make handy hay caps. This should be cut into squares and a cord hemmed in at the edges. A loop in the cord at each corner is desirable, as wooden or wire pins can be thrust through the loops into the haycocks and hold the caps in place. A coating of boiled linseed oil should be given them to render them waterproof and durable. If preferred apply the following mixture: Four ounces of pulverized rosin, one of powdered sugar of lead and one quart of linseed oil. Heat sufficiently to dissolve the materials.

Take your hoes to the grindstone every morning when they are in use, and make an edge on them that will cut a weed root easily. It may oblige you to buy a new set of hoes next spring, but that will not cost more than seventy-five cents, and two men with sharp hoes are worth as much as three men with those that are as "dull as a hoe," so that it will require but a few days to pay for the new hoe.

It is very unsafe to prune, manure or cultivate pear trees very highly during midsummer, especially if they have been previously neglected. Any unusual change in the habit of management is apt to result in blight, and especially where greater supplies of food and decrease of foliage go together. Manure may be applied safely in fall and winter, and all the cultivation given should be early in the season.

This insane attempt, says Mr. Slosson in the Western Rural, to raise from 100 to 300 acres of corn, when only half the number of acres can be tilled as they should be, is beginning to dawn upon the minds of some, from the few examples here and there practically given.

Now is the time to thin out fruit so as to prevent the exhaustion of the tree by overbearing. Mr. J. J. Thomas remarks that it is much easier to pick off the small, poor specimens before they have grown, than to hand-pick them in gathering, and then to go over the whole in the slow and laborious process of assorting.

Nothing is more generally useful on a farm than a sweep or tread horsepower. It can with proper machinery be applied to many purposes, sawing wood, cutting feed in winter, and grinding grain for stock. A good horse-power will thus save each year many times the interest on its cost, and with proper care will last many years. A small steam engine will answer the same purpose, but most farmers have horses that must be fed whether worked or not.

When squash and melon vines begin to run over the ground a little fertilizer, wood ashes or fine manure should be sown between the hills and hoed in. These vines strike down new roots as they run, and if they are fed at these roots it greatly increases their productiveness.

From special reports received from the hop districts in the State of New York it is estimated that there will be an increase this season in the acreage of the crop of 12 per cent. This increase will not be available in the market until after the harvest of 1884. It is also estimated that about 11 per cent. of last year's crop is still in the growers' possession. The price of sets, which are planted for renewing hop fields, will be very high, owing to the scarcity caused by the drought last year and the large demand for planting the coming season.

The London Grocer says of the beet-sugar crop that the area of the beet root cultivation will be about the same as last year in every country except Germany, where there will be an important increase, owing to the new manufactories that are being established.

# A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

### "Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

[New York World.]

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced therefore that Miss Maud Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles but in other branches of the community. This was especially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had for the past year been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes, indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling, without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true, Miss Granger, that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago, on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco, and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to feel the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before, but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a knowledge of how to retain health. Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are today suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now, all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable, and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square Theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's Theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blame in the "Galley Slave" and also starred in "Two Nights in Rome," playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the "Planter's Wife," and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to "Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

### An Infant Falling From a Second-Story Window Alights Unharmed in a Basket.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Solomon Strauss occupies the house No. 732 Jefferson street, a three-story brick dwelling, such as may be seen on any of the residential thoroughfares of the city. Oscar Oppenheimer, his brother-in-law, with his wife and child, a little boy two years of age, have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Strauss for several weeks past, and have occupied a front and back room on the top story. On Saturday last Mrs. Oppenheimer was busy in her sitting-room, the third-story front room, and her little baby boy was sitting on a chair looking out of the open window. By some means he clambered unobserved on to the window sill, and, hearing a cry of fright from the child, the mother turned round just in time to see the little fellow disappear through the window. The poor mother rushed screaming down the stairs and into the street, but, instead of finding the mangled remains of her child on the pavement, the little one was sitting up in the basket of an old woman, who had providentially been passing at the moment, while the dame stood by with upraised hands wondering where on earth the little stranger had come from. Mrs. Oppenheimer caught up her child and carried him off to the nearest doctor, who, after making an examination, pronounced him unharmed. During the excitement the old woman slipped quietly and modestly away, no one knowing who she was or where she came from. Such signal service, however, was naturally not allowed to go unrequited. Hence, this advertisement was inserted in a city journal: "If the woman who caught the child that fell from the third story of 732 Jefferson street will please call she will much oblige Oscar Oppenheimer."

Last night, her attention having been called by a neighbor to the notice, the old lady called on the Oppenheimers and was at once recognized as the savior of the little boy. She gave her name as Mrs. Constanzer, her residence as 219 Susquehanna avenue, and added that she earned her living by peddling small wares. She said that as she was passing the house she suddenly felt a heavy blow on the shoulder, then her basket was struck out of her hand and she saw and heard the little fellow crying in that ample receptacle at her feet. The grateful parents rewarded her liberally and overwhelmed her with thanks. "It wasn't me, mum, but Providence," said the old dame as she curtsied her thanks.

### A Steamboat With a Wooden Boiler.

[New York Sun.]

A well-known Paterson mechanic named William Sutcliffe is building a steamboat with a wooden boiler, which will be placed in the Passaic river above the Falls in a few days. The boat is a propeller, 16 feet long. The boiler is made of a new ale cask, and is said to be capable of standing a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch. It has already been satisfactorily tested at forty pounds pressure. This novel boiler is fitted with flues, and the fire, instead of being under, is on top of it, a draught being supplied by a tube from underneath. Mr. Sutcliffe is not a crank, but a thorough and practical mechanic, holding a responsible position in one of the Paterson locomotive works. It is the first time in history that an attempt was ever made to raise steam in a wooden boiler, and it looks as if the experiment would prove a success.

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# THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

## The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union.

### Woman's Dress and the Possibilities of Present Styles—An Old Story.

### Shade Hats—Bathing Costumes—Woollen Materials—Varieties.

The work that is being done by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of this city, in all its many phases and wide benefits, is well known to all the women of Boston. And the fame of its gracious deeds has spread abroad also and borne good fruit. Women in other cities have learned of the benefits resulting from thus bringing together women from all classes and showing them how to work together for the good of all, and the leaven from the Boston society is working to make itself felt elsewhere. The far-away Western city of Milwaukee has an association framed after the model of the Boston society, which, under the leadership of those energetic Western women, is rapidly pushing on to success and a position of importance. A Milwaukee lady writes to the Sentinel of that city concerning its origin and work, and we clip the following extracts from her letter, because of the fine feeling of its earnest tribute to Dr. Harriet Clisby, and because of the interest that attaches to this flourishing Western progeny of the Boston Union. The letter was written to correct a misstatement of the origin of each society, which accounts for its references to "seven original societies":

Dr. Harriet Clisby of Boston was the originator and organizer of the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Union"—the first society of the kind ever instituted, and so far as I know, the only one, save that of Milwaukee. Her experience in life among women told her of their needs; her quick sympathies stimulated her to try to relieve those who needed it, and her strong intellect aided her in devising a way to do it. Being familiar with the workings of the "Young Men's Christian Union," under the auspices of the Unitarian denomination, she conceived the idea that a similar organization, adapted to the needs of women, could do a noble work.

By day and by wakeful hours of the night she pondered over and matured her plans, then called together a few earnest, ingenuous women—not the "presidents of seven separate societies" by any means, as this circular states, but women of no official status whatever—and told them of her ideas and wishes with such earnestness and enthusiasm as kindled them all with the fire of her spirit. They went out and invited others, and at the next meeting there were forty who listened to the little woman's plans, promised her support, and then and there organized the board of the "union," which held its first meetings on Sunday afternoons in the doctor's office. Very soon the office was too small; then Dr. Clisby loaned the union $100 and they rented rooms, started a library and reading room, exchange, etc., and instantaneously prospered. As new work was begun committees were organized for the purpose of carrying it on, and the chairmen of such committees were appointed with reference to their fitness for and ability to do the work, and in nearly every instance from members of the organization not in the original board, in order, wisely, that the larger organization might be largely and justly represented.

To one who has seen Dr. Clisby sitting on the steps of the platform at one of her crowded Sunday afternoon meetings, listening to the speakers, while the fire of her own indomitable soul burned in clear flame through each thin cheek; to one who has heard her friends tell of her heroisms and self-sacrifices in organizing her good work; to one who has read the reports of the society that delights to honor her, and, above all, to one who has felt the warmth of her sunny, inspiring, faithful nature, it would be of as much avail to say that the seven Pleiades created the sun as that seven presidents of petty societies formed a board and created her its head, "pledging her to carry out their individual ideas." The gods distinguished her with ideas of her own, and annointed her with a holy zeal to be true to them.

A gentleman who had been studying the life and works of Daniel Webster said: "I have come to the conclusion that Webster fought the war of the Rebellion." So it usually is. One animating enthusiasm kindles the fire that warms a thousand souls; and Dr. Clisby's was that enthusiasm, so far as the origin of the society under discussion is concerned. That in Milwaukee was formed precisely in the same manner, borrowing her ideas, adopting her constitution verbatim and changing the name "union" to "association," because of the multiplicity of "unions" now extant. Dr. Clisby's committee on moral and spiritual development was also dropped—probably unwisely—and that on "civil responsibility," created and named in Milwaukee, was added.

It is said that Philadelphia asks first, "Who was a man's grandfather?" Western cities think less of the grandfathers, perhaps, than they ought, but the real question, after all, is, with the present generation, "Is it of good repute?" Any association which does a noble, high-minded, disinterested work has a right to exist and will exist, whatever its origin.

### VARIED VIEWS

#### Concerning Feminine Attire—What a Western Woman Thinks About Making Comment Upon a Woman's Work.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham of Chicago, who has attained some eminence in her profession in that city, writes as follows on the subject of the dress of women and its effects upon their work:

"Women now are filling all useful callings and professions. They have entered the professions of medicine, law, religion and journalism. They compete with men in literature, science and art. But with limbs so encumbered that it is difficult to even ascend a stairway, while bedraggled skirts humiliate, they cannot expect to be the peers of man even in common vocations. If woman means to work she must dress for work. Artistic beauty and elegance can be combined with convenience and utility, giving both health and freedom. Let women adopt common-sense shoes, the union underwear, and skirts short and light, suspended from the shoulders. In this dress she banishes bones and bands, and secures lightness, looseness and equable warmth. Thus attired women may hope to educate themselves for lucrative vocations, compete successfully with men in science, art, law, physic and philosophy, and more hopefully work for social and political freedom."

#### Which is Applauded.

The Woman's Hour gives hearty commendation to this view of the much mooted subject of the healthfulness of woman's attire. In order to dress herself comfortably and healthfully a woman does not need to go in search of some outlandish-looking gear that will make her the observed of all observers, the butt of ridicule from all directions, and a source of disgust to all sensible people. Ugliness, the chief characteristic of most of the dress-reform models, is not an evidence of comfort, nor does healthfulness follow invariably upon oddity. The present styles of woman's dress can be made to combine the various requisites of beauty, convenience, comfort and healthfulness to as full a degree as is possible in any kind of attire. No fashion of costume has yet been invented, or ever will be, entirely without disadvantages. And those that are now in vogue possess about as few of those disadvantages as can be expected. A woman now can dress herself with as much attention to beauty and elegance as she desires, and feel almost no discomfort or inconvenience from her clothing. She has only to put comfortable, low-heeled shoes upon her feet, wear the union underclothing—some kinds of which have been improved to a perfection of gracefulness of fit—made so as to do away with all necessity for the corset, light skirts supported from the shoulders, and to put aside all bands and ligatures. Such attire has with it positively no discomfort, and when removed is found to have been so comfortable that it leaves no sense of release from pressure and weight. If it were but known, the question of dress reform is practically settled every day right in our midst by dozens of women.

#### A Western Woman's Opinion.

Mrs. Helen E. Starrett of Chicago writes as follows in a Western paper: "Ordinarily there is something offensive and unpleasant in the making of any special exclamation or ado about the work or achievements of women. The day has passed when intelligent and observing people feel any particular surprise at the excellent and superior achievements of women in any of the higher occupations of life opened to them by an advancing civilization. Women have proven their ability to achieve as much as men in the intellectual world as fast as opportunity has been afforded them to try their powers under circumstances of equal advantage. This is all there is of it, and to exclaim and wonder, as though such achievements were abnormal or the result of abnormal conditions, or the work of abnormal creatures, simply indicates lack of observation and information; simply shows that the person or persons in whom this wonder is excited are behind the times."

### GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

#### Shade Hats—Bathing Costumes—Summer Woollen Materials—Varieties.

Large garden hats, and that class of summer headgear designed specially for protection from an unrelenting summer sun, seem likely to acquire and retain a character of their own. For one thing, says Demorest's, the requirements are always the same, and they are of an informal and unconventional character. So long as a "shade" that does shade the face, and make a picturesque object in the landscape, it does not make much difference whether the braid is fine or coarse, the crown high or low. There is a sense of fitness, however, in making it as light-looking as possible, and the trimmings of white lace and India muslin, therefore, which have been in vogue for several years past, aided by chrysanthemums, or yellow field flowers, such as mustard, cowslips, or buttercups, have at least seemed highly appropriate, and suggested refinement without any great cost. But the fashionable shade hats of this season, the large Leghorn and basket straws, have dropped the simplicity of muslin, and ignore the buttercups; they have restored the white plumes, the black velvet ribbon, and the pink roses, and make the shade hat as costly and elegant as if it were a dress bonnet. Of course they can be worn for finer and more formal purposes than the simple muslin-trimmed hats; but they cannot be used so conveniently, and are a source of anxiety in case of a sudden shower; while, in the first instance, a "tie" would make the most saturated hat as good again as new. Still, nothing can dislodge the coarse straw hat, with its muslin and flower trimming; it is pretty and cheap, easily remodelled and universally becoming; and, while it will do for some ladies, to whom money is no object, to indulge in country reminiscences of Versailles and the court of the Grand Monarch, yet to the majority summer is a season of release from a too burdensome environment, and the less difficult summer requirements are made the better.

#### Bathing Costumes.

In no department of dress has fashion come forth with such assurance as in the make-up of costumes for summer pastimes, and particularly is this "loudness" of dress observable in fancy bathing suits. There is really, says a fashion writer, a saucy look about this sort of toilet, and there are sober thinking people who think that the wearers of fancy bathing suits transgress the bounds of propriety. But who can have the heart to frown upon all this artistic taste so bewitchingly expressed? Not the lovers of true art. However, in spite of all disparaging remarks, fancy bathing suits will certainly be the rule rather than the exception this summer.

A remarkably pretty bathing suit introduced by the English has the jacket close fitting, with pointed front and postillion back; the fabric is fine ladies' cloth of some dark color and embroidered in light shades; the sleeves come to the elbows, where falls a ruffle of lace; long cotton gloves protect the arms and a portion of the hands; the drawers are cut wide and are gathered in a band where they are buttoned just below the knee; the hose are of fine scarlet yarn, and the white canvas slippers are strapped over the instep. The most striking feature in this design is the low-cut neck, which is prettily filled in with white oil silk, finely pleated, into a double tucker, the edge bound with narrow blue or scarlet braid.

Freedom of arms and legs is absolutely necessary in order to make graceful strokes in the water, and hence it is impossible for good swimmers to wear corsets or any very tight-fitting garment while enjoying a frolic with old Neptune; and yet a handsome dress for an expert swimmer has a very snug appearance, and this is effected by the use of exceedingly elastic materials, the best of which is silk webbing or knitted cloth, which gives ease to the motion of the limbs.

Fancy bathing costumes often produce a charmingly picturesque array of colors. Satin, silk and wool, and all silk materials are manufactured now so as to withstand to a great extent dampness and even the "wringing wet." As fashion favors artistic touches of finery in the make-up of suits for wear among the breakers, bathing will be fashionable this summer.

#### Summer Woollen Materials.

The thin woollen materials which have been produced in such variety of late years are among the most delightful of dress materials, lovely to wear and very durable. They are, too, not only good and comparatively inexpensive, but they have a sanitary value, says Jennie June, in the touch of warmth which is a defence against chill, and in the softness and ease of wearing, which soothes tired nerves, or at least does not add to the sources of disquiet and irritation, unless indeed the material is spoiled in the making. In solid colors, the fine camels' hair and armures are perhaps the most available; the nuns' veiling, which is really only a lighter quality of the old-fashioned "all wool delame," requiring too much plaiting and trimming to relieve its insipidity to be widely available; but the nuns' veilings with the new and tapestried designs, which look like woollen madras muslin, are very distinctive, and particularly good and pretty for overdresses, with silk skirt, and also skirts of the plain material with two kilted flounces. There is nothing new under the sun, but certainly they are the most novel-looking of summer inexpensive costumes, and well adapted for morning wear at the seaside, and at summer resorts.

#### Varieties.

Chicken-down yellow is announced as a later tint of that shade than primrose.

Willow wicker hats are worn at the seaside for boating, driving and the promenade.

Instead of bracelets, narrow ribbons matching the chief color of the costume are tied around the wrists.

Narrow Valenciennes lace, not more than half an inch wide, edges the scalloped borders of embroidered handkerchiefs.

The knotted silk handkerchief is as much used as ever. It is now produced in soft China silk in all the art shades, and serves in the country as sufficient finish to a morning dress of gingham, or satine.

Lawn-tennis suits are made of woollen stuffs in stripes of terra-cotta, sorrel-green, orange, strawberry, primrose and bronze. Yellow is the leading color and is very effective, combined with moss-green or Egyptian red. A pretty lawn-tennis costume for young girls is a crushed-strawberry skirt, with blouse of gray holland, gathered at the waist and trimmed with a frill of the material. A large pocket is placed in front to hold the balls. The hat is trimmed with crushed-strawberry ribbon.

Veils are now very little used except by tourists, and therefore the choice has very much diminished, manufacture not being stimulated in the direction of novelty. A few ladies still risk their eyesight by buying and wearing an occasional strip of lace dotted with beads or chenille; but the majority have their faces uncovered, except when subjected to more than the ordinary amount of heat, or dirt, or wind, and then they take a long strip of gauze, which they place over the brim of the bonnet, cross behind and knot on the shoulder.

Shawl tabliers—that is, with one point either in front or on one side—are seen upon new imported walking dresses. If of heavy material, the tablier is plain and flat; but if draping softly, the same effect is produced by cutting the tablier very long and plaiting the sides in folds. Round tunics raised much higher at one side than at the other are also much liked. The collection of folds at the short side is usually ornamented by a bow or straps of hood ribbon or velvet run through a buckle, and falling in long loops and ends over the skirt, and often these ribbons show six or eight harmonizing colors, each shade being faced with a bright color in contrast.

#### Fashion Notes.

An early return to button gloves is looked for, as there is great demand for the six-buttoned styles, which are more convenient than any others for passing underneath the dress sleeve.

An imported wrap for steamer travel is of soft cloth, embroidered with grotesque heads of owls in such faint colors as to be inconspicuous at any distance. Cats and parrots' heads are admired on dark green.

A new fancy for bridesmaids dresses is that of embroidering certain portions with some one flower, as, for instance, a daisy, rose or hyacinth. At the wedding the wearer carries a bouquet of corresponding blossoms.

The latest fashion in sending a bouquet to a lady is to have it tied with a ribbon of her favorite color. This, an inch and a half in width, is arranged in a long-looped bow, with still longer ends, on which some poetic thought is written with silver or gold.

It is no longer "the fashion" for husband and wife to enter the parlor arm-in-arm on such an occasion as that of a dinner party or small evening entertainment. According to the present mode the lady precedes the gentleman, paying her respects to the hostess by herself.

Fashionable letter and note paper is made of Holland linen, oddly tinted and stamped to resemble parchment. Either a coronet with the initials in the centre, or an antique medal with the letters around the edge, is stamped in gold or silver at the left-hand upper corner.

New jelly and sweetmeat dishes made of glass are copies of antique Holland styles, and, being shaped like canoes, rest upon oval platters. Both the dish and the border of the platter are cut in Florentine checker-work and facets, and are remarkably brilliant under gaslight.

A handsome present from a wife to her husband on their marriage anniversary, is a pair of copper-alloy gold sleeve-buttons connected by links. The monogram of the wife is on one button and that of the husband on the other, thus bringing the monogram of each upon each wrist in wearing.

Handsome purses made of guadamacile leather have filigree silver clasps which cover the entire front. Both white and black, or antique silver, are employed, and the leather is dark green, black, or yellow tan-color. Solid silver is used for mountings, and the inside is lined with silk or satin. Price, $25.

The fashionable hour for ceremonious dinners is from 7.30 to 8 o'clock. Some handsome toilets, recently made for such occasions, have the pointed waist made high at the back and shoulders, and with a deep surplice cutting in front. A turn-over collar and lapels, like the shapes used on walking coats, are the novel finish for satin dresses.

Pretty luncheon favors, which artistic housekeepers delight in, consist of quarter-yard lengths of gros-grain ribbon in all the so-called æsthetic shades. The ends are ravelled out to the depth of an inch, not more, and a scattering of grasses, daisies, clover blossoms, etc., is painted on, leaving open spaces in which some graceful motto is quaintly written with a fine brush and two colors. Thus, upon a sage green ribbon the letter colorings are dark red and dark blue, and the motto is, "Wishes glad as bright-eyed daisies." On another a Kate Greenaway maid is "blowing" the flower, and the motto reads, "Tell me, daisy, tell me true, what my lover said to you." A bit of thin white cardboard fastened with gum-arabic upon one corner of the ribbon shows the name of the guest for whom the favor is intended.

Nun's veilings, together with bayonaise, albatress wool batiste, and Khyber cloths come in the most delicate tones of color, and are made up with foulards of brilliant hues, also with fine figured brocade and satin surah. The robes imported in boxes have a figured and a plain length of material to be associated in the making. Some dainty-looking wool muslins recently introduced are combined with ottoman silk and with lustrous surah, and have small brocade patterns like the old-time challies.

Very full ruches, which may be either black or white, are now worn in the necks of dresses, as well as wraps, visites, etc. A Marie Stuart design has a V-shaped plastron attached, and this reaches to the belt.

Scarf fichus of escurial net are trimmed with a fall of lace bordering to match, and are either pink, blue, warm cream color, or else black. The ends cross in front under a flat rosette of many-colored narrow ribbon mingled, or under a large bow of shaded satin ribbon.

The newest turn-down collar is made of silk foulard, the pattern showing different colored apples of the size of the crab apple. The ground is tan color or pale brown, and the fruit in brighter shades. A frill of oriental lace in fine plaits forms the trimming.

Cockades or rosettes of ribbon are taking the place of silk pompons used upon articles of lingerie, and are chosen to match the color of the flower worn with a toilets. Thus, a fichu of white silk muslin is fastened upon the bust by a bunch of pansies, and at the throat by a coxscomb rosette of ottoman ribbon combining all the shades of the flowers.

Dainty breakfast caps made of a square of creamy silk muslin, the size of a small handkerchief, are much worn by ladies in light mourning, and are trimmed with rosettes of ottoman ribbon in mixed shades of mauve and purple.

Valenciennes and Florentine are the most popular laces employed just now on ladies' undergarments made up abroad. Exceptionally fine qualities of Smyrna lace, and also of darned lace in copy of antique pillow lace, are used on garments made to order here.

Monograms of large size, beautifully embroidered in white, are seen on the deep square yokes of chemises made to order. When the front of the garment is plaited and joined to the yoke the centre plait is wide, and the monogram is wrought upon the centre of this plait just below the yoke.

Narrow black velvet is much liked for running in and out of Smyrna lace employed in the yokes and very short sleeves, now in vogue, for linen chemises. The ends tie in two groups at the front, and one on each shoulder.

A new stocking-supporter for both ladies and children consists of a fitted, elastic waist-band with side extensions some three or four inches long. To this the narrower single and the short elastics with fastenings are appended. The design is English.

A new style of coaching umbrella is of shaded silk, as, for instance, of dark green running out to pale willow. The handle is short and heavy with a pug's head on the end, the collar having a band of ribbon and a large bow for ornament.

Some of the high-front empire bonnets are lined with satin brocade in Pompadour colorings, and have a bunch of five or six pale pink roses placed directly above the centre of the forehead. For manila straw white satin ribbon and white ostrich tips are the richest garnitures for these dignified empire bonnets.

But little trimming is seen with hats or bonnets having fluted brims, as the latter are generally made of a brilliant-colored satin, straw or crape.

Mother-of-pearl bonnet ornaments are decorated with small Florentine nail heads of silver.

Slides of silver have leaf application of bright-colored gold.

New necklets, bracelets and pins are of silver, with what is called Florentine diamond cutting. That is to say, finished with sharp facets, which are extremely brilliant when well polished.

Flexible bracelets of gold, in every particular the counterpart of snakes, are made so long that they encircle the arm four times, with an inch between each turn. The head of the reptile, with jewel eyes, lies flat on the top of the arm, just below the elbow.

Handsome bangle bracelets are of gold, made red with an alloy of copper, and finished on each end with a tiger's paw. Those made of silver are of the beaten metal ornamented with a spray of small flowers in bright yellow gold, frosted silver and enamel.

A handsome comb for dark hair has a long, narrow, curved top, mounted with a hinge. The decoration shows small blocks of silver with Florentine diamond cuttings.

Ladies are still wearing pins with fancy heads to fasten the collar or ruche at the neck. The pin itself is not now over three inches long, and it is according to rule to wear two matching pins placed so that they cross each other. Cats' heads and cats' paws of facet-cut silver are favorite designs.

The semi-precious stones, such as the jasper, jade, sard, hiddenite or American emerald, New England tourmaline, and chrysoberyl form some of the most showy pins and ornaments now in vogue. For rings, gray blue sapphires, red brown cats' eyes, and orange colored topazes are much admired.

A handsome chatelaine for a young lady is of watered ribbon with the ends finished with solid and filigree work combined, in red gold. A large renaissance ornament takes up the centre, and the ribbon has a swivel fastening at one end and a belt-hook at the other.

#### Parasols and Ornaments.

The first parasolss of a season suggest the work of an amateur more or less timid. They are good, but usually either commonplace or else so grotesque that the shopper frowns upon them. Later, when all new modes have found their level, the parasol is quite another article, and worthy of discussion. Nearly all dress fabrics are now used in making showy parasols, the brocades being trimmed with lace ruffles only, the ottomans showing sprays of embroidery in arrasene, and the ecru India silks having a brilliant applique of needlework with lining of fresh pea-green, cherry-color or fawn. Showy parasols to accompany carriage costumes for visiting occasions match the dress in color, and are decorated with a deep border of embroidery and iridescent beads, or they are of a harmonious, lighter shade, ornamented with a heavy branch of roses which passes from one side directly across the top, drooping over, as if it had been thrown there by chance. Ladies buy sprays of arrasene applique work, and decorate their costume parasols in this manner, the handle being of carved wood, braided bamboo, or olive inlaid with pearl. The red parasol is still in favor, as also is the coaching umbrella of different shades of red, novel designs having linings of a charming tint of dove-gray, or a warm fawn, called gazelle.

Parasols of checked and dotted silk to match toilets are trimmed with ruffles of the same.

Parasolettes for carriage use are of rich white brocade trimmed with Andalusian lace, or they are of pale pink or pale blue silk covered with escurial net and finished with a ruffle of escurial lace to match. A showy design in high color is of old gold satin trimmed with rich, white escurial lace.

Ladies' umbrellas are dark green, dark brown, puce color, prune, damson blue and black. Handles are of dark wood with a knob of hammered silver, enamel or a finish of the natural wood.

The linings of parasols carried by ladies in mourning are as often silver gray or white as they are black.

The newest fancy seen in the decoration of parasols is the use of cut-out work. Thus upon a design of black satin there is a wide border of black cut-out embroidery laid over cherry red, with which color the parasol is also lined. The edge is trimmed with a ruffle of Spanish lace, and the handle is twisted into a huge lapping ring through which the arm is passed when the parasol is not in use.

### FANCY-WORK.

#### Picture Embroidery.

Crochet hooks and the needle are ruling implements, and it is amusing to note the sweep with which any attractive form of embroidery or crochet-work will go through a party of enthusiasts. Picture embroidery bids fair to be the rage of the quiet summer resort this season, panels or banners to be hung in narrow spaces upon the wall being the simplest designs, attempted in advance of more important things. The foundation of the picture is shaded satin, plain satin, satine, or, indeed, any of the smooth-finished materials employed for fancy-work. The decoration consists of a scene from romance or history either stamped or drawn in outline on the fabric, and worked over with embroidery silks, flosses, etc., the dresses of the figures being made of silk, satin, plush, or velvet. A banner representing "If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye" shows the rye in the background worked in shades of green, with here and there a bright corn flower, a field poppy or a daisy. A tree at one side has the trunk embroidered in shades of brown floss, and the foliage in green. Directly in front the two figures, lad and lassie, have their faces, arms and feet worked in the finest quality of floss, the flesh tints displaying as much care and skill as are observed in painting. The hair is wrought with embroidery silk, which is first untwisted, thus giving a soft and fluffy appearance. Both of the dresses delineated are attached to the background so carefully as to show neither stitches nor the effect of handling, that of the lassie being of silk surah with a velvet bodice, and that of the lover of velvet and lace. A handsome panel, representing Bo-peep before the loss of her sheep, shows her standing in a meadow with the flock around her. The background is worked with silks, and Bo-peep wears a costume of pale blue satin looped with tiny ribbon roses. Her long crook is ornamented with a bow of real ribbon, and her position is extremely picturesque as she stands in the middle of her flock, plump little Southdowns, made of combed-out white lamb's-wool, and having expressive brown bead eyes. In both of the pictures mentioned, the background representing sunset is made of shaded red satin, which, by the way, is almost always used for this purpose in these ingenious needle pictures. A design shows Bo-peep after the desertion of the flock, the stamping being intended for the picture-embroidery here described.

#### Mantel Lambrequins.

A mantel lambrequin of old gold twine to match the upholstery colorings of a room has red satin ribbon run in and out at intervals perpendicularly. Each end of ribbon is folded to a point and finished with a brass crescent, and a red silk tassel just below. A table lambrequin of pale blue twine has three rows of crushed strawberry red ribbon about an inch wide run horizontally through its openings, and the edge is finished with a thick blue fringe. Oblong ornaments made of crushed strawberry silk and gold tinsel are set at intervals of about four inches all along the heading of the fringe. The top of the table is covered with blue flannel, covered by a square of crocheted work in blue to match the fringe.

#### Wide Insertions.

Ladies are making wide insertions of Richelieu guipure for the fashionable table-cover, which is of drawn-work and this lace combined, laid over red plush or satin. Fine white cambric is basted down upon kid or enamelled carriage leather, and the arabesque pattern is drawn upon the same, the outlines being executed in buttonhole work, and the various parts which are to be open when finished having a connecting network of bars with little loops or picots interspersed. The insertion, when the superfluous muslin is cut away, is rich and effective, and in using is set between a border partly solid and partly varied by drawn-work.

#### Baby Blankets.

The prettiest baby blanket of the season is a square of thin white lamb's-wool cloth lined with white silk surah, and trimmed with a plaiting of white lace a finger deep set in between the lining and cover. A band of white satin nine inches passes diagonally across the blanket, and is embroidered with a mass of roses, buds and foliage in ribbon work and arrasene. The effect is that of flowers carelessly thrown down or tossed out from a basket.

#### Raised Work.

The fancy for raised work now extends to a great variety of articles, one of which consists of a large toilet-table cushion, which is a brush-and-comb receptacle as well. The satin cover and pinked ruffle match the colorings of the furniture and draperies, and the outside has a branch of high-colored roses in arrasene and ribbon-work. Large silk pompons are placed at the corners.

#### Head Protectors.

For the seashore and hotel piazza ladies are crocheting graceful little head protectors of Pompadour wool in so-called crazy stitch. These are somewhat of the Fanchon shape puffed up and full, and ornamented with a bow of satin ribbon. Points of Spanish lace to throw over the head have the pattern outlined with red, pink or orange-colored floss, and are lined with matching silk or satin.

#### Light Lap-Robes.

Light lap-robes for babies' carriages are of linen scrim with borders of drawn-work and a scant ruffle of Irish point around the edges, or of Madras muslin, trimmed with a gathered frill to match. The latter is finished with deep scallops buttonholed with silk corresponding to the darker color in the Madras fabric.

## POTHOOKS AND TRAMMELS.

### Autograph Letters from the Crowned Heads of Europe.

[Washington Letter in the Cleveland Leader.]

I spent some time this morning in looking over the diplomatic correspondence of foreign countries to the United States in times past. All the letters received by the government are filed away in the State Department, and are bound up into books. One set of books contains letters of ceremony, and very ceremonious letters they are. One volume of letters from France, from 1815-1865, abounds in polite expressions, and to see the earnestness with which some of the French kings commend the president of the United States to the care of Almighty God is quite refreshing. When Louis Napoleon had taken (usurped in a measure) the presidency of the republic of France for ten years he announced it to America. The letter is before me as I write. It is signed with the cramped, shaky hand of Napoleon, and it reads:

The Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic, to the President of the United States of America, greeting:

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND—I have already caused you to be informed of the measures I have thought it my duty to adopt at such a critical juncture by setting public right and public safety above a legal authority which had become powerless. The nation, being consulted, has responded spontaneously, and the almost unanimous adherence indicated by the votes which have been polled has just ratified my appeal to the people of the 2d of December and conferred upon me the presidency for a term of ten years, with the order to form a new constitution. Such is the event which I hasten to communicate to you. By creating a political unity this event confers upon the executive the necessary power to guarantee social order and to insure stability. . . I am pleased to hope that you will share the sentiments which actuate me, and that you will assist in strengthening the bonds of friendship which unite the two nations. With this I beg, my great and good friend, that God may have you in his holy and worthy keeping.

Given at the palace of the Tuileries the 12th of January, in the year of grace 1852. Your sincere friend, NAPOLEON.

The next letter is written by Napoleon III., dated a year later, and the fine, scrawly, woman-like autograph of the Emperor is appended to it.

The next announces his marriage with Eugenie on the 1st of February.

The earlier part of the volume is filled with the autographs of noted men. Louis Philippe's hand appears on many pages. Richelieu's cramped autograph sometimes accompanies it, and on other letters we see the up and down print-like letters of Chateaubriand.

The English volume of diplomatic correspondence of ceremony is smaller in size than that of the French. It is largely composed of the deaths, marriages and births of the royal family of England. Whenever a baby is born to a monarch or prince the fact is duly announced to the different governments of the world. These letters, like those from France, are always signed by the monarch reigning and his prime minister. The volume now before me opens with a letter from George III. It announces the birth of a baby princess, and it reads:

We, by the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, King of Hanover, etc., etc., etc., to the United States of America sendeth greeting: Our good friends, our dear sister-in-law, her royal highness the Duchess of Clarence, having, at a few minutes past 5 o'clock on the evening of the 15th inst., been delivered of a princess, who has received the name of Elizabeth, we hasten to communicate to you this happy event, in the confident hope that you will participate in the pleasure which we receive at this addition to our royal house, and so recommend you to the protection of the Almighty.

Given at Carleton palace on the 16th day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty, and in the first year of our reign. Your good friend. GEORGE.

To our good friends, the United States of America.

George wrote a strong, characteristic hand, with spread-eagle flourish.

The next two letters are bound with black lines, and they contain the deaths of two relatives of George IV.

### A Queer Story From 'Frisco.

[Chicago Herald.]

A queer story comes from San Francisco. During the war that city, being afraid of Alabamas and such, raised such a howl that the government built an ironclad, took it apart and shipped the pieces in a sailing vessel, to be put together again on arrival there. In the harbor of San Francisco the vessel with the iron-clad on board sank. There was an insurance on the sunken vessel, which, if it could be realized, would be enough to enable the contractors who were to put her together to go on with their work. But it would take time to collect the insurance, and, the city being flush and badly scared, advanced to the contractors over $70,000, taking the insurance policy as security. Subsequently the policies were placed in the hands of a New York lawyer, John E. Ward, for collection, and the general public forgot about the matter. When the discovery was made, a few weeks since, that there was not money enough in the treasury, or in the way to come in, to meet current expenses, the city fathers cast a glance over the city's assets, discovered the item of $70,000, and made inquiry about it. Investigation showed that nearly ten years ago Mr. Ward collected $30,000 from the insurance companies—all he could get—and modestly sent a bill, the cost of collecting this sum, of $32,102 47. He explained to the city fathers that $22,102 47 was the actual cost of collection, and the other $10,000 was his own fee. He says, kindly, that in consideration of the city's financial embarrassment, he will not at this late date press for payment of the $2102 47 still due him from the city, but will considerately call it square. Such generosity has stirred the San Franciscoans to the point of voting Mr. Ward a medal and resolution of thanks that he left them their climate and the Golden Gate.

### A Policeman's Multifarious Duties.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The policemen will appear at 7 o'clock this morning in spick and span new uniforms. "Let's see," remarked "one of the finest," as he surveyed himself in the tailor's mirror yesterday. "I want a pocket for my red silk handkerchief: that's one. I want another for my blackjack; that's two. I want room for sticking plaster and bandages in case a feller gets hurt, you see. I was to Dr. White's lecture on 'emergencies;' that's three. I need another pocket for my note-book to take down items about open doors, accidents, broken sewers, holes in streets, dead cats on my beat; that's four. I ought to have another to keep my pipe in in case I'm out at night; that's five. Let's see; have I forgotten anything? Oh, yes, the manual. Don't you know what the manual is? It's a great thing. You see a fellow, besides being a policeman, has got to be a doctor and lawyer. The manual tells all about his duties, contains all of the city ordinances likely to be violated, points of discipline, etc. I'll bet that if a man was to try to get it all in his head and carry it out he'd either bust his brains or be in jail before the week's out." He walked out whistling the policeman's chorus from the "Pirates of Penzance."

**Bed-Ridden and Cured.**

W. E. Heustis of Emporia, Kan., says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She had been treated by a number of physicians, and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

# HINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

### Fruit and Vegetables—Treatment of the Hair—Treatment of Stammering.

While in health foods are regarded as valuable in proportion to the amount of nourishment they afford, in sickness not only their nutritive but also their medicinal properties should be considered; for in many conditions of illness the restoration of health depends as much upon the food consumed by the invalid as upon medical treatment. This is especially true in regard to fruits, which are not only nutritious, but also possess refrigerant and corrective qualities to a marked degree. Their juice, charged with more or less sugar and with valuable phosphatic elements, is, in itself, an excellent aperient; the juicy fruits are the most digestible, with the exception of melons, which are usually served so cold as to impede digestion in a weakened system, and which seem to partake of the cathartic properties of their congeners, cucumbers. The fruits of denser tissue are less digestible than juicy varieties; all are best at maturity, neither over nor under-ripe; over-ripe fruit disturbs the digestive organs from its tendency to ferment; unripe fruit more seriously disturbs them on account of its excess of acid. All juicy fruits are best adapted to the needs of the healthy system when eaten early in the day; those chosen for use at the late dinner should be dried or candied, such as raisins, figs, dates and crystallized fruits. Currants are the least digestible of dried fruits. There is but little difference in the properties of fresh and perfectly canned fruits and vegetables.

Fruits are often acceptable to the invalid when no other food seems desirable, and their tonic and refrigerant action often creates a desire for more solid nutriment. Of all ripe fruit oranges are least likely to disturb the digestive organs, and for that reason they are seldom inadmissible in any form of illness. The aromatic oil present in the skin of freshly-gathered oranges is sometimes so pungent as to burn the lips and cause a disturbance of the mucous membrane of the digestive organs. I have remarked this in using very fresh Florida fruit; the safeguard is, of course, to remove the skin before cutting the orange apart. Oranges are laxative, refrigerant and nutritious, excellent in fevers and bilious affections.

Apples, when not fully ripe, are apt to cause colic; cooking them with sugar counteracts this tendency. Baked apples are slightly laxative and very wholesome. Ripe pears are moderately digestible; unripe ones need cooking with sugar to soften their tissue and overcome their acidity. Plums and cherries are always laxative, and when not perfectly ripe are apt to produce diarrhœa; in that state they should be stewed with sugar. Peaches, nectarines and apricots are among the most nutritious and wholesome of fruits; they are refreshing and laxative; if unripe, they should be cooked with sugar in order to ensure their perfect digestion.

While all fresh fruits are excellent laxatives, dried figs, prunes and tamarinds are notable for exercising a similar influence.

Lemons have valuable tonic, refrigerant and anti-scorbutic properties, as also have limes, citrons, shaddocks and grape fruit; the Florida grape fruit is so tonic as to be valuable in malarial affections; these fruits, together with oranges and tamarinds, are well-known remedial agents in rheumatism, scurvy and jaundice. Cranberries, which contain benzoic acid in addition to citric acid in excess, possess marked anti-zymotic and antiseptic qualities. Rhubarb, currants, barberries and gooseberries are laxative, cooling and slightly tonic in their effect. Elderberries, watermelon and muskmelon are laxative and diuretic. Mulberries, strawberries, raspberries and black-caps are nutritive and refrigerant. Raspberries and black-caps are slightly astringent; blackberries, persimmons, pomegranates and guava apples are decidedly astringent, valuable for checking morbid discharges in proportion to the quantity of tannic acid which they contain. Bananas are exceedingly nutritious, but rather indigestible.

Of all fruits grapes are the most valuable from a dietetic point of view. The seeds and skin are astringent and indigestible, while the juicy pulp is not only nutritious and refreshing, but possesses important medicinal properties. They contain hydro-carbon in the form of glucose or grape-sugar, potassium salts, and malic and tartaric acids. This combination of properties makes them nutritious, refrigerant, tonic and laxative; they also have a marked diuretic effect. They are invaluable for use in dyspepsia and fever. So varied and abundant are their mineral elements that by European physicians they have been called "organic mineral water." In France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Tyrol, Switzerland and Savoy "grape cures" abound. Of course the pure atmosphere and general hygienic life of the "cures" have much to do with their efficacy, as is the case with all sanitariums; but the nutritious and curative qualities of the fruit are undeniable. In addition to small quantities of simple food, the patient is required to eat daily three or four pounds of fresh grapes, preference being given to their consumption in the open air of the vineyard; the daily allowance is gradually increased to ten or twelve pounds. The sweet, white, thin-skinned grapes are the ones preferred. In France many physicians order quantities of these grapes to patients in their private practice.

Like fruit, vegetables are valuable, especially for their mineral salts; while they are comparatively less nutritious than meat, their use is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of health. The young shoots and leaves contain more mineral salts than mature stalks or roots; hence the peculiar value of celery, spinach, asparagus and other succulent vegetables. All vegetables are laxative, and therefore should be avoided in colic and diarrhœa. Potatoes are anti-scorbutic; mealy potatoes are more digestible than watery or new ones. Sweet potatoes are more nutritious than white ones, but less digestible, and slightly laxative. Jerusalem artichokes are less digestible than potatoes; their lack of starch makes them available in Bright's disease and diabetes. Their general effect is anti-scorbutic and diuretic. Other vegetable diuretics are carrots, garlic, horseradish, dandelion, parsley, burnet, purslane, lettuce, asparagus, radishes, celery and onions. Of the last-named vegetables more will be said directly. Spinach is laxative; brussels sprouts, cabbage and cauliflower are anti-scorbutic, and should not be cooked after they are tender. Vegetable marrow is delicate and digestible, but not nutritious; cucumbers, when cooked, are similar, but, if eaten raw, are apt to exert a cathartic influence. All these vegetables contain the valuable mineral salts of potash, saltpetre, lime and iron; these phosphatic vegetable elements are valuable in all diseases arising from nervous exhaustion. Artichokes, radishes, asparagus, celery and onions are excellent in rheumatism and neuralgia, especially asparagus and celery; the latter is an excellent tonic in all forms of nervous prostration. The diuretic and tonic effects of raw onions are marked, while their nutritive qualities are undeniable; they also exert a remarkably sedative influence. Lettuce is a good sedative, slightly laxative, and therefore free from the unpleasant secondary effects of some anodynes.

Of the vegetables which are used as condiments, capers and nasturtiums are stimulant, laxative, and antiscorbutic; sassafras, in the form of gumbo filet, is diuretic and demulcent; mustard and horseradish are anti-scorbutic, diuretic and stimulant; and the herbs are stomachics and nervines. The spices of vegetable origin are aromatic nervines and carminatives, which excite the appetite and stimulate the digestive system. The physician will always decide upon their advisability in any special dietary.

While vegetables are useful and almost indispensable adjuncts to nutrition, they do not seem to offer the system all the nourishment it requires to maintain it at a high degree of health. In communities which subsist entirely on vegetable food there is almost always some physical disturbance; and, in fact, but few persons are strict vegetarians; nearly all who are so called use milk, cheese, butter or eggs in combination with vegetables, and thus secure the needed variety in their food.—[Juliet Corson.

#### Treatment of the Hair.

Perfect cleanliness is indispensable for the preservation of the health, beauty and color of the hair, as well as its duration. This is attained by frequently washing it in tepid, soft water, using those soaps which have the smallest portion of alkali in their composition, as this substance renders the hair too dry, and, by depriving it of its moist coloring matter, impairs at once its strength and beauty. After washing the hair should be immediately and thoroughly dried: and, when the towel has ceased to imbibe moisture, brushed constantly in the sun or before a fire until its lightness and elasticity is fully restored; and, in dressing it, a little marrow pomatum, bear's grease or fragrant oil may be used.

The belief that washing the head induces catarrh or headache or injures the hair is erroneous, as the application of water to the skin is the most natural and effective method of cleansing it and of keeping open the pores, through which the perspiration must pass in order to ensure its healthy condition. Besides, scales naturally form around the roots of the hair of the most cleanly person, and these can only be completely detached by the use of soap. The constant and presevering use of the brush is a great means of beautifying the hair, rendering it glossy and elastic and encouraging a disposition to curl. The brush produces further advantages in propelling and calling into action the contents of the numerous vessels and pores which are interspersed over the whole surface of the head, and furnish vigor and nourishment to the hair. Five minutes at least every morning and every evening should be devoted to this purpose; and, if these rules be abided by, there will be no scurf in the hair.

Hair, the universal vanity, has been seized upon universally by the quacks; it has proved to them the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of charlatans. Only two or three scientific persons have ever treated at any length of the hair, or have shown by the light of physiology what art is capable of doing and what it is powerless to do in cases of diseases of the skin.

Professor A. R. Robinson has given us the best information regarding the diseases of the hair, in his paper read before the Alumni Association at Bellevue Hospital Medical College on Sycosis (barbers' itch), treating the hair from its infancy. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair restorers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair trunks and in worn-out furs has become a popular belief.

There is one fact that everybody should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only regenerator of the hair; oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due. When this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system consequent upon age, no art will avail—the inevitable Delilah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued.

#### Treatment of Stammering.

Mr. J. E. Suitterlin has for eight years conducted an institute in New York for the cure of stuttering and stammering with most satisfactory success. His system is philosophical and simple, and is based on the plainest common-sense principles. Excluding reliance on medical aids, it comprises chiefly careful drill of the vocal organs, and such mental discipline as will contribute to the object. In the first stage of treatment, the subject is not permitted to talk, except to practice his exercises, and to make such movements in speech as can be guided and observed by the teacher. During this time he is taught to consider himself, not a patient, but a student of speech. In the second stage, which is begun when enough has been done in the first, the pupil is encouraged to talk for practice at every opportunity with a "legato" movement (as in music) and a strong accent. In the third stage he is allowed to talk more naturally, but in a studied manner; and in the fourth stage he is permitted to employ his normal way of speaking, but is by this time relieved from the impediment under which he formerly suffered. The psychic part of the treatment, which aims to divert the pupil's mind from himself and his troubles, is the most difficult, and at the same time the most essential part. The time required for success depends very largely, and in fact chiefly, on the mental constitution of the subject.

From this brief description of an effective method of treatment the parent may gather the useful hint that, to remedy any incipient tendency in his child to stammer, he should exercise a mild and kind but firm ruling, suppress all irritability of temper, observe for the child all the laws of health, and be careful as to his own manner of talking and the patterns he may set for the child. The statistics collected and preserved by Mr. Suitterlin show that the stammering habit is contracted, with only very rare exceptions, between infancy and 10 years of age."

## STORY OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

### An English Vessel Rescues Some American Sailors.

[London Daily News.]

The London bark Silurian was instrumental on her recent passage to Valparaiso in rescuing nineteen of the crew of the American ship Oracle, which foundered at sea. The story of the wreck and the subsequent adventures of the crew, as related by the commander (Captain H. Morrison), is of the most interesting kind. From Captain Morrison's statement it seems that the Oracle, a ship of some 1500 tons, left San Francisco with a cargo of grain for New York in the early part of the present year. On March 6 heavy weather was encountered, and the tremendous seas which came over the vessel filled the decks, and portions of the bulwarks had to be cut away. The crew had to cling to the rigging to save their lives. One poor fellow named Richard Mason, who was unable to retain his hold, was washed overboard. A life-buoy was cast adrift, but nothing further could be done for the man, who perished before the eyes of his helpless comrades. Land was sighted on the following day, but no soundings could be taken, and the vessel subsequently got into the breakers and went ashore, although all that was possible was done to avert it.

The crew then launched their four boats, and, after provisioning them, pulled for the shore. The provisions were landed, and the men were preparing to board the vessel to get a further supply, when she disappeared. By taking observations the captain found that he and his men were on Herschel island. The island, which is about five miles long by one mile broad, was perfectly desolate and uninhabited. The men made tents of some sails they had, which was the only shelter available. The provisions were stored, and each man was allowed two biscuits and a little meat per diem. It was known that sealing schooners visited the island, and each day a good lookout was kept for these vessels, but none were found. There were eight islands in the vicinity, and each day one was visited, with the hope of finding some friendly vessel. At last one of the islands, known as the Wollaston, was visited by the captain, mate and five of the crew, when they found two native families, apparently living in a wretched condition. They were in a perfect state of barbarism, but nevertheless treated the shipwrecked people with the utmost kindness, giving them what food they could. This consisted of mussels, fish, and berries. The only particle of covering possessed by the natives was the skin of a seal. This was movable, and was placed by the natives to cover that part of their bodies most exposed to the weather. The weather was very cold, a keen wind blowing across the island, accompanied by sleet and snow.

The only weapon possessed by the natives was a sling. Some spare clothing was distributed among the islanders—principally old trousers, which were donned indiscriminately by men and women. The backs were generally placed in front, to the amusement of the sailors. To test the accuracy of the aim with the sling, an exhibition was asked by the mate, who erected a target. The first shot failed, when the native, in a fit of rage and disappointment, almost tore off his civilized garments, afterward taking aim when accoutred simply in his sealskin. On each attempt the mark was struck. The seven men then again put off in their own boat, and for two days and two nights suffered terribly. On the third day a vessel was sighted, and, after several hours of desperate pulling, the exhausted men came up with the German bark Bessel.

At first the captain of the vessel thought the shipwrecked men were pirates, and for some little time persisted in his refusal to allow them to go on board. However, they were finally taken on the bark; but on no account could the German captain be induced to go to Herschel island for the remaining seventeen of the crew, and, with a favorable wind, he proceeded on his voyage to Valparaiso. After being twenty-eight days on board the Bessel the seven men were landed at Valparaiso. Captain Morrison was just on the point of going before the authorities at the latter place to ask for an expedition to be sent out in search of his crew when he saw several of the very men in Valparaiso. It appeared that the English vessel Silurian had gone by the island and rescued the seventeen hands, bringing them on to Valparaiso, where they had been landed a couple of days before their comrades. The men seemed none the worse for their adventure, with the exception of the second officer, who was left behind in the hospital.

## INDIAN "MEDICINE MEN."

### The Latest Trick of the Fakirs to Victimize the Credulous Public.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The newest and cleverest dodge in the advertising way is that recently invented by the proprietor of a patent medicine. The doctor was at Niagara not long ago, and, like all other visitors to that high-priced resort, was attracted by the numbers of "genuine" Indians that sell moccasins and other aboriginal products. One party there furnished him with a suggestion that he has since used profitably. They were Indians in full war paint, with tomahawks and bows and arrows, and they had a camp not far from the falls. In the centre of the enclosure was a fire with a big kettle suspended over it, and from this the Big Medicine Man ladled a yellowish mixture from time to time, selling it at a handsome price to the too credulous tourists. It was an Indian medicine of rare efficacy and was warranted to cure any disease known to humanity.

The sight was a suggestion that the doctor seized on the instant, and in a few days he had secured several Indian warriors from the remnant of tribes that live near Rochester and Syracuse. When he first hired them they wore "store clothes" and talked English like their neighbors, but after they had donned their befeathered suits and painted their red faces after the manner of the warriors of the plains they dropped their English ways and manners, and became at once wild Indians of the Apache and Crow variety. Then the enterprising doctor bought a lot of common herbs and a big kettle, and, having established his Indians in a camp, began to manufacture and sell his famous remedy. All that need be said of it is that it is entirely harmless, even if it does not possess the curative properties claimed for it. He got a physician with the "gift of gab" to do the "talking up" of his medicine and was soon making money rapidly. The success of the first party was so great that within a short time the doctor had organized five or six others, the supply of wild Indians in the northern part of New York being seemingly inexhaustible. To add to the attractions the Indians were shown in full war rig and went through the ceremonies of a wedding, a funeral and the election of a chief in sight of the public, and then closed the performance with a war whoop calculated to chill the blood of all who heard them. Combined with this was a series of variety acts, and the admission to all the shows was ten cents.

In all of the exhibitions the leading man is the lecturer, whose duty it is to expatiate on the excellency of the medicine, and to tell the gaping audience that the "tribe" is travelling for the good of humanity, and that the admission fees and the profits on their sales of medicine are to go for the building of a school house in their far-away western home. The stuff is represented to cure every imaginable disease, and sells largely for $1 a bottle. One of the recent additions to the corps of lecturers is Sam Sanford, formerly well known in this city through his connection with Carncross & Dixey's minstrels. He is to start South shortly with a whole tribe of aborigines. It is thought that the rage for this species of "faking" will eventually depopulate the Indian villages in New York State, as the noble red men are averse to work in any form, and eagerly seize any opportunity that enables them to live well without it. They receive from $10 to $12 a month, with board, lodging and such little washing as they require.

# THE PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

## Interesting Observations by Veteran Physicians.

### Sara Bernhardt's Seven Different Ways of Dying All Unlike Reality.

### Dissolution as Painless and Unconscious as Birth.

"The ideal death," said a physician in charge of one of the New York city hospitals to a reporter of the Sun, "was that of my uncle. He was a hale, hearty man of 80, a bachelor, wealthy, and surrounded with every comfort in a beautiful home not far from New York. He had travelled in Europe and was full of anecdote and memory of his long life. He arose one morning apparently in perfect health. His buoyancy of spirits was noticed. He was singing some of the quaint old Scotch songs of his boyhood. He expected a visit from me, and, as he desired to confer with me on a matter of business, he arose from the table after a hasty and partial meal, saying he would drive down to the depot, not far away, and bring me to the house. He had the servant bring his ponies to the door and refused to let the man go with him, saying he preferred to drive himself. He mounted the box and drove off at a smart pace. The old gentlemen had not driven more than a few rods from his own house when he was met by a neighbor who noticed something strange in his appearance. His horses stopped. The neighbor dismounted, and went to the side of his carriage and spoke to him. The old gentleman did not answer. He sat upright in his seat, holding the reins in his hand. He was dead. He had passed away without a shock of any kind. There was no apparent cause for his death, which was probably occasioned by heart disease."

Dr. L. L. Seaman, physician in chief of Charity Hospital, Blackwell's island, took great interest in observing the much-vaunted death scenes of Sara Bernhardt, and when once started on the subject he is apt to give a judgment of the great actress' performances somewhat different from the general conclusions of the dramatic critics. Speaking on this subject the other day, Dr. Seaman said that Mlle. Bernhardt had

#### Seven Different Ways of Dying,

and all of them were totally unlike anything he had ever seen in a medical practice covering many thousands of cases of all kinds of death.

"Of course, I do not hold myself responsible for the deaths in my hospital any more than for the births," said Dr. Seaman. "Many patients come in when they are almost in the last moments of life. Many are known to be absolutely beyond hope of recovery. But my observation convinces me that the dramatists and actors have far overestimated the pains of death, and especially the possibilities of great mental effort just previous to the moment of dissolution.

"It is, in fact, about as difficult to tell when a man dies as to determine when he goes to sleep, death is a gradual, not a sudden process. I am speaking now of death by disease, not of violent death. Possibly in the representation of violent death the actors may come somewhere near the truth, but generally their pictures of death by disease are, to one knows the truth, simply ridiculous. Dissolution is as painless and unconscious as birth. The approach to it may be protracted and painful. There may be long and agonizing scenes resulting from disordered imagination. Death destroys one organ after another, not all at once. The last organs to yield are the lungs, which show their oppression in the breathing, and produce what is termed the death rattle. As soon as the lungs cease to act, the black venous blood is no longer changed to red arterial blood, but is propelled unpurified from the heart, and thus poisons the body like a narcotic. The energies of the brain are gradually lulled as in the approach of sleep, and unconscious cerebral action produces the murmur of the names of friends, or recollections of past life, or reference to whatever has passed through the mind. But that

#### There is Pain in Natural Death

I have long since ceased to believe.

A veteran physician, speaking on this subject, recently said: "Judging of the thoughts of men by their words just previous to death, I should say it often happens that a dying person gives no indication of thought upon a subject that has been the favorite topic of a life-time. I have known active business men with important affairs unattended to who died with words upon their lips that indicated absorbtion in some incident of the moment, generally relating to personal comfort. It was that sort of a death that Washington Irving died, saying: 'Well, I must arrage my pillows for another weary night; if this could only end.' Long suffering under the afflictions of a painful disease will serve to divert the mind of the strongest. Even the philosopher, Ben Franklin, was forced to say with his last breath: 'A dying man can do nothing easy.' It is a very common thing for dying persons to express sympathy with attendants who have been fatigued in attending them. Among the last words of Sir Walter Scott were: 'Poor souls, I know you were up all night.'

"And yet, where there has not been protracted suffering, and where the administration of narcotics has not produced a wandering mind, a dying person will manifest an interest in whatever has been the uppermost thought of his life. Lord Chesterfield is reported to have illustrated his proverbial politeness by requesting that a friend at his bedside should be offered a chair. Very often the last words indicate

#### Thoughtfulness for Loved Ones,

such as the utterance of Charles II., 'Let not poor Nelly starve,' or of Thomas Jefferson, who said, 'I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.' It is but natural that whatever consciousness is left at the moment of death should be that of affection. I have seen it expressed in a loving look, or a pressure of the hand, often long after the power of speech had gone."

"How about the facial expression of dying persons?"

"That is often spasmodic. The laughing or crying muscles are often excited in the convulsions of death when there are no corresponding feelings. In the same way there are often muscular contortions of the mouths of infants, who are believed to be smiling when, in fact, they are troubled with stomach-ache."

"Have you ever observed the visions and ecstatic delights that are often spoken of by religious writers?"

"Certainly. They are quite common, and not at all confined to religious persons. Experienced physicians testify that most persons die in a state of trance. Although they are apparently conscious, they pass away in a state of dreaming. Often they seem to be listening to musical sounds. Sometimes they seem to be beckoned to by angels."

"And do you regard such exhibitions as purely physical?"

"Just as much so as any dream. They are controlled by the ordinary thoughts and feelings, the every-day life and education and imagination of the subject in precisely the same way as a dream is so controlled. Generally a dream is a reproduction of a waking thought. The curious jumble of subjects in a dream is the result of absence of volition. There is a suspension of the functions of the median tract of the brain. The same thing occurs in the mesmeric trance. The suspension may be temporary, and then the persons may not only return to consciousness, but remember some of

#### The Curious Things Seen in the Vision.

Something of the same nature occurs in taking opium. In the earlier stages of opium eating the subject appears to have two mental operations going on at once. One is fantastic and odd, the other normal and regular. In such a case one is able to to keep up a running comment on the visions passing before his eyes.

"The death of a healthy person is always a very different thing from the death of a diseased person. In cases of accident, where persons know that they must die in a very short time, unless the shock has been very great, they preserve their customary trains of thought; they direct their affairs with comparative composure."

"Have you ever known persons to die in a comical mood?"

"There are historic cases. Douglass Jerrold is reported to have said: 'Why torture a dying creature, doctor?' and everybody remembers the dying joke of Robert Burns—'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me.'"

"It must be remembered, however, that what are called the last words of great men may have been uttered a considerable time before death—either hours or days. Some allowance must be made for the impossibility of procuring testimony. When the late Dr. Beard died, after having become widely known as an intelligent and educated sceptic, his sister proclaimed that he had recanted on his death-bed, and had indicated his hope of heaven by pointing upward, and saying: 'Higher, higher.' But the attendant, who was beside Dr. Beard, said the words, 'Higher, higher,' had no reference to a future state of existence, but were simply an indication that the doctor wished to be raised on his pillow."

**Too Good to be Real.**

"I am gaining," writes a lady who is using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, "so rapidly in feelings and appearance, that it seems almost too good to be real. To have day after day and week and week pass without one of those heart troubles; to enjoy seven or eight uninterrupted hours of sleep at night; to have a good appetite and no inconvenience from stomach troubles; to feel quite comfortable and free from pain most of the time, is 'happiness without alloy.'" Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Penn.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1883.

## A NEW OFFER.

In the seventh column a new offer of fourteen months to each single subscriber, sent by himself or through a postmaster or agent, is announced. This is done in compliance with the request of many patrons, who believe that they can secure many single subscribers during the summer months with so favorable terms. As the offer now stands, every subscriber, whether his name is sent singly or in a club, will receive THE GLOBE fourteen months, and every postmaster and agent will be allowed the usual commission. Subscribe for fourteen months, if possible; otherwise, subscribe until January, 1884, for only forty cents.

## A NEW STORY IMMEDIATELY.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, author of two of the most successful GLOBE stories, has just ready for publication in THE WEEKLY GLOBE

ANOTHER BRILLIANT SERIAL,

"THAT DREADFUL BOY!"

which will begin

NEXT WEEK.

### HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage, for only $1 00; six copies for only $5 00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 30 cts. per line. About 8 words average a line. Editorial Notices 50 cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on $100; 10 on $200.

There is such an epidemic of stealing among the New York social clubs that it is suggested that it may soon be necessary for candidates for admission to the most exclusive clubs to produce affidavits that they have never been in prison and that their pictures are not in the rogues' gallery.

The people of Russia are more than ever dissatisfied with the Czar for his indifference as regards their welfare. It is significant that the Nihilists no longer keep their programme for the future a secret, but have published it in pamphlet form. They hope thereby to gain the sympathy of the world. This is a much more sensible plan than their former dynamite scheme.

Recent large business failures give croakers another opportunity to predict that this country is "going to the dogs." What a pity it is that this class would not go there themselves. This republic was born amid croaking, it has passed through crises amid croaking, and in all probability it will go on growing and prospering in the future amid croaking. Some people would be very unhappy if they were not always croaking.

The question of superiority between a very rapid and a moderate stroke in pulling eight-oar shells was settled yesterday for once and for all in the annual race at New London between the crews of Yale and Harvard. Physically the representatives of the two colleges were very evenly matched, and everything depended on the stroke. Harvard's long lead at the finish unmistakably pronounces the slower stroke the one for success.

In view of the facts that Governor Butler called for a special committee to investigate abuses on the part of State officials, and the Republican Legislature did not have the courage to grant it, the publication by the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity of a letter to the Governor asking him to make charges for them to investigate becomes decidedly amusing reading. The State Republican Committee should muzzle either its Legislature or its Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity. Its teams don't pull together worth a cent.

The Sun has been fishing up some of Secretary Chandler's reports on naval matters and examining the pay rolls, and it finds that 16,250 persons are employed to maintain a navy of twenty-three ships at an annual cost of $15,000,000. The Sun puts the facts in this condensed form:

| | |
|---|---|
| Efficient ships in the navy | 23 |
| Number of officers to every ship | 93 |
| Number of enlisted men to every ship | 391 |
| Number of enlisted men to every officer | 4 |
| Number of civilians to every ship | 217 |
| Total of officers, sailors and civilians to every ship | 706 |
| Annual cost of every ship | $647,956 |

There are seven lines of solid facts, and in every line is a history of Republican waste and dishonesty, and of shame for the nation.

"Captain" David L. Payne, the man whose eyes have looked covetously for so long a time upon Oklahama in the Indian Territory, is again on the war-path. Annually the persistent captain makes a raid upon the territory, and annually the War Department sends troops to pick him up and send him home. But after the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have been expended in attempting to impress upon the mind of this phenomenally impudent individual that he mustn't covet the Indian reservation, he now applies to the United States Circuit Court for an injunction to keep the War Department out of his way. "Captain" Payne seems to be almost the equal in persistence and ingenuity of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, and if he keeps it up until he is as old as she is he may be successful.

"That annual blister, marriage with deceased wife's sister," is still in a condition to be pricked by future parliaments. The advocates of the bill have made a striking advance, however, for in the House of Lords the bill was defeated on its third reading by only five votes. In the face of the intense and determined opposition the measure still meets with, a defeat so near a victory must be very encouraging to its advocates. It is a little peculiar that the bill did not give the right to marry a deceased husband's brother, and, stranger still, its most ardent advocates look upon such a proposition with horror, declaring that it would result in just such a depraved and immoral state of society as their opponents assert concerning their bill. The world may move, but there is plenty of room for some parts of it to go a good deal farther yet.

The "sweet girl graduates" of this year, who have visions of amassing money as teachers, will sympathize with the experience of one of their set who has just answered an advertisement for a governess in New York City. The advertiser was the wealthy president of a successful company. "I climbed up a flight of stairs wearily," she writes to the Sun, "and was ushered into the office of the man, who received me with becoming dignity, and informed me that he wanted a refined governess for his children. After some conversation he seemed to be perfectly satisfied with my abilities, and wished to engage me. I thereupon inquired what would be the requirements and what my compensation. He replied: 'You must teach my children French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, mathematics, singing, music, drawing, painting and gymnastics; give my wife and myself evening conversational lessons in Spanish, as we intend shortly to visit Mexico; mend clothes, wash and dress the children; in fact, make yourself generally useful. You will occupy the same room with the chambermaid and have your meals with the servants. Your remuneraton is $1 per day.' I was perfectly astounded and said: 'Do you expect, sir, to be able to procure an educated lady at those terms?' 'Certainly. I have had already four lady applicants this morning, who are all only too anxious to obtain the position, and I have not yet decided which lady to engage.' 'Is such a lady capable of training your children, besides instructing yourself and wife?' 'Of course,' he replied, 'I expect a lady of refinement to occupy that position.' Now, Mr. Editor, I would ask you if the intellectual and moral training of young America is of no more value than dish washing and scrubbing?"

### REPUBLICAN DIFFICULTIES.

There is trouble brewing in the Republican camp. The more the managers think of it, the more angry they become at the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, for the position in which it has placed them by the removal of the Marshes. Which ever horn of the dilemma they take they are left in a very sad plight, which becomes the more painful from the fact that ex-Governor Talbot is chairman of the board which placed them there.

Their whitewashing report, so carefully planned, will lose all its force, being condemned from the start as a falsehood by the summary removal of the very men whom the managers propose to canonize in Chairman Loring's report. And this very report will at the same time be a strong condemnation of Mr. Talbot, one of their hitherto most-admired leaders. It is a double-edged sword, which cuts the Republican party both ways. The only logical conclusion of their whitewashing report must be the restoration of the Marshes and the adoption of a strong resolution of censure against Mr. Talbot and the remainder of the board.

But they dare not restore the Marshes, for they know that they ought to have been removed long ago, and they cannot afford openly to punish ex-Governor Talbot, for he is popular with the Republican masses. Any such action would meet a severe rebuke at the polls. They begin to see now what they should have seen in the first place —that the Republican party could not afford to shoulder the Tewksbury iniquities. Their true course would have been a hearty union with the Governor to correct abuses.

Blind political hatred caused them to take just the opposite course to defend the Marshes and to cover up the glaring wrongs committed at the Tewksbury almshouse. Had they shown a willingness to make amends, even at a late day, and manifested a desire to correct abuses, they would have relieved themselves to a considerable extent of the burden which they now find pressing so heavily upon them.

But the die is cast. They must sustain the course which they have taken, or stultify themselves. To be consistent they must condemn their own Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity. This, added to the board's self-condemnation in allowing to continue so long in power the men whom it has at length, when forced to it, declared guilty, makes the way of the Republican transgressor hard indeed. Either path leads them into insuperable difficulties. For the Marshes were either guilty or they were not guilty. If guilty, then the Republicans should have removed them long ago. If not guilty, the Republicans have performed a contemptible injustice to innocent men. Tewksbury is a rough road to travel.

### THE PLUMBERS PROTEST.

The convention of plumbers in New York has labored earnestly to correct the erroneous opinions concerning the plumber, popularly cherished and fiendishly fostered by unscrupulous funny men of the press. The plumber has been accused of basing his charges upon the fictitious value of the time occupied in sitting on a potato barrel in the cellar and looking at a bursted pipe while the helper was going back to the shop after a kit of tools. The convention protested against this as a misrepresentation, and showed that carpenters and other mechanics were addicted to the habit of requiring tools to work with.

It has also been alleged that no plumber ever completed a job in the specified time or kept his bill within the limits of the original appropriation. In reply to this, the plumbers urge that they will plead guilty when it can be shown that house-builders, painters and other necessary evils of modern civilization truthfully tell beforehand how much a job will cost and how long it will take to complete it, except under contract, and when public buildings are put up for contract prices. The plumber also objects to being singled out from the horde of heavy chargers and designated as an ornithoryncus—a beast with a bill.

But what rankles most in the breast of the indignant layer of pipes and plugger of leaks is the charge of unseemly opulence so recklessly preferred against him. The paragraphers have entered into an unholy alliance to hold the plumber up before the public as a plethoric-pursed millionnaire, arrogantly sporting his ill-gotten gains in the form of diamonds and flaunting his good clothes in the face of his impoverished patron.

The unholy alliance has not only pointed the finger of scorn at the opulent plumber, but jabbed the finger of scorn into his eye. Whereat the plumber murmurs, pathetically points to his shirt front, which is devoid of diamonds, and asks that the tongue of calumny may be seared by the soldering-iron of truth.

In justice to the plumbers, let it be known that the patron saint of the guild was a Trappist monk, who took a vow of poverty and spent his life in the mending of pipes, and also the laying of them, to be elected abbot. On one occasion, when he was making out a bill, the enemy came up and insidiously whispered him to charge double time for thinking over the job, but this truly good man resisted temptation and rebuked the devil by pouring a ladleful of soft solder into the left ear of him, which is the reason why John Satan never hears any good of plumbers when he comes up to see how the country is getting along under his protective system by which the wages of sin are raised to $10,000 a year and a government office. His other ear is always kept buzzing with preludes on how to run his kitchen in orthodox style and the protests of orthodox cooks that he broils meat too rare.

### GREEK MEETS GREEK.

The inadequacy and inefficiency of the equipment given by the university to the man who has serious work ahead of him in the struggle of life has been the subject of much discussion of late years. The relative values of classical and scientific education have been weighed in debate many times, but without conclusive determination resulting in any practical change of the college system. There is, however, a widespread conviction that a college education is more or less a hollow sham, and this conviction comes mainly from observation of the fact that college graduates, as a rule, are not fitted to grapple with genuine world's work, when they step from university halls with diplomas in their hands, but must begin anew to educate themselves and unlearn the false ideas of life instilled into their minds during the college course. In the mind of Horace Greeley this conviction took the form of an exaggerated aversion to college-bred men, whom he designated as worse than useless, as "horned cattle" in a business office. Yet Horace really expressed the views of most practical men of the world, and when it comes to a difference of opinion between classicists and the men who make and are a part of the machinery that keeps the world in motion, it is safer to accept the opinion of the latter as being the more valuable.

The discussion has been generally between college professors and men who were not educated in college, and for this reason the classicists have been able to use the argument that the attacks come from a quarter whence disparagement of the college training might be expected as the outcome of prejudice and lack of knowledge. But when Charles Francis Adams, Jr., a graduate of Harvard and a man whose opinions on any matter of which he has knowledge are apt to be sound, appears before a Greek letter society, and arraigns the college course of study for its sins of omission and commission, professional educators may profitably give heed to his words. He speaks from ripe experience and careful observation, and he deliberately declares that his college training not only failed to equip him for practical work, but directly hindered him from acquiring the knowledge which he most needed.

The stoutest anti-collegiate disputant never said more than that. Mr. Adams detailed the experience of his illustrious ancestors in illustration of his argument, and showed that whenever they had momentous work to do they were handicapped by the deficiencies of their university education, and compelled to struggle against heavy odds, while in no situation, and at no time in life, did their superficial knowledge of Greek prove an advantage.

It would be manifestly absurd to attribute the remarks of Mr. Adams to a flippant disrespect for institutions of learning, or to the prejudiced hostility of the mere money-maker. Indeed, there are symptoms of "fetich worship" discernible in Mr. Adams yet, although he so clearly perceives the folly of the classic superstition. While showing how useless—worse than useless, being a waste of invaluable time and mental effort—is the study of dead languages to all but a very small percentage of collegians, he is willing to concede to Greek a value in education equal to any three modern languages. In this Mr. Adams is conspicuously illogical and a fetich-worshipper pure and simple. He knows and proves that Greek is not worth a copper to a man as a weapon for attacking the problems of real life, but in deference to the fossilism of education he bows the knee to Alma Mater and admits in his speech what he knows in his intellect to be untrue. Although he thereby disarms criticism in a measure from one source, we cannot be otherwise than sorry that he should have impaired the force of his speech by a show of weakness. There was no occasion for flinching in the fight against fetich-worship, for he was making a good fight in the cause of truth and sense.

Aside from this defect, the speech was sound and we think unanswerable. That it will produce results is not too much to hope, for it has brought the charge of miseducation home to the doors of the university in a form that demands consideration and commands respectful attention on the part of those upon whom rests the responsibility of success or failure to efficiently equip men for hard, serious, practical world's work.

### THE POSSIBILITY OF NOT DYING.

This is a daring age. The truth of even that time-honored and universally-accepted proposition, the stock illustration of the logic books, "all men are mortal," is now questioned. A gentleman with a genius for speculation, Mr. Hyland C. Kirk by name, has put out a bold and strikingly original volume in which he argues, on theoretical grounds entirely, the possibility of some men being immortal. He presents the subject very uniquely, and there is no reason why the question should not supersede, with curiously ingenious and speculative people, the problem of perpetual motion. There is about as much possibility of coming to a satisfactory solution in one case as in the other.

Mr. Kirk bases all his argument upon the declaration that the proposition, "all men are mortal," is unsound because it is not based on universal and actual knowledge. He says that when men are subjected to certain conditions such as have come within the general knowledge, the proposition is true. But he declares that if they were subjected to other conditions, such as have not yet come within our experience, we cannot say but that they would be immortal.

He shows that from time immemorial new truths, whether inventions or discoveries, have universally been ridiculed and held to be absurd until they were proven to be true. And by analogy he holds that even so startling a proposition as the possibility of not dying may yet be found true. He next argues from the progress there has been in all directions, showing how impossible many of the modern conditions would have seemed a century or two ago, dwelling upon the indications of farther progress, and finding in it all an argument for the possibility of physical immortality.

He has no theory to offer to show how the old man with the scythe may be induced to use his weapon on himself, but confines himself entirely to the theoretical side of the question. And it must be conceded that he has constructed a very unique, ingenious and plausible theory, considered solely as a theory. But how would those people who consider even the paltry threescore and ten as not worth living like the idea of not dying at all?

### NO LIGHT WANTED.

The Republicans who control legislation in Massachusetts do not dare to turn on the light, lest their own wings be singed.

Governor Butler has made sweeping charges in regard to malfeasance and misfeasance in office, and asked that these be investigated. If the charges should not be sustained he might be accused of bringing unfounded accusations against the good name of the Commonwealth.

In his inaugural he asked that power might be given to the executive department to investigate abuses which he had for years alleged to exist in the conduct of State officials. This was refused by the Legislature, on the pretence that such inquiry should be made by the legislative body itself.

The warden of the State prison was removed peremptorily, for cause, the Executive Council acquiescing, and a committee was appointed to investigate the administration of the institution. That committee has never been called together, notwithstanding the accusation of cruelties, false imprisonments, favoritism, lack of discipline, extravagance and incapacity on the part of the officials.

It was charged that the insurance department was rotten, that there was no safety for the insured; and the commissioner resigned in order to escape investigation.

The Governor has discharged members of the district police, and it has been asserted that he did this without cause. Investigation in official and regular form would prove whether there was cause or not.

Certain officers of the Commonwealth are upon the point of tendering their resignations. Against these there have been open scandals for years. The Governor desires an opportunity to investigate these scandals.

People have been imprisoned under the pretence that they were insane. The Legislature will not permit investigation because of the fear that rich relatives of those thus incarcerated will be exposed.

It is alleged that men high in office have used their offices, to make money out of the Commonwealth and out of the public, and still no investigation is permitted.

Possibly the Governor desired to investigate the stealings incident to the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel in order to find out what State officials had been making money out of the contracts.

These are a few of the reasons why a thorough investigation of all the charges of the Governor should be had. The Democratic members of the Senate were willing to abide the issue; the Republicans were afraid to run the risk of exposure.

Governor Butler at last asked that a committee of the Legislature be appointed to investigate such allegations of official wrong-doing as he might bring before it, and also requested that this committee should have power to sit during the recess. By a strict party vote the Republican Senate has now refused to allow the appointment of this committe.

The wings of the Republican moth may yet be singed.

Cornell University proposes to try an experiment in the method of teaching political economy. Hereafter it is to have two professorships of that branch, one to be held by a Free-Trader, the other by a Protectionist. This is only another in the line of experiments Cornell has made in the attempt to treat both subjects and students fairly and justly. It is a decided novelty in educational methods, and the result will be of both interest and importance. If the professors are not carried away with zeal to present each his own side of the subject and do not make the department merely a battling ground in which to display their prowess, the result may be beneficial. It will be more after the manner of human nature if the professors do all the arguing and expect the students merely to listen and have political economy drilled into their brains in alternate layers of free-trade and protection. If such is the result, and if the professors are ardent believers each in his own theory it is quite natural it should be, the experiment can not be other than harmful, for it will tend to repress and discourage investigation and discussion on the part of the students. However, every new experiment that has in it any promise of good is worth trying.

### THE SPECIAL COUNSEL RING.

In arguing against a motion for continuance in the Hallett-Kilbourn case, Senator Voorhees took the opportunity to expose some of the peculiarities of the attorney-general's office and to denounce the practice of employing special counsel to do the work which the law officers of the government are hired to do. The application for continuance was made on the ground that the attorney-general had no fund from which to pay special counsel for attending to the matter. Senator Voorhees showed that there are twenty-one lawyers employed by the government in the offices of the attorney-general and district attorney and paid $80,000, a dozen of whom are not doing two hours' work a day, and yet not one could be found to go into court to attend to a government case. Had Senator Voorhees desired to go more into details on this matter of special counsel, the prosecution of the Star routers would have supplied him with material. George Bliss was special counsel for the government in that case, and drew from the treasury $50,813 55. Mr. Merrick took $32,500; Mr. Ker was satisfied with $28,970, and Mr. Gibson, for "whooping it up" for reform in the papers, dipped into the treasury to the extent of $5000. The three special counsellors drew for their valuable and utterly ineffectual services more money by $30,000 than the twenty-one lawyers, hired by the government to attend to its business, get in a year. The last bill put in by Mr. Bliss was for $5200, but there was only $1700 remaining in the fund for the district courts. Mr. Bliss squeezed the treasury dry, and left it $3500 worse off than empty. The difference between Star route ringsters and special counsel is not readily discernible. All have plundered the government while employed in public service. It was no worse for a mail contractor to get paid double price for carrying letters than for George Bliss to demand and receive ten times what his legal services were worth for prosecuting the other thief. The department of alleged justice needs overhauling and purging of this special counsel ring.

### NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

The oyster business in Maryland affords a living to 75,000 persons. In the months without the R many of them live by picking strawberries.

Sunday trains were run on the Central railroad of New Jersey this week for the first time since the opening of the road in 1870. An unexpectedly large traffic showed that the innovation was a needed one. For fifteen or twenty years Sunday trains have been run on the Pennsylvania road.

There are thirteen murder cases pending in Mercer county, Ky. It is to be hoped that some of the thirteen murderers will be pending before long. They ought to be forced to sit down to dinner together. Then some one of them might die before the year is out.

Voltaire's house is used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles. It is not because of this, however, that travellers from all over the world come to Geneva to see it.

The biggest of the big trees of California must doff its plumes to a monarch of the Australian woods, if the report is true that a symmetrical specimen of the Eucalyptus amygdalina 430 feet high was lately discovered in Victoria.

A practical joker has been sent to jail for a year by a Swiss Criminal Court for merely having in his possession a document inscribed as follows: "Fool's Bank, doing business in Nowhere, promises to pay on presentation a hundred francs. Director, Prince Carnival. Note: Whoever forges bank-notes will be sent to a watering-place for fifteen years."

A good deacon not a thousand miles from Oil City, being late at church where it was his duty to hold service, asked the congregation to excuse his tardiness, as he had been up until late the night before opening the finest lot of dry goods ever bought in town.—[Oil City Derrick.

Engineers predict a frightful accident on the elevated railways in New York one of these days, because they are overfreighted and overworked.

In Rome Augustus' tomb is a variety theatre, Hadrian's mausoleum a barracks, Nero's gardens the Pope's gardens, Cæsar's death-place a green grocery, and Marcellus' theatre a blacksmith's shop.

Philadelphia News: "When a Newark preacher wants money he pawns his gold watch, and then on the following Sunday preaches a sermon four hours long because he has no time-piece to go by. The next morning the congregation gets his watch out of pawn and sends it to him."

Nasby has returned to Bascom's and writes: "A man with the alcohol disease in his stumick, complicated with seven-up and pin-pool, is the sole property uv the most convenient grosery. He can't git away from it. A reglar likker s'loon with a card table will beet an Amerikin wife, family, church, and Sundy skool. It is the one thing on earth that hez supreme controle."

The man of the future as described by a writer in the Nineteenth Century: "A toothless, hairless animal, incapable of extended locomotion. His feet will have no divisions between the toes. He will be very averse to fighting, and will maintain his position in the foremost files of time to come solely upon the strength of a few peculiar convolutions of the brain." Long-toed boots are expected to do much to create such a specimen of humanity.

There are two editors General Sherman does not like. He tells a reporter about them, as follows: "Now, there's this fellow Whitelaw Reid of the Tribune, he's a treacherous cuss. He can write more lies to the column than any newspaper man in America. He runs like a scared wolf, too. At the battle of Shiloh, after the repulse of the first day, he started to the rear and never stopped running till he got to Cincinnati. He sent off a lot of lies to his paper, saying that our whole army had been beaten and cut to pieces, and was astounded to learn afterwards that it was just the other way. And there's McCullagh of the Globe-Democrat. He's a treacherous fellow. He used to worm secrets out of army officers and give them away. He's got brains, but I tell you I'd hate to hang my coat on his rack."

Stringent measures have been taken in New York to prevent the landing of paupers whose fare to this country has been paid by English authorities. A similar movement should be inaugurated at all the ports in the United States.

A thrilling "local" which is sent us from the western part of the State: "The affair of note socially this week was the dedication of Mr. Elisha Morgan's barn, which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Morgan seized upon to entertain their friends in their characteristic manner. The assemblage was a brilliant one."

A reporter asked David Davis why he had such a strong, massive fence around his property. "Why," was the reply, "the 'buzzards of the press' say that I am always sitting on it, so it needs to be pretty strong."

Conkling says he is giving all his time to his law clients.

Jay Gould dotes on flowers, and spends much time cultivating them.

The black measles and scarlet fever are quite prevalent this summer.

A lady from Boston, says the Graphic, upon entering the East river on board of a Sound steamer asked the names of the large institutions as they passed, and feeling a warm current of air sweeping off from shore remarked it. At this moment her informant said, "And this is Hell Gate." "I thought as much," she replied, and sought the seclusion the cabin afforded.

Political advice: "When a politician places himself in the hands of his friends, he should see to it that those hands are reasonably clean."

The London police force costs over $6,000,000 a year.

Fashion decrees that suits for sea-side or country wear to be stylish must be odd. This should please farmers and fishermen.

Hanlan is reported as having won $53,000 in the last six years by rowing.

Sunset Cox thinks that the leading issue of the canvass in 1884 will be monopoly vs. anti-monopoly.

The Kentucky Yeoman shrewdly remarks: "Why don't the white Republicans nominate a negro for office in some county where they have a dead sure thing of electing him? They won't do it for the very good reason that they have no use for the negro except as an agent to get themselves in office."

Even Harper's Weekly does not see any hope for the Republican party in 1884 in consequence of its past record.

It is said that a colored man has never taken out a patent. Nine-tenths of the white inventors would have done well to wait till they got a good thing before getting patents for rubbish.

The Emperor of China has to clothe about seventy ladies in his home establishment. Just think of what sort of an experience he must have on wash-day if detained at home.

Mrs. Mackey insists that her daughter shall marry "an honest man" and not "a titled fellow." All mothers have their little speech to make on the marriage question, and then the daughter marries just whoever she fancies herself.

Judge George Hoadly is a native of Connecticut. His father was mayor of two cities—New Haven and Cleveland. Judge Hoadly and the late Salmon P. Chase were law partners once. In appearance he is described as a bright little man, with a boyish face and a complexion approaching the color of a ripe banana. He is a quick, nervous speaker. His income from all sources is said to be $200,000 a year.

A New York millionnaire confesses that a man who has $2,000,000 has all the money that for any personal good or pleasure he can spend. He states that at a dinner attended by a number of millionnaires he was surprised to find how generally his view of this subject was accepted. And yet it is like pulling his eye teeth to get a man to retire on $2,000,000. If you don't believe it try to get one to do it and give you a chance to make a fortune.

Picayune: "As soon as a politician decides that he will sell his influence he suddenly finds out that he has nothing of the kind to sell."

George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, J. G. Palfrey and Richard Hildreth, leading historical writers of America, were all educated at Phillips Exeter Academy.

Chicago News: "There is some talk of establishing an American daily newspaper in Paris. The American in Paris, as a rule, can struggle along for the present without his daily paper. He hasn't got time to read. Sight-seeing? Bless you, no. Spotting new arrivals at the hotels and negotiating for a small advance until he hears from home. The establishment of a first-class American lunch-route would do our countrymen in Paris a great deal more good than a daily paper."

Ex-Governor Smyth thinks that in 1884 Arthur will be the first choice and Edmunds the second of the New Hampshire Republicans.

An impetuous youth in Indiana, with the appropriate name of Goslin, saw a girl at church, wooed her there for two hours, and at the end of the third hour had married her.

At the Peekskill camp the other night a guard was approached by a short and stout man in uniform, who walked with his hand placed upon the base of his stomach. "Who goes there?" called the sentinel, presenting his musket. "I am der band," said the stout man, in a mournful tone. "Well, have you got the countersign?" the guard inquired. "No," said the stout man, sadly, "but I half got der golic. Blease let me pass till I go by der hospital tent."

The cholera is driving the English out of Egypt, but it has made its appearance just one year too late to do Arabi any good.

The New York Herald thinks "Harvard did itself credit by its reception of the Governor, and he has won respect by his own tact and good sense in what foolish and prejudiced people tried to make a painful position for him."

"The tight-lacing young lady," says Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, "is, after all, the fit partner for the male of her kind. Pinched waists and shallow brain-pans should marry and intermarry till waists contract and brains grow shallower to the vanishing point."

Mrs. Langtry and Freddy will find it hard work to get a cottage at any fashionable summer resort.

A deaf mute in Chicago has applied for divorce from his deaf mute wife on the ground of her "eccentric behavior." She didn't talk.

A collector of autographs once wrote to General Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received the following reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my orderly is bald I cannot comply with either of your requests."

In Baldwin county, Alabama, according to the judge of probate, there lives Sylvia Lambert, 113 years; Mary English, 110 years, and Peter Hall, 113 years.

It is said that Nebraska has one woman minister, one woman lawyer, six women county superintendents and ten woman physicians. Many women are engaged in editorial work.

"There is a drummer in the band," says Captain Kipp of the Peekskill camp, "who does a most wonderful 'stun' with a piece of grass. He puts it between his thumbs and makes it cry like a baby. When it catches breath as a kid does after a long yelp the imitation is marvellous. Last night about 1 o'clock he was doing this, and had kept it up for about ten minutes, when 'the boys' called out in chorus—I should say 200 strong—'Give it some soothing syrup.'"

General George B. McClellan has become the American manager of one of the oldest English insurance companies.

The Garfields are now living in Cleveland, but it is believed they will eventually return to Mentor. Inside the Garfield vault in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, is a tall silver vase which Mrs. Garfield keeps filled with fresh flowers.

The tariff plank of the Iowa Republican platform is the choicest specimen of political buncombe yet called forth by the necessity of saying something on a subject that most politicians have neither the ability to understand nor the honesty to let alone. This plank declares in favor of a tariff that shall give American workingmen "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, and tend to assure permanent employment." That is simply unmitigated rubbish. Employment and wages are not governed by tariffs, and no regulation of customs imaginable will give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Something more radical than tariff-tinkering is needed to secure a fair distribution of the wealth produced by labor. The most that can be done is to so regulate the tariff as to relieve the consumer of the burden of paying double what an article is worth that the manufacturer may get a bounty and grow rich under protection.

### The Mortgage.

[Will. M. Carlton.]

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all;
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday;
It settled down among us, and it never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;
The dark-browned scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.
The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more,
Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;
And there came a sharp foreclosure and I kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined and perished, an' I found myself alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall,
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

## THINGS RICH AND STRANGE.

### Some Big Figures.

There are 18,000,000 Catholics in Spain and 40,000 magnificent churches.

The Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, cost $3,250,000, including the ground.

An excellent authority estimates the timber lands in Florida at 15,000,000 acres.

Twenty billion wooden hoops are used annually in this country for barrels only.

In a recent speech the Prince of Wales said London now had about 5,000,000 inhabitants.

William K. Vanderbilt's farm on Long Island comprises 2000 acres, and is valued at $200,000.

The University of Texas is endowed with a cash income of $35,000 a year, besides 2,000,000 acres of land.

Mr. Eliasberg has 10,000 small watermelons on his vines, near Selma, that will be ready for shipment June 25.

The widow of Dr. Glenn of California expects to realize $700,000 this year from the wheat crop of the Colusa farm.

There are twenty-five copper furnaces in Tennessee, which turn out an annual yield of 2,600,000 pounds of copper.

The Forty-eighth Congress at the beginning of its first session will find about 125,000,000 standard dollars in the treasury.

The white Baptists of South Carolina have 640 churches and 58,782 communicants, and the colored Baptists number 90,000.

The Long Island railroad system comprises 352 miles, stocked at $10,000,000 and mortgaged at about $5,000,000, and earning three-quarters of a million a year.

Forty years have made remarkable changes in the value of railway property. In 1842 the Michigan Central road earned $149,986. In 1883 its earnings exceeded $9,000,000.

The Methodists of all branches in the United States number about 4,000,000, while the Presbyterians of all kinds number about 3,000,000 and the Baptists of all kinds about 2,000,000.

Ex-Senator Windom relates that Fair and Mackey proposed to take the entire issue of $104,000,000 in United States bonds which were issued under his administration as secretary of the treasury.

The Wisconsin Fish Commission has this season distributed 16,000,000 whitefish in Lake Michigan, 1,500,000 brook trout in small streams of the State, and is now hatching 12,000,000 wall-eyed pike, destined for the inland lakes and rivers.

The total assessed valuation of the United States is as follows: New England States, $2,652,076,586; Middle States, $5,567,073,848; Southern States, $2,369,246,890; Western States, $6,180,524,614; Territories, $128,213,629; total, $16,897,135,567. This is about one-third the true valuation.

### A New and Terrible Snake.

[New York Sun.]

A new snake, called the echis carinata, which is the first specimen of its race seen in England, and of which we have no speciman here, is attracting crowds to the Regent's Park, London, and dividing sensation with Oscar Wilde in his new sheared and common-sense form. It is 1½ feet long and the color is dingy gray. It is the deadliest of created things, for it carries in its tiny head the secret of destroying life with the sudden rapidity of lightning and the concentrated agony of all poisons. This king of the asps is more dangerous than the cobra or the korait, for it does not turn and run like the one or flash into concealment like the other, but with fearless pluck gives fight, and pitches its eighteen inches of length against any comer. A stroke of a stick will break it in two, or a stone will smash it, but such is its venomous malignity that it will challenge attack by every device in its power, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary coming within the little circle of its reach. At most the radius of that circle is twelve inches, but within it at any time lies certain death, and in the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach the echis throws its body into a figure-of-eight coil, and attracting attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales (hence the epithet carinata), makes a rustling sound, erects its head in the centre and awaits attack. No one having once encountered this terrible little creature can ever forget its truculent aspect when aroused, its eagerly aggressive air, its restless coils, which, in constant motion one over another and rustling ominously all the time, bring it nearer and nearer to the object of its fury, its eye, malignant even beyond those of other vipers, and then the inconceivable rapidity of its stroke.

### Queer Ways of Chinese Coroners.

[Nature.]

One curious piece of superstition receives the sanction of the Board of Punishment in connection with suicide by hanging. Beneath the spot where the crime was committed, at the depth of three or more feet below the surface of the soil, there will be found a deposit of charcoal, and by this test, should any doubt exist as to the scene of the suicide, the matter may be settled. The directions given in the case of deaths by drowning are voluminous, and, speaking generally, accurate. The habit of generalizing from insufficient data, which is so common with Chinamen, occasionally leads them astray here as elsewhere. It has been reserved for them, for example, to discover the law that bodies take a longer time to float in winter and the beginning of spring than in the summer and end of autumn. That a drowned man floats on his face and a woman on her back is mentioned, and it is left to be implied that in case of bodies having been thrown into the water after death this does not hold good. With the same minuteness every possible circumstance connected with death by fire is gone into at length, the presence of traces of ashes in the mouth and nose being described as "a crucial test of death by burning."

### A Curious Disease in Flint Works.

[Letter in Albany Evening Journal.]

Albert Wyman, whose funeral services were held at Fort Ann at 9 o'clock Wednesday, is the fifteenth victim of what is known here as "silet consumption." The disease was contracted while at work in the silet mill by constantly inhaling the minute particles of flint from which silet is made. A post-mortem examination made by Drs. O. H. Mott and Van Denburg revealed one lung so solidified by the dust that it could be heard to grate on the instrument while dissecting. The other was nearly the same, except that the apex was in a normal condition. Such is the inevitable fate after about two years' service of all who work in the mill. Notwithstanding this peril there are plenty who are ready and willing to fill the vacancies made by death. This is the first post mortem which has ever been made, and will settle a long-disputed question. Three others, who have been rendered almost helpless by this disease, are now tottering on the verge of the grave.

### A Remarkable Cow.

[Oswego Times.]

Attention having been called to the record of remarkable cows, Henry Lewis gives the following in relation to an animal owned by him: The cow is 13 years old and Mr. Lewis has owned her four years. During that time she has been dry only six days, and as near as can be ascertained has been dry not to exceed three months since her first calf. Following is a statement of the number of pounds of milk given in one year: April, 700; May, 931; June, 971; July, 811; August, 356; September, 233; October, 348; November, 941; December, 852; January, 840; February, 818; March, 877; total, 8678. She has done better since under more favorable circumstances. She gave on an average last winter 28 pounds of milk daily, and now gives 40 pounds without slop. Her milk is very rich and will compare favorably with the best Jerseys. She is native bred.

### A Bit of Indian Bread.

[Fort Smith (Ark.) New Era.]

For a veritable curiosity we are indebted to Mr. E. C. Robinson. It is bread made and used by the full-blood Indians of the Territory. It resembles mortar in consistency, and is composed of pounded corn-meal and beans, and flavored with lye. The chunk brought us by Mr. Robinson is about half the size of an ear of corn, and is wrapped and tied with corn-shucks, and has been boiled in lye, and is in a state of perfect preservation, having been put up last fall without salt. It is really a curiosity, and more so now that the modern way of cooking with a stove is in vogue with most of them.

### Coming Back After Many Years.

[Troy Times.]

Fourteen years ago Charles Lewis, then of Lockport, N. Y., had the initials of his "best girl" engraved on two ten-cent pieces and manufactured into earrings. She, not liking them in that shape, broke off the hooks and spent the dimes. This week her brother in Chicago received one of them in change, recognized the coin and forwarded it to its owner, who is now Mrs. Lewis of Suspension Bridge.

### Boys in Pouches on a Donkey.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Recently in Atlanta, Ga., two outlandish looking men, leading a performing bear, appeared. They were followed by two women, one driving a mule to a cart and the other leading a jackass loaded down with blankets and similar goods. Across the jackass was a double pouch, and from the mouth of each sack stuck the head of a small boy.

### A Map Four Hundred Feet Long.

The school of the nobles in Tokio, Japan, has in the court behind the school building a physical map of that country between 300 and 400 feet long. It is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is simply wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires and tablets show the position of cities.

### A Jumbo Snake.

[Cleveland Herald.]

Isaac Robinson, a sober and industrious citizen of New Comerstown, O., while clearing a strip of woods on the old Nugen farm, saw lying on a log a huge serpent fully as long as a fence rail and having a body of enormous size, being thicker than his arm. He attacked it with a pitchfork, and it ran into the hollow of the log; on Mr. Robinson's running a pole in after it the huge reptile became enraged and darted out, knocking the pole from Mr. Robinson's hand and throwing it down the hill. His snakeship then almost flew down the hill, and went so swiftly that it made a humming and buzzing noise as it flashed through the weeds and bushes, with its enormous head several feet above the ground. Mr. Robinson said it parted the bushes before it, and made a track like a sled-runner. He was very much frightened, and says it was the highest snake he ever saw. It is supposed to be the same snake which was seen in the swamp on the Nugen farm just ten years ago, and which was trailed from the Tuscarawas river by the furrow it left in the cornfields through which it crawled. It is certainly the largest snake ever seen alive in this part of the United States.

### The Republic.

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# FORT DONELSON.

## Where Grant Waited to Give Foote a Chance.

### The Federal Ironclads Beaten Off After a Two Hours' Vigorous Cannonade.

### A Great Confederate Opportunity Is Lost for Want of Harmony.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Fort Donelson, to which the majority of the garrison of Fort Henry retreated before the surrender, was distant but twelve miles across the country on the Cumberland. The earthworks on the bluffs required a garrison of at least 10,000 men to fully man them, and were laid out to cover strategic points, thus giving the fort an irregular shape. Below, near the water's edge, the heavy guns were put in battery to command the river, and the infantry supports had the cover of earthworks at fair musket range. Had Foote brought a score of gun-boats to the attack they would have been beaten off, but when Foote was assisted by a land attack all the weak points of the fort were at once exposed.

The defenders of Fort Donelson were a miscellaneous crowd. Floyd was then with his command, Buckner had a command, Pillow had a command and Forrest had a command. While Floyd was in supreme command he neither had a reputation as a fighter nor the entire confidence of the various commands. There was not that harmony among the officers that should have been displayed, and it seems that some of them, from the hour the investment became complete, were more occupied in planning to break through and get away than in perfecting details for defense. The fort covered too much ground for the strength of any garrison likely to be intrusted with its defence. One soldier in a fort should count for four attacking it, but the earthworks on the bluffs were so strung out that one defender could

**Count for No More than an Assailant.**

The force defending the fort is not placed at above 15,000 men by any Confederate military report, and Forest's cavalry were of little use as cavalry.

Outside Foote's fleet Grant had an investing force estimated at 27,000 or 28,000 men, and by the 13th of February he was in position. Whatever the shape of the Confederate line he conformed to it, and if the Confederates had the cover of an earthwork the Federal was protected by logs and trees and ditches and ravines. The same plan was pursued as at Fort Henry. Had Grant been less generous Foote would have had no fighting to do. A Federal infantry force, by a land investment, or by breaking through at any point, could have won a victory and taken the river batteries in return. The confederates would have been forced to surrender them without firing a shot. But Grant completed his investment and then waited to give Foote a chance. The Confederates had not to exceed fifteen guns in the water batteries. Foote moved up with gunboats carrying a total of more than sixty, and of superior calibre at that. On the afternoon of the 14th six gunboats moved out into the great bend of the river and slowly advanced upon the batteries, opening fire at a long range and keeping it up with a steadiness that soon set the earth trembling for miles around. If Foote could lay his fleet broadside on at close range, thirty minutes' time would either silence the battery or send his gunboats to the bottom. But he could not reach the position. He advanced to within 500 yards, and there the Confederate fire became so accurate and so hot that further advance was impossible. There was not a gun in the battery equal to the ten-inch guns on the fleet and

**They Were Scarcely One-Fourth in Number,**

and yet the fleet went out of the fight in a crippled condition. In one hour's time the Louisville, after being struck over thirty times drifted out of the fight with the pilot having no control over her. Her armor was bulged and cracked and dented in a way to prove that a gun of heavier metal would have let daylight into her hold. The St. Louis was at the mercy of the current as she left the fight, the Pittsburg was leaking, and the best gun on the Carondelet was useless. The four iron-clads, which advanced closest and took the brunt of the fight, were compelled to drift out of it in less than two hours, all more or less damaged, and having inflicted no real injury on the battery. The accuracy of the Confederate fire is shown by the report that the ironclads were hit over thirty times each on an average, and this while fighting in positions offering the least target for a shot. As in the case at Fort Henry, the guns were manned mostly by men who had never been under fire before, but they were in sufficient numbers to work the guns to their best. Not a man was killed in the battery, and only one wounded, and that by a pebble hurled in his direction by the bursting of a shell. Dozens of the Federal missiles buried themselves in the bluffs above the batteries, and dozens more in the earthworks, but they were harmless. The men complained more of the annoyance of the showers of mud and dirt than of the pieces of shell and flying bullets. One of the guns was struck on the muzzle, but not disabled, and another, partly dismounted at the opening of the fight, was repaired during the hottest of the fire.

Had Foote alone attacked he could not have put enough gun-boats into the bend to capture the water batteries, though

**His Iron-clads were Fought with the Utmost Gallantry,**

and were steadily held under a fire such as those craft had never before encountered. Grant had given him a chance, and he had been beaten off. The Federal infantry were now to move up and settle the fate of Fort Donelson. After General Floyd had ascertained Grant's strength he entertained no further idea of resistance. The idea was to break through the investing lines and carry out as many men as possible. The fort was too large to be successfully defended by his command. In beating off the fleet the batteries had not scored a single point in favor of the general situation. It was the infantry who were to be feared, and it was the plateau and not the river bank which constituted the key-stone of the arch.

Up to night of the day of the fight between fleet and batteries there had been no real fighting between the infantry. Not more than one-third of the Confederates had caught sight of a Federal. Floyd could defend the fort for a time, but the inevitable result would be surrender. He has been sharply criticised for not holding out instead of fighting his way out with a portion of the garrison, and he lost his official head for the manner in which he turned over the command of the post to a subordinate that he might not himself be made a prisoner. The plan was to mass the Confederate garrison, or the bulk of it, and fall upon the Federal right with such vigor at early dawn as to crush it back and clear the highway running to Charlotte. Grant would be taken by surprise, and before he could reinforce the point attacked

**The Confederates Would be Clear of His Lines.**

It was a simple plan, and as night came the Confederate commander began carrying out the details. The weather was cold and stormy, the troops were in movement a good share of the night, and when the gray of winter's morning began to light up the woods hundreds of the men in the ranks had frost-bitten ears and fingers and were benumbed with cold. The want of harmony among commanders had resulted in blunders among other officers, and these blunders delayed the attack, which was to have been made at early dawn, to nearly an hour later. During this delay the Federal scouts discovered that a move of some sort was on foot, and the attack was by no means the surprise that had been planned.

An hour after daylight the Confederates moved to the attack. On most portions of their front the men had not marched 500 feet before they encountered the Federal line of battle, and a fierce and steady conflict at once opened. The Federal right wing was matched, if not considerably outnumbered, but it was admirably positioned for defending such an attack. The ground was broken by ridges and ravines, mostly sheltered by heavy timber, and battle lines were within stone's throw of each other as the men settled down to their deadly work. Grant could not have known the Confederate plan, and could not therefore have prepared his right for the blow suddenly given it. Knowing that the only way out lay in that direction the Confederates attacked with desperation. In the advance through the timber nearly every Confederate regiment had to march by the flank, and thus when the heads of columns were fired on

**Battle Lines Had to be Formed Under a Close Fire.**

The number of troops in this movement against Grant's right was not quite 8000. Federal writers who have given it at 12,000 have counted up the regiments and fallen into the error of estimating the strength of each at 1000 men. There was not a regiment there numbering 700 men, and some had less than 400. It was a rare thing after the summer campaign of 1861 to find a Confederate company, regiment, brigade or division up to its full strength.

McClernard held the Federal right with a division, General Wallace in the centre, and Smith on the left, the latter having nothing to do with the fight during the forenoon. The road to Charlotte lay between McClernand and Wallace, and both these commands were included in the attack, although for the first two hours McClernand received the brunt of it. Such of his division as came into the fight was opposed only by a single brigade, composed of the Seventh Texas, Eighth Kentucky and First and Third Mississippi, and this brigade did not number 2000 men when it went into action. It formed under a fire so hot that some of the regiments had to change front twice, and then advanced straight upon the rising ground held by McClernand. With a wild yell and a rush together they swept up the hill, cleared it, held it for five minutes, and were then swept back into the ravine below by a counter-charge. This was the first ground gained and lost by the Confederates. As soon as the brigade could reform it began a steady advance in line, and at the end of forty minutes once more held the hill. Up to this time

**Wallace Had Scarcely Fired a Shot.**

Believing from the fighting already done that the Federal right could be turned, a Confederate brigade was now pushed forward to skirmish with Wallace and prevent his sending away reinforcements and the attack upon McClernand was renewed. He had a naturally strong position, being a succession of sharp ridges and the cover of ravines and timber, and his left hung to every foot of ground with the tenacity of old veterans.

When the Confederates first moved out in the morning, McClernand's right, where it touched the river and thus completed the line of investment, was composed of a Kentucky regiment, the Third Union. This regiment held as strong a position as any battle-field ever furnished, and up to the moment of attack the men seemed full of determination. They were advanced upon by about thirty skirmishers from a Mississippi regiment, and within five minutes were thrown into a panic and so completely routed that the regiment was not reorganized until after dinner. The flight of this regiment left a gap through which the Confederates began to pour for an advance down the flank.

As McClernand found himself hard pressed he sent to Wallace for reinforcements and was given Cruft's brigade. The men made a run of over two miles through woods and fields, and up hill and down to reach the threatened point. Had they come into position just where they were needed, behind the hard-pressed regiments, the tide of battle might have turned then and there. But, in the confusion of battle, unfamiliar with the ground and simply

**Anxious to Secure Position and Open Fire,**

the brigade found its battle line on untenable ground and was at once attacked with the utmost fury. For a time the conflict seemed to whirl round and round this single brigade, and though three-fiths of its members were in battle for the first time, not a company broke nor a man skulked. They held their first ground until flanked, and then they fell back to take a second position and fight as grimly as before. An officer in the Seventh Texas said of the way they fought:

"They were the hardest men to drive I ever saw. We had been having it pretty much our own way before they came, but when they swung into line and opened fire our advance was checked. Three different times we advanced so close upon them that the powder almost burned men's faces, but they would not move until the line had been flanked."

The gallant fight of Cruft's brigade enabled McClernand to reform and bring Swartz's battery into position to cover the threatened point. When next the Confederate wave rolled forward it met a line of fire which shrivelled it. Those who lived to fall back were reformed to advance again, and this time the lines ran into each other and men were brained with clubbed muskets and bayonets were everywhere in use. The Federal battery was worked with such vigor that the Confederate advance was checked. Six thousand men were advancing, retreating, circling and changing positions in the smoke-cloud—now gaining a little ground, now being repulsed,

**Now in Solid Front, Now Riven and Scattered,**

when a move by a single regiment on the flank captured the battery and drove McClernand out of his camps. Soon after noon the Confederates had gained nearly two miles of ground on the front attacked. McClernand's whole division had been pushed back, one wing of Wallace's command bent back, and the road to Charlotte was open.

At 2 o'clock on that afternoon the entire Confederate army could have passed out of Fort Donelson by the Wynn's Ferry road thus opened by gallant fighting and at such cost of blood. Had the entire strength of the garrison been ready to attack Wallace as McClernand gave way, the Federal centre and right must have lost the line of investment, if not suffering defeat. Up to the hour when the way out was clear several thousand Confederates had not yet fired a shot.

Now came the blunder. Through some misunderstanding of orders, or because Pillow took it upon himself to change the programme of his superior, the plan to march out was countermanded and a feeble attack made on the Federal left to cover the move of withdrawing into the trenches. Pillow claimed that Smith, holding the Federal flank, was ready to follow up the evacuation and make it a route. Buckner proved that he was prepared to cover the retreat with fresh regiments and prevent any serious attack. Floyd could prove nothing, except that he was not the general to take advantage of a favorable crisis. Thus, after capturing six guns, 300 prisoners, 5300 stand of arms and a quantity of ammunition and camp equipage, and losing in killed and wounded about 1200 men to open the way out, the Confederates returned to the trap and the Federals returned to their lines of investment. That night Floyd and Pillow and Forest skulked out with portions of their command, leaving Buckner, who was the real fighter, to surrender the remainder. No page of Confederate war record shows grander opportunities or greater blunders. The general who could have led his garrison safely out, after a fight in which every regiment had proved its gallantry, blundered, hesitated, countermanded, and finally disgraced his uniform by skulking out at midnight in the company of men who could have looked upon him only with feelings of contempt.

## LIVING WITH A BROKEN NECK.

### The Strange Experience of Patrick Clarke, Who Now Looks Like a Gnarled and Twisted Oak.

[New York Mercury.]

Patrick Clarke, familiarly known as "Dublin Tricks" among his friends and acquaintances, is the most remarkable patient they have ever had in Bellevue Hospital. He is only the second person on record who survived after his neck was completely broken, and although he is greatly deformed, he finds no difficulty in performing all the necessary acts of eating and breathing, and is in good health and spirits. On the 28th of December, 1881, while working on an ice-barge lying at the foot of Eleventh street, North river, he fell overboard, going down between the barge and the end of the wharf. He remained down long enough to drown a man, and when he was hauled up his body was twisted out of all natural proportions, and his face was crushed down flat against the chest. The vertebræ were completely broken and the general spectacle he presented was horrible. It was considered a useless task to convey him to the hospital, but as he continued kicking and showing signs of life an ambulance was summoned, and he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in Eleventh street, near Sixth avenue. Here he remained unconscious for nearly three days. The physicians there had no hopes of his recovery at first, and outside placing him in as easy a position as possible, they did not attempt to do anything for him. However, on the third day, when he recovered consciousness, the doctors began to think otherwise, and set to work upon him. It was a most difficult piece of surgery they were called to perform, to set a broken neck, but they went to work to do their best.

Clarke describes his sufferings as fearful; but, being a man of iron nerve and great courage, he bore it all in a spirit of desperate bravery and "never say die." He was not able to take any food, and the means of supplying nourishment usual in such cases were resorted to. In a week he was able to take liquid food, and the broken vertebræ began to knit. His suffering for weeks and months was excruciating, but this was compensated for to some extent by the assurances of recovery, which daily grew stronger. He remained in St. Vincent's Hospital until the 18th of December last, when he was transferred to Bellevue and placed in Ward No. 2. Here he was taken in hand by Professor Smith and Dr. Nichols. The deformity of his huge frame and neck give him an almost hideous appearance. The neck shot out behind like a good-sized bump, the head bent forward and the back retreated way in, crushing the chest out very prominently. Professor Smith and Dr. Nichols consulted regarding straightening him out, but found that the crooks had got into such a firm, fixed set that this could no more be done than to mold him all over again. Under their care, however, Clarke progressed rapidly in gaining strength, and when seen by a Mercury reporter last Friday looked decidedly healthy and vigorous. In appearance he is the most remarkable specimen of humanity the Mercury ever saw. The back being concaved, the head bent forward, and the back of the neck protruding out in very bold relief, and he himself standing over six feet in height, he looks like a twisted and gnarled old trunk of a tree. His hands, which are of huge size, look like oaken buckets slung to his sides, and the three last fingers on each hand are bent inward, giving them the appearance of grappling irons.

He works around the hospital and goes messages for the doctors. Being possessed of a pure streak of genuine Irish wit, full of anecdotes and stories of adventure, and still retaining a Dublin brogue, he is a source of great amusement to the hospital people. His wit has been able even to overcome the moroseness of the man with the finger-nose—that is, a nose supplied from his own finger, the original one having been eaten away with cancer. Clarke is now 45 years of age, and says he has a green old age before him, and if his neck ever gets broken again he hopes it will not be by an ice-barge or on the gallows. He has a wife and four children in the city, and the wife provides for the family. Clarke says he does not care so much for the loss of his physical beauty as for the obstacle that his contorted form may be to his getting employment when he feels thoroughly strong to engage again in laboring work.

**General Debility and Liver Complaint.**

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from liver complaint, sour stomach and general debility.

Yours fraternally.

N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

# THE ZOARITES.

## A Singular Community Living Near Cleveland.

### Happiness and Contentment Without Jealousy or Quarrels.

### Religious Worship and Manner of Dress the Most Simple.

About eighty miles from Cleveland and six miles south of Mineral Point, the terminus of the Valley road, at the Wheeling junction of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad, says the Cleveland Herald, there is a quaint little old village known as Zoar, inhabited by a strange, frugal and industrious people, the happiest, perhaps, in the world. They know no care, nothing worries and troubles them; a large number of them never saw the outside of their beautiful home, a veritable paradise, and trouble themselves little, if any, about the turmoil and strifes of the wicked world.

The colony was first founded in 1817 by Huber and Ackermann, two Germans, the former a native of Wurtemburg and the latter hailing from Bavaria. Shortly afterward, in the same year, they and a few followers from the same country formed a community and named it Zoar, because they looked upon their home as a place of refuge from the world, which they termed Sodom and Gomorrah.

The first two houses which Huber and Ackermann built in 1817—quaint, antique structures—are still inhabited by the descendants of the two pioneers. They are built of logs and mortar, and contain but one large room, sparsely furnished. The windows are small, each containing nine panes of glass about six inches square. The roofs are covered with tiles, as are those of all the houses erected up about 1858, when the art of tile-making died out in Zoar, making it necessary to cover the roofs of their houses with shingles or slate. This peculiarity of the numerous tile-covered houses is very striking to a stranger. The ancient-looking structures are all covered with that article, while the more modern ones, at least a good many of them, are surmounted by cupolas of very neat patterns. The houses are not similar in architecture, but are nearly all pretty and commodious. The inhabitants, who have no desire to amass wealth, work for one common end, that is, for the good of the community, which owns and controls the entire village, including thousands of acres of the richest land in the Buckeye State. The money goes into

**One Common Treasury.**

The necessaries of life, including food, provisions and garments are furnished by the village officials, consisting of three trustees and a committee of five, who are annually elected by ballot. No person is permitted to permanently reside in the community unless he become a member by professing their faith. Any one wishing to do so is allowed to enter on probation. If, in the course of one year, his character has been found to be pure and unimpeachable, he can join the lower class of Zoarites, and later on, should he feel so disposed, he may become a member of the first class, giving him all the privileges of voting for officers. The village contains about 300 inhabitants, which number has been the same since 1817, and never increases or decreases to any noticeable extent. Young men, tempted by its gayety, frequently leave the town for the city and never return; but a great proportion live and die there, and the little cemetery marks the graves of many of the first families, who have never left the town after their entrance.

Some of the descendants of the original founders are still residents there; in fact, all but three were born and bred there, but they all descend from natives of Wurtemburg, Bavaria and Baden. Simon Beuter, the gardener of the town, one of the living three who emigrated to the village, came there in 1840. He has charge of the most beautiful garden imaginable. He raises not only vegetables and flowers of Northern origin, but makes a specialty of growing tropical plants of the rarest sorts, including a complete variety of the cactus, all grades of the night-blooming cereus, magnolias, lemon and orange trees, bearing on the average 300 lemons and oranges upon every tree. He is a complete master of his art, and has the botanical names of all the flowers at his tongue's end. In speaking to a Herald reporter yesterday he said:

"We are just as happy and contented as the wealthiest people in the world; we want for nothing; there is no jealousy among our members, and they always abide by the decision of the committee. Our houses are not alike; some have a poorer appearance than others, but they are all satisfied, perform their labor according to their ability, and when Sunday comes we have one day of rest."

"What is your religious belief?" asked the reporter.

"We believe in the Old and New Testaments, attend services on Sunday morning and evening, have no minister among us, but generally one of the older members is chosen to read a chapter from the Bible, make a few comments perhaps, and that is all. We have

**No Ceremony of Any Kind,**

and our place of worship is not termed a church, but a congregation house. Its interior is plain and simple. We recognize no religious holiday but Christmas, and on that day our services are not any different from those on Sunday."

"How are your marriage ceremonies performed?"

"In the simplest way possible. We recognize no minister, no ceremony; the contracting parties procure a marriage license, according to the laws of the State of Ohio, call upon the squire, who is a member of our community, and he in short notice ties the knot as simply as possible."

"Do you observe the rules about uniformly costuming your members?"

"Years ago our rules used to be of the strictest nature, but they are modified somewhat now. Our members were all dressed alike, in clothes of the plainest and simplest cut, but in looking around you will observe that we are all dressed simply, but not exactly uniform. The women, you see, are attired in plain calico, with straw hats, all of our own make. We not only make the hats, but prepare and dry the straw, braid and finish them. We manufacture our own wool, garments, woollen hats, and everything you see about here; we run a tannery, prepare our own leather and make our own boots. Every family raises their own produce. If they are in need of money for some reason or other, they make application for it. All the balance goes into the treasury, and is used for the purpose of improving roadways, building houses and making other improvements. Our children are educated in two good schools, where they are taught both the English and German languages. Our proceedings in council and our services in church are carried on in German, and we always manage to talk to our children in the German language. Besides our enterprises of which I have already told you we run a flouring mill, and ship a large quantity of the product, as well as wheat. We have two woollen and two grist mills. We raise and ship large numbers of cattle, which nets us

**Quite a Handsome Return.**

Every person in the community knows his place. They are all assigned to their duties, and never show any disposition to be dissatisfied."

"Do your people advocate temperance or prohibition?"

"We are not temperance fanatics, but are very temperate in drinking liquor. We grow and make our wine, raise our own hops and brew the purest of beer, which we never drink to excess. On Sunday, you'll notice, our bar is closed up, despite the fact that we wouldn't be breaking the laws of Ohio if we kept it open, and reap a harvest of money by accommodating the great many strangers you see here today. But in order to show you that we are not fanatics, let me attract your attention to the brisk trade in lemonade and ginger bread now going on in the picnic grounds. There on the music stand is the Zoar brass band, all-local talent, hard-working boys and good musicians. We run a large hotel, where we accommodate strangers who frequently spend the summer here."

"How do you manage to manufacture all your own clothes and implements?"

"We have mechanics and craftsmen of every class among us, but we are often compelled to resort to outside help, who perform a great deal of our work for a certain salary."

In strolling through the village the writer noticed a large brick edifice ornamented with thirteen stone columns. Thinking, perhaps, that it was some place of public importance, he made inquiries, and was very much surprised to learn that it was occupied by a widow and her three children, while only a short distance away another family lived in a much smaller house, perfectly happy and satisfied. While walking toward the train a number of young and beautiful girls were noticed, all plainly but neatly clad. They were gaily chatting and laughing, and instead of casting envious glances at the large number of stylishly dressed ladies who visited the place, they seemed to pity them, and their looks plainly told that if they were permitted to give expression to their feelings they would say: "You poor creatures, why do you waste your days in this busy and bustling world? Come and live with us, in perfect bliss and retirement, and end your days among real friends in peace and happiness."

## A Big Yield of Potatoes.

[San Luis Obispo (Cal.) Tribune.]

About 1855 or 1856 a man by the name of Parker, who lived on the Mokelumne river, in San Joaquin county, made oath before the commissioners of the San Joaquin Agricultural Society that he had raised 2500 bushels of potatoes on an acre. The story was so astonishing that a committee was appointed to investigate it. They reported that the ground was planted as usual in the spring, and matured a large crop of potatoes; that before the potatoes were dug the June rise of the river sent the water near to the surface, producing a second crop on the surface, the ground being nearly covered with the potatoes. When the water went down, a month or two later, a third crop set in and matured below the first. The committee dug several hills, which produced from seventy-five to eighty-seven pounds each. The top potatoes were sunburned and worthless for the table; the first crop was, of course, worthless, and but a small quantity of the lower or third crop was good. The digging and weighing of the potatoes were not very carefully done. A close estimate would probably have reduced the figures considerably, but no one who examined the field placed the yield at less than 1200 bushels to the acre. The ground was utterly exhausted, producing nothing for some years after.

# YALE GETS LEFT.

### Harvard Handily Wins the Great Race—Twenty Lengths of Open Water Between the Boats—Yale's Stroke the Cause of Her Bad Defeat.

NEW LONDON, June 28.—At 4.45 the Cygnet, with about fifty past members of 'varsity crews on board, and the Manhansett, the press boat for the occasion, left the wharf at New London and steamed up the river to the starting point. They found the water somewhat rough, for in the earlier part of the afternoon a southwesterly breeze had sprung up, and by this time it had kicked up such a rumpus with the surface of the water that it was clear fast time would be impossible. At the head of the course the steamers found the Carrie Goodwin, which was used as the referee's boat, and waited for the crews to come to the starting line, and at 5.22 Yale pulled away from her float and rested on her oars in the middle of the stream. One minute later Harvard shot across and almost immediately dropped down into position. Yale then came down to her position, and three minutes before the time announced for the race both crews were ready for the word "go."

The wind, however, blew strongly, and it was, perhaps, five minutes before the referee could get them exactly in line. meanwhile the observation train had arrived and immediately there was a perfect pandemonium of noise, the 'rah, 'rah, 'rahs of the partisans of both crews being united in terrible confusion. In a few moments they became quiet, and just at 5.35 Referee Richards gave the word "Go!" and Harvard and Yale were off for their eighth 'varsity race. The sixteen oar-blades disappeared in the water at exactly the same second, and both crews pulled their first strokes as nearly together as it could be possible. But only for the first stroke was this the case. Yale immediately began to pound the water at a fearful rate, leaping away from the Harvard boat at every grab at the water. In the first minute they managed to get in fifty-three strokes. During the same time

**Harvard Was Pulling Grandly.**

They did not seem at all scared at Yale's lead, and Perkins only forced his men up to thirty-nine strokes. At the end of the first minute Yale had almost put clear water between her boat and Harvard's, and cheered on by the yells of the New Haven boys she was struggling hard to increase her lead. From this point to the three-quarter-mile flag the race was one of the prettiest and most exciting ever rowed over the Thames course. Harvard, instead of running up her stroke, let it fall off somewhat, but every time the oars were buried in the water the more her boat leaped towards the bow of Yale's frail craft. The excitement was intense and the crowd on the moving grand stand yelled themselves hoarse. Inch by inch the crimson blades drove Harvard's boat to the front, and just before the half-mile flag was reached the bows of the two boats were directly on a line. Another stroke by Harvard, and she was ahead, not to be led again by Yale during the race. After this Harvard shot ahead with every stroke, and at the one-half-mile flag she led by one-third of a length. From this point Harvard gradually drew away and reached the mile-post in 5 minutes 58 seconds, two and a half lengths of clear water ahead of Yale's boat. Yale's time for the first mile was 6 minutes 12 seconds. The rest of the race was a mere procession, in which Harvard increased the gap between the boats every time her men rose on their oars. Going in on the second mile Yale dropped her stroke to forty-two, while Harvard kept up her steady powerful rowing at thirty-four, which was her rate for nearly the entire course. The difference in the styles of rowing was very marked, and there could not have been a stronger contrast between the work of the crews than that between Harvard and Yale in yesterday's race. Harvard's stroke was simply a grand piece of work, executed with the greatest skill and grace, while Yale's style was almost each man for himself, no time being kept, although the men evidently tried to keep together. The second mile was finished by Harvard in 12 minutes 30 seconds, four lengths, or thirty-three seconds, ahead of the blue. The Yale supporters on the moving stand and in the crew's launch yelled until they could not speak another word; but it was no use, Yale could not gain an inch. At this time Hull, Guernsey and Folsom were pulling badly, and were not doing half the work they are capable of executing. Guernsey at No. 4 was rowing in particularly poor form, and did not pull a stroke through. Meanwhile, the Harvard men were pulling in magnificent form, and were evidently rowing easily and fully within themselves. During the third mile Harvard put still more clear water between her boat and Yale's, and when three-quarters of the race had been rowed she was ten lengths to the fore, having reached the three-mile flag in 19 minutes 12 seconds, Yale arriving at the same point in 20 minutes and 16 seconds. During the last mile Yale quickened her stroke a little, while

**Harvard Remained Satisfied**

with thirty-four, at which pace her boat went through the water much faster than did that of the New Haven boys under forty-four strokes to the minute. As the crews entered upon the last mile it was very evident that unless some accident took place Harvard could not possibly be beaten. At this point the water was somewhat more rough and was considerably splashed by the oars, especially by those of the Yale men. The people on the grand stand and in the small craft collected at the finish now began to add their cries to the hoarse shouts of those who had followed the race, and under this new incentive both crews started on their final spurt. Down the course they came, Harvard pulling in perfect form at 37 strokes to the minute, and crossing the finish line in 25 minutes and 46½ seconds, the winner by twenty boat-lengths. One minute and 13 seconds later Yale passed the judges' boat, finishing with 46 strokes to the minute. Immediately there was the greatest confusion, and a perfect babel of sounds, caused by the firing of cannons, shrieking of steam whistles, blowing of trumpets and horns, and the curses of the Yale supporters. After receiving the time from the referee's boat the Harvard men paddled to their launch and were conveyed back to their quarters. The various boats on the river immediately steamed down the river, while the spectators at the finish slowly wended their way back to New London. The Yale crew was composed of large and powerful men, and had no skill. The Harvard men were large and powerful, and were almost perfection in skill and style. As a gentleman said last evening who has long been connected with Harvard boating: "I never saw Harvard put a crew on the water before which could pull so prettily and get so much speed out of the boat." Perkins at stroke

**Did Remarkably Well,**

being as cool when Yale was a length ahead as when he could see the bow of Yale's boat several lengths astern of his own. The new men in the boat were the right men in the right places, and '85 and '86 may feel well satisfied with themselves in athletics when they can furnish such men as Storrow and Borland, who helped drive the 'varsity boat to victory in two races, with but four weeks' practice. Harvard's diminutive coxswain again comes in for his share of the praise, as he could not have steered a straighter race. Although having the eel-grass side of the course, his boat did not seem to stay in it, but travelled so well that when it came out in the channel again either the grass or some other cause had added eight seconds more to Harvard's lead. One man from Cambridge was heard to remark after the race that he guessed the Harvard men must have got up very early this morning and moved the eel grass to the other side of the river.

## HEAVY DEFALCATION.

### A Former Portland Merchant Reported to Have Been Robbed by His Clerks.

PORTLAND, Me., June 29.—It is reported that James M. Churchill, Esq., a former resident of this city, and a merchant in Cardenas, Cuba, was lately the victim of a deliberate plot on the part of three of his clerks. One was his confidential clerk, another had charge of the custom house business, and the third was an inside man. The confidential clerk had a power of attorney from Mr. Churchill, and, the story goes, they managed to fix the books and handle the custom house authorities so that they succeeded in stealing about $35,000. They all made their escape from the island, so the story goes, and the confidential clerk left behind him a wife and family.

## The Champion Cow.

BALTIMORE, June 29.—A seven days' test of the Jersey cow owned by Watts & Seth of this city has been completed by a committee of the Maryland Improved Live Stock Breeders' Association, and Colonel C. M. Weld of New York on the part of the American Jersey Cattle Club. The cow was milked at intervals of eight hours, yielding 327 pounds of milk, from which was produced 25 pounds 2 11-19 ounces of butter. The cow was bred in New Jersey, and was purchased last fall by her present owners for $2000. She is pronounced the best butter-producing cow in the United States.

## Mrs. Gaines and Her 2,000,000 Claims.

NEW ORLEANS, June 29.—The citizens feel more hopeful now that the Gaines case will not seriously affect their pockets. This is the position of the city at present: Mrs. Gaines has secured judgment against it for $1,927,000, which, with costs, etc., makes more than $2,000,000. From this judgment the city took a devolutive appeal to the Supreme Court. Mrs. Gaines has discovered a fund of $40,000 paid by the Louisville and Nashville road for levee privileges, and has seized it.

YOUNG, middle-aged or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

# MOVEMENTS IN MEAT.

## Not Much Activity, Because of Hot Weather.

### Exporters Hope to Be Able to Maintain Prices at the Present Rate.

### The Demand for Meats for the Seashore and Mountains.

The export of live stock and dressed meats from this port to the London, Liverpool and Glasgow markets for the week ending Saturday, June 30, 1883, shows a decrease from that of the previous week, both in live stock and dressed meats. Advices received during the past week by cable and special correspondence show the conditions of the markets to be a trifle dull in the demand, but the current prices of the previous week were as a rule maintained. The following values were being obtained at the Liverpool markets: Choice American steers, 16c. ₱ lb.; ordinary steers, 14½@15½c. ₱ lb.

The sheep market was fairly active, with a moderate demand and only fair supplies. Prices obtained as follows: American choice, 19@19¼c. ₱ lb; ordinary, 17@18c. ₱ lb. (These prices are for estimated dead weight; offal is not reckoned.) The advices from London and Glasgow show no material change in values from those quoted one week ago. The demand has been a little weak, but with the present supplies cattle salesmen report that they will be able to

**Maintain the Present Prices,**

but should the shippers of American cattle, with the large supplies arriving from Canada, engage freights and overstock any of the markets, a decline in prices must surely follow, and shippers, instead of regaining that which they are now endeavoring to do—the losses of the past two months—will be obliged to place the credits on the wrong side of the ledger. If they can during the next month distribute their shipments at the various market landings as wisely as they have during the past month, no glut or overstocked markets will occur, and shippers can have no cause for complaint. The following special correspondence has been received during the past week, which will be of much importance to American shippers: With a decrease in the supplies of both home and foreign stock, there was a marked improvement in values and a better feeling on all sides. The glut of the past month was in fact more in the fancies of a few than in reality, and this same few are now in a shiver of fear lest there should be a scarcity and a big advance in prices. Supplies from abroad for the near future do not promise to be as heavy as for the past two months, Canada being about the only quarter from which the average of last season are to be expected. Buyers from remote parts in Wales, Ireland and Yorkshire, and even from the midland counties, have for the first time bought these fresh dressed sides at 6½@6⅝d. ₱ lb, and of a quality that could not be surpassed. So it will be seen that our special and cable advices are

**Encouraging to the Exporters**

of live stock.

Nothing of note relating to live stock matters came before Parliament this week. During the coming week, however, the Foreign Cattle Trade Association will be represented by a powerful deputation, who are to show Mr. Mundella, the vice-president of the council, that any more meddling with this trade by special legislation will be met with a resistance that may become troublesome to the party who are forcing this legislation. Mr. Chaplin, M. P., has a motion before the House of Commons, the framing of which is rather equivocal, but under its veiling may be seen lurking total prohibition of all live cattle from all countries. Should anything come of it the United States would first feel its effects, as it is at that country the blow is aimed. And yet they keep howling for free trade. The shipments from this port for the week were as follows: Live cattle, 1665; live sheep, 1259; beef quarters, 1716.

Trade during the past week at the stock yards has been fairly active for Western beef cattle, and values show no material change, if any, in favor of the buying interests.

**Current Receipts**

of both cattle and hogs are fully as heavy as at this time last year. The arrivals of hogs last week were about 2000 in excess of the receipts during the corresponding week last year. The receipts of corn-fed cattle are and have been all this year much heavier than last. Ripe heavy cattle are now selling $2 50@2 75 ₱ 100 lbs lower than at the corresponding time last year; 1350@1500-lb steers are $1 80@2 lower; 1200@1350-lb cattle and 950@1150-lb steers are $1 50@2 ₱ 100 lbs lower than one year ago.

Beef cattle from the Northern and Eastern States have been of ordinary grades and dull of sale. Drovers from the above States cannot be convinced, judging from the stock which they have been placing on the market, that half-fatted stock is unmerchantable and certainly unprofitable to place upon the markets. The large arrivals of Western sheep and lambs have weakened the demand and surely demoralized the values for Northern and Eastern stock.

Veal calves are in good demand, and values have advanced for choice fat calves, while drinkers and grass-fed are dull of sale, and it is a difficult task to place any reliable quotations upon them. During the past week we find a large supply of choice dairy cows and a fairly active demand, drovers asking and receiving strong prices.

The demoralization in the provision market, coupled with heavy receipts of hogs, has caused a bad break in the swine market. Prices in about ten days have declined 60@75c. ₱ 100 lbs, and the market is in a weak, unsettled condition. On June 20, 1882, prices for hogs ranged as follows: Mixed, $7 40@8; heavy, $8 05@8 60; and light, $7 40@8 05; and on July 6 heavy hogs sold as high as $9. Prices for hogs are now $1 50@1 75 ₱ 100 lbs lower than one year ago. The above are the values on Western markets. No Western live hogs offered on these markets for sale are taken.

**Direct by Cars to Slaughter Houses.**

Trade at Boston market during the past week has been more active than the previous week, and values in some instances show an improvement over those obtained one week ago. The Western refrigerator beef dealers have had a fair supply, but home slaughterers have had an equal chance; the live stock drovers have come to the front in royal style and are determined not to give up their trade without a struggle, and slaughterers have bought their supplies during the past week at prices which enable them to cope with their Western dressed beef brethren.

The following have been the ruling prices for choice dressed Brighton slaughtered steers during the past week: Whole steers, 9@9½c. ₱ lb; hind quarters, 12@13c. ₱ lb; fore quarters, 6@7c. ₱ lb; rump and loins, 14@16c. ₱ lb; rumps, 14@14½c. ₱ lb; rounds, 10½c. ₱ lb; ribs, 7@8c, ₱ lb; rattles, 5½@6c. ₱ lb; loins, 15@17c. ₱ lb; five-rib cuts, 12@14c. ₱ lb; chucks, 5@6c. ₱ lb.

The mutton, lamb and veal trade has been active, firmer prices being obtained during the week. Sheep weighing 55@60 lbs in good request, but not plenty. Veal of choice quality scarce and the prices high. The trade expect during the next two months a grand improvement in the demand, with the usual fluctuations in the prices, basing the judgment on the increased

**Supplies Wanted for the Seashore**

and mountain resorts. The following have been the ruling prices for choice grades during the past week: Sheep, 11c. ₱ lb; yearlings, 10@11c. ₱ lb; spring lambs, 13@16c. ₱ lb; veal, 11@13c. ₱ lb.

## DUELLING ON A TRAIN.

### Conductor Nelson's Desperate Encounter in Northern Alabama.

[Mobile Register.]

A fearful encounter took place on an East Tennessee passenger train. While passing through Burnsville, Ala., a passenger named Lawrence from Randolph was in an intoxicated condition. He was approached by Conductor E. L. Nelson, who asked for Lawrence's ticket or fare. Without further provocation the maddened man laid one hand on the conductor's shoulder, and, as he laughed, said: "You don't want any fare from me, do you?" He then drew a knife across the astonished train official's neck. Conductor Nelson was terribly wounded, but had strength and courage to draw his pistol.

Lawrence withdrew along the aisle and did the same thing. Both began firing at each other, and kept it up until their weapons were emptied. Ten shots were fired. The train was running rapidly, and the jostling was such that the aim of neither availed anything. Not one of the passengers was hit by one of many random balls. Engineer Sutton was apprised by the ringing of his bell that something was wrong. Stopping his train, he came back to the passenger car. Conductor Nelson was then such a sight to behold, reeking with his own blood, that Mr. Sutton fainted. Fortunately for the wounded man, a down freight train was met at Burnsville and he was brought back. Dr. C. J. Clark was summoned and did all in his power for the injured man. It is not thought that he is dangerously hurt.

## Triple Shooting in Alabama.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 28.—Yesterday, at Collinsville, Ala., John Beavers sent William Mullen to move some fencing Thomas Hall had built. Hall informed Mullen that if the fence was moved he would kill him. Mullen proceeded, when Hall shot him dead. Mullen's father then shot both Thomas Hall and his father, who died shortly afterwards.

AYER'S Ague Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when the directions are faithfully followed.

# FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

## LOCAL MONEY AND STOCKS.

### Easy Money Rates and a Firm Closing of Prices for Stocks.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, }
June 30, 1883. }

The week and month closes on a dull and easy money market. The banks are fairly well supplied with loanable funds, for which there exists but a moderate demand; consequently rates are low and generally in the borrower's favor. At present there are no indications of any change from the present state of affairs, and no material one will probably occur until the prevailing summer dulness in general business has passed along.

With the banks, regular depositors are accommodated at an average ruling rate of 5 per cent. discount, while to outside applicants a higher range prevails, 5@5½. Prime corporation notes and acceptances average about 4 per cent. discount for short-time paper, four months or less to run. Collateral loans on call range from 4@5 per cent., but outside of the banks money on strictly first class security is procurable at a fraction under the above-named rates. The banks of suburban cities and towns are attending to the wants of local business at Boston rates, and are purchasing some outside paper at somewhat stiffer figures.

Between banks today the rate for balances was 2½@3 per cent. At the clearing house the gross exchanges this morning were $11,041,139, for the week, $62,285,930, and for the month just closed aggregated $291,548,031. The balances this morning were $1,402,276, and for the week, $7,812,626, and for the month aggregated $35,038,444.

New York funds today sold at par to five cents discount per $1000.

Foreign exchange has been quiet and steady, and the closing prices today have ruled during the week:

Sight, 4.88½; 60 days, 4.85; commercial bills, 4.83½; francs, sight, 5.16⅞; 60 days, 5.19⅜.

In New York money on the street has ruled quite easy, although closing rather firmer this afternoon, being offered at 3½ per cent., with the final loan at this figure.

The following are the items of the bank statement:

Loans increased.....$2,038,800
Specie increased.....955,800
Legal tenders decreased.....402,900
Deposits increased.....1,183,500
Circulation decreased.....156,600
Reserve increased.....257,125

The banks are now $9,240,175 in excess of legal requirements.

Last week the banks held $8,982,900 in excess of requirement.

General business is quiet. From present appearances the wheat crop will exceed by 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels; therefore, lower prices need not be surprising.

Cotton is looked upon as selling low, and indications are that this year's yield will be nearly as large as that of last.

Oil is considered cheap, even at present prices, for the reason that there are no evidences that the present rate of production will be maintained.

The iron trade, which recently has shown some improvement since its recent depression, shows signs of yet further improving, which, should it do so, would greatly help returning confidence.

## Government Bonds.

Through the week a very good business in these securities, with firm prices, has been recorded. Today prices have shown no changes, and the closing bids, when compared with those of last Saturday, are unchanged, save for the 4½ per cents, which are ⅛ per cent. lower.

## Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.

[Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

| LAND COS. | Bid. | Asked | RAILROADS. | Bid. | Asked |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston Land | 6¼ | 6⅜ | Cen of Iowa.. | 18 | 22 |
| Boston W P.. | 2⅞ | 3 | Cin. S & Clev | 20 | 20 |
| BONDS. | | | Eastern ..... | 42 | 43 |
| A.T&SF1sts. | 119¾ | 119⅞ | NY & NE.... | 33¼ | 34 |
| KCSJ&CB7s | 111¾ | 112 | Old Colony.. | 138¾ | 139 |
| L R & F S7s. | 75 | 85 | Rutland pref | 20 | 20½ |
| Mass Cen 6s. | 20 | 24 | Rutland com | 4 | 4¼ |
| Eastern 6s... | 110 | 110½ | Union Pac... | 93¼ | 93½ |
| NY & NEds.. | 102½ | 103 | T, Cin & St L | 3⅞ | 4 |
| U P 7s...... | 108¼ | 108½ | Wis Central. | 22 | 22½ |
| U P s f 8s.... | 115¾ | 116 | Mex Cen..... | 17¼ | 17¾ |
| WisCent 1sts | 81 | 83 | MINING COS. | | |
| Wis Cent 2ds | 50 | 52 | Cal & Hecla.. | 242 | — |
| A & P inc .... | 34¾ | 35 | Catalpa..... | 50c | 62½c |
| Mex Cen 1sts | 69½ | 69¾ | Franklin.... | — | 10½ |
| Sonora 7s..... | 102¾ | 103 | Harshaw.... | 50c | 62½c |
| St Louis 1sts | 43 | 45 | Huron....... | 1¼ | — |
| do br'n inc. | 11½ | 12⅛ | National...... | 1¼ | — |
| doSED 1sts | 44 | 46 | Osceola...... | — | 20 |
| do SEd inc | 11¾ | 12½ | Pewabic...... | 3¼ | — |
| do Daytn in | 11½ | 12½ | Quincy...... | 48½ | 49 |
| do m'n l in. | 12 | 13 | Sullivan...... | 1¼ | 1½ |
| RAILROADS. | | | San Pedro.... | 30c | 35c |
| A.T&SFe ... | 83⅞ | 84 | TELEPHONE COS. | | |
| Ch & W M... | 51 | 52 | Bell Tele.... | 270 | 272 |
| F & P Mar ... | 27 | 27½ | Mexican..... | 2⅞ | 3 |
| F&P Mar prf | 101½ | 102 | Tropical..... | 2¼ | 2¾ |
| L R & F S.... | 22 | 24 | Bay State.... | 120 | 122 |
| La & Mo Riv. | 13 | 14 | Northern.... | 148 | 149 |
| M. H & O.... | 46½ | 47 | MISCELLANEOUS. | | |
| Ch. B & Q.... | 124¼ | 124½ | Pul Pal Car.. | 131½ | 132½ |

## COMMERCIAL MATTER

### BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, }
SATURDAY EVENING, June 30. }

BUTTER.—The market has ruled quiet for Butter and prices are barely maintained. We quote:

Western creamery,—Choice, 22@23c ₱ lb; do fair to good, 19@21c ₱ lb; Northern creamery, choice, 23@ .c ₱ lb; do fair to good, 19@21c ₱ lb; Western dairy, choice, 15@17c ₱ lb.

Northern Dairy—Fine Franklin County, 21@22c ₱ lb; choice Vermont and New York, 20@21c ₱ lb; do do fair to good, 16@18c ₱ lb; common to poor, 10@15c ₱ lb; choice Western ladle, 14@16c ₱ lb; do fair to good, 10@13c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Nova Scotia Culm Coal continues in demand and receipts are larger than any previous year. A few cargoes of Nova Scotia grate have been sold. Cumberland and Clearfield remain dull and prices are low. Anthracite is in demand and shipments have been large. Gas are being freely shipped and are unchanged.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 21@22c ₱ lb; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at at 23@24c ₱ lb; and Yellow Metal Bolts at 20c ₱ lb. Ingot Copper is quiet at 15¼@15½c for Lake and Baltimore and other brands at 14@14½c ₱ lb. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 17½c ₱ lb.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been a moderate business and prices are nominally the same. We quote salts of Western Alcohol at $2 20@2 23 ₱ gal; American Castor Oil at 15½@16c in barrels and cases; Gambier at 6¼c; Potato Starch at 5¼c; Shellac at 24@34c; Morphine at $3 35@$3 40; Sulphate Quinine at $1 70@1 75 for German, and $1 80 for American; Opium at $3 85@4; Gum Dapot at 18@18½c; Bleaching Powders at $1 45@1 5 ; Soda Ash at $1 45@1 50 for caustic, and $1 55@1 60 for carbonated brands; Sal Soda at $1 20 on the spot and to arrive. $1 12½; Caustic Soda at $3 10@3 12½ for immediate delivery; Cutch at 7¼c for bales and 6@6¼c for boxes; Sicily crude Brimstone. at $27@28 ₱ ton for seconds and thirds; Cream Tartar at 32½@33½c for powdered and 31½@32c for crystals; refined Camphor at 22¾@24c; refined Borax at 13¼@14c; Brown Sugar of Lead at 6¼c; white do at 11¾@12c; Chamomile Flowers at 15@40c; Bichromate Potash at 14c; Prussiate at 24c for yellow and 50@51c for red; Oxalic Acid at 11½@11⅝c; and other articles have been taken in lots as wanted at previous prices.

DRY GOODS.—There has been nothing new done in Cotton or Woollen goods. The demand for the latter has somewhat improved.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $19 00@23 0 ₱ ton, with a fair demand. Lima Wood is firm at 50@56 and Sapan Wood $35@40 ₱ ton.

FISH.—Trade has been light and prices are without material change. Sales of Mackerel in fare lots have been at $5 50@6 50 ₱ bbl, including bbl, for medium and large. Jobbing lots are about $1 higher. Codfish have been quiet. We quote sales of small lots of Nova Scotia Bank at $5@5 50 ₱ qtl, and Shore at $6@6 25. New Hake are selling at $2; new Haddock at $2 50@3; and Cusk at $3 25@3 50 ₱ qtl. A few small lots of Nova Scotia large split Herring have sold at $5@5 25 ₱ bbl, and $4@4 25 for medium. Smoked Herring have been selling a 29c ₱ box. Alewives have sold at $4 50@.. 50 as to quality.

FLOUR.—The market continues dull. We quote: Spring wheats—Western superfine, $3 25@4 00; common extras, $4 25@4 75; Wisconsin, $....@....; Minnesota bakers, $5 00@6 00; Minnesota patents, $7 00@7 75. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $7 00@7 25; do common to good, $6 25@6 75; New York and Michigan roller flour, $6 00@6 25; Ohio, and Indiana roller flour, $6 00@6 50; St Louis and Illinois, $6 25@6 75 ₱ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 75@6 25; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 50@6 25; Michigan straights $5 25@6 00; Winter wheat seconds, $4 00@4 50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour, $3 75@4 00 ₱ bbl; Cornmeal, $3 00@....; Oatmeal, common to good Western, $6 00@6 50; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $7@7 50.

FREIGHTS.—Ocean freights quiet at same rates. To California we quote the rates on a basis of 9 ₱ ton To Melbourne the rates are 20@22½c ₱ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney 20@22½c ₱ foot for measurement goods, and 20@22½c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane 25c ₱ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 10s 0d; butter and cheese, 12s 6d; cotton, 3 32d; leather, 30s ₱ ton; sack flour, 7s 0d ₱ ton; measurement goods, ₱ 40 cubic feet, 20@25s; corn, 1½d ₱ bush; barrel flour, 1s 3d ₱ bbl; wheat, 1½d ₱ bush. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 1s 9d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 13s 6d; corn, 4d; wheat, 4d; butter and cheese, 25s 0d; provisions, 20s 0d ₱ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 3d bush; wheat, 3d ₱ bush; provisions, 15s 0d; sack flour, 13s 9d ₱ ton; barrel flour, 1s 9d; apples, 3s 6d; measurement goods, ₱ 40 cubic feet, 25s; butter and cheese, ₱ ton, 17s 6d. Coal freights from Philadelphia have been at $1 40@1 50; from Baltimore at $1 60@1 70 ₱ ton; from New York, $1 05@1 20 ₱ ton.

HOPS.—We quote sales of good to prime Eastern, 1882, at 40@45c ₱ lb; do 1881, 30@35c ₱ lb.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices of fine Para have ranged from $1 13@1 14; coarse do, 79@80c.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Bengal, fine, $1 65@1 88; good consuming grades, $1 40@1 60; ordinary, $1@1 30; Guatemala, 85c@$1 05.

IRON.—There is no change in Pig; American has sold at $21@25 ₱ ton, as to quality. In Scotch Pig sales have been at $21 00@25 00 ₱ ton. Bar Iron has been selling at $2 00@2 05 ₱ 100 lbs, and common Sheet Iron has sold at 3¾@4¼c ₱ lb. Steel Rails range from $38@40 ₱ ton.

LEAD.—The market for Pig Lead has been dull and we quote last prices at 4¾@5c ₱ lb. We note Lead Pipe has been selling at 6¾c ₱ lb, and Sheet Lead at 7¼c ₱ lb; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ₱ lb. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¼c for solid and 3¾c for tea.

LEATHER.—The demand for Sole Leather continues good and sales of Hemlock have been at 20½@25c ₱ lb, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from 34@38c for backs, and 32@34c for crop. Rough Upper has sold at 21@27½c ₱ lb, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins have been selling at 45@50c ₱ lb; finished Calf ranges from 60@90c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in steady demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at 95c@$1 ₱ cask.

NAILS.—The demand has been good and we quote assorted sizes at $3 10 keg, with the usual discount to the trade.

NAVAL STORES.—There is very little change in Spirits Turpentine; with sales of small lots on the spot at 42c ₱ gal, and to arrive at 39@40c ₱ gal. In Resins transactions have been light, with sales of common at $2 30 ₱ bbl, $2 40@2 65 for No 2, $2 75@3 for No 1, and $3 5 @4 for pale. Tar and Pitch have been quiet, with sales confined to small lots.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been quiet and selling at $2 40@2 60 ₱ 100 lbs.

OATS.—The market is dull and demand moderate. We quote sales of No 1 and extra white at 53@55c ₱ bush; No 2 white at 48@49c ₱ bush; No 3 white at 46@47c ₱ bush; and mixed at 44@47c ₱ bush.

OIL.—The demand for Linseed Oil has been good; sales have been at 54@55c for Western; Calcutta, 59c. Lard Oil has been easier and the sales of Western and Boston extra at 85@90c ₱ gal; No 1 at 70@75c ₱ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 62@64c for saponified and 60@..c for Elaine. Palm Oil has sold at 6¾@8c ₱ lb. In Fish Oils we quote the last sales at at 38@50c for Menhaden, and Cod Oil at 38@50c ₱ gal for the different kinds. Sperm and Whale Oils remain without change.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Bermudas at $1 25 ₱ crate.

PEAS.—There has been a fair demand for Peas and prices are steady. We quote the sales of choice Canada Peas at $1 10@$1 15 ₱ bush; do common, 85@95c ₱ bush; Northern Green Peas, 95c@1 20 ₱ bush; do Western, $1 25@1 35 ₱ bush.

POTATOES.—The market for old Potatoes has been very unsettled, owing to large receipts from Virginia, and prices are almost nominal. Some fancy Houlton stock runs about 55c, but for the bulk of receipts by rail 40c is a full selling price. Provincial varieties arriving by vessels are hard to sell at any reasonable price.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork continues weak and unsettled. We quote last sales of extra prime at $16 50@17 ₱ bbl; mess at $19 00@.... ₱ bbl; clear has sold at $20 00@20 50 ₱ bbl; backs $21 00@.... ₱ bbl; and lean ends have been selling at $...@... ₱ bbl. Beef has been without any change and sales of Western mess have been at $12 50@13 00; Western extra mess at $14 00@14 50. We quote Western plate and extra plate at $15 00@16 50 ₱ bbl; sales of Western extra plate have been at $15@16 50. Smoked Hams have been in good demand and the sales have been at 13@14c ₱ lb as to size. Lard is easy, with sales of city at 10¾@11c ₱ lb.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand for Rice and we quote sales of Carolina at 6¾@7¼c; Rangoon at 5@5¼c ₱ lb; Patna at 5½@5¾c ₱ lb; and Java at 6¼c ₱ lb.

RYE.—The market is quiet, with sales in small lots at 80 ₱ bush.

SALT.—There has been a light jobbing trade. Fishing Salt ranges from $1 62½@1 87½ ₱ hhd, in bond. Turks Island is selling at $2@2 10 ₱ hhd, duty paid.

SALTPETRE.—The market has been quiet, with sales at 5@5½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed has sold in New York at $1 95 ₱ bush; and in Western Flaxseed prices are nominally the same, without sales of importance. Grass Seeds are unchanged.

SPICES.—There has been a quiet market and prices are nominal.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato, 5⅜@5¾c; Corn, 3¾@4⅛c; choice do, 4½@5c; Wheat, 6¾@7½ ₱ lb.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $95 00@100 ₱ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $75@80 ₱ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 7⅞@8c ₱ lb. Grease has been selling at 6@7½c ₱ lb, as to quality.

TIN.—There have been sales of Straits at 21@22c; and English at 21@22c ₱ lb.

TIN PLATES.—There has been a steady jobbing demand and sales have been at $5 25@7 75 ₱ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—The market remains about the same as noticed last week. The few buyers who are now purchasing in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan, are doing so principally on manufacturers' account. The sales include Western unwashed fleeces in the range of 24@28c ₱ lb for fine, up to 30@33c for good and very choice medium, with low and coarse from 15@21c ₱ lb. In unwashed fleeces sales of old Wool have been made at 37@38c for X, and 38@40c for XX, with choice selections at higher figures. In Ohio No 1 there have been sales at 41@43c ₱ lb. Michigan and Wisconsin fleeces have sold at 35@37c ₱ lb, principally at 35@35½c. Combing and delaine fleeces are quiet, and sales of fine delaine and fine No 1 combing have been made at 39@45c, and the latter is an outside figure for No 1. In California Wool business has been quiet. Some choice lots of old and new California are on hand, but sales could not be made at satisfactory prices. Pulled Wool has been in fair demand and prices are unchanged. Sales include choice Eastern and Maine supers at 42@44c, and common and good supers at 25@40c ₱ lb for super and X. Foreign Wool continues quiet.

## NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, June 30.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Market dull and weak.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were fairly active, and though ¼@¾c lower at the opening, became firmer later on and advanced 1@1½c; sales, 5,024,000 bush No 2 red at $1 11½@1 13 for July, $1 14@1 15¾ for August, $1 16@1 18⅞ for September, $1 17¾@1 20 for October, and $1 19¼@1 21 for November. Wheat on the spot was ½@1c higher, but less active; sales, 99,000 bush, including No 2 red at $1 17@1 18 in elevator; $1 14@1 14½ delivered from store; ungraded red, $1 06@1 20; steamer No 2 red, $1 13; No 1 white, $1 09@1 10; ungraded do, $1 10@1 19, the higher figure for State. Rye quiet; 8000 bush Western sold at 66c. Oats were slightly higher; sales, 1,025,000 bush at 39@42c for mixed, and 40⅛@47c for white, including No 2 at 39½@39¾c for mixed and 43½@43¾c for white; also, No 2 mixed at 39½@39¾c for July, 37½@37⅝c for August, 36½@37c for September, and 37@37¾c for October. Indian corn futures were irregular, opening lower, but later recovering the decline and advancing ½@1c on a fair business; sales, 2,356,000 bush No 2 mixed at 58¾@59⅜c for July, 60@61⅜c for August, 61@62¾c for September, and 62¼@63⅝c for October. Indian corn on the spot was irregular and less active; sales, 128,000 bush, including ungraded mixed, 49@60½c; No 3 mixed, 56½@57¾c; No 2 mixed, new, 60¾@61¾c, afloat and delivered, and 59@59 c in store; steamer mixed, 58¼c in elevator. After 'change — Wheat closed firm; No 2 red, cash, $1 18 in elevator; July, $1 13; August, $1 15¾; September, $1 18; October, $1 20; November, $1 22. Corn firm; No 2 mixed, cash, 61c, afloat; July, 59⅜c; August, 61¼c; September, 62⅜c; October, 63⅝c. Oats firm; No 2, mixed, July, 40c; August, 38c; September, 37c; October, 37¾c.

PROVISIONS.—Lard sold fairly at an advance of 15 to 20 points; sales, 13,000 tcs at 9.60c for July, 9.73@9.80c for August, 9.85c for September, 9.80@9.87c for October, and 9.50@9.53c seller's option the year; 1100 tcs Western on the spot sold mostly at 9.70@9.75c, and 100 tcs city at 9.40c. Bacon dull at 9c for city long clear. Cut meats dull and generally unchanged; 1000 pieces pickled meats sold at 13½c for hams, and 8⅜c for shoulders. Beef dull and unchanged. Pork dull at 17.75c for mess on the spot; 100 bbls sold on p. t. Dressed hogs closed steady; heavy to light, 8@8⅝c; pigs, 8⅞c. Butter easy; creamery, first and extras, 20@24½c; dairy, half firkins, tubs and pails, 15@22½c; Welsh tubs, 14@21c; Western factory, 9@14½c; do imitation creamery, 14@18c. Cheese weak; new State factory, 7¼@10½c; Ohio, 3@9½c; creamery skims, 2@6c. Eggs dull and weak; State and Pennsylvania, 17½@18c; Canadian, 17¼c; Western, 15@17c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee on the spot was dull and unchanged; options easier; 23,000 bags No 7 sold, including July at 7.35c, August at 7.45c, September at 7.55c, October at 7.60@7.65c, November at 7.70@7.75c, and December at 7.80@7.85c; mild quiet. Rice, molasses and sugar are quiet and unchanged.

points, closing steady at 10.47c for June, 10.48c for

COTTON.—Futures were dull and closed lower at 10.31c for July, 10.41c for August, 10.22c for September, 9.97c for October, 9.88c for November, 9.89c for December, 9.97c for January and 10.08c for February; sales, 27,000 bales. Spots were quiet; middling uplands, 10 5-16c; do Gulfs, 10 9-16c; sales, 358 bales. Receipts at the ports, 1115 bales.

PETROLEUM.—Crude certificates opened firm, but soon fell away, and the feeling became very irregular; sales at the New York Exchange, 2,944,000 bbls; clearances, 5,520,000 bbls; the opening price was $1 18¾; highest, $1 18½; lowest, $1.16¼; closing, $1 16¾. At the Consolidated Exchange the sales were 1,410,000 bbls; on the same basis.

SUNDRIES.—Rosins quiet at $1 60@1 65 for strained to good strained. Spirits turpentine quiet at 36½@37c in yard; jobbing lots, 38½c. Tallow easier at 7⅞@7 15-16c for prime. Stearine quiet and nominal. Hops quiet and easy; State, 1882, 35@45c; do, 1881, 30@35c. Linseed oil, 55@56c for Western; lard oil, 80@90c for summer and winter; poor menhaden sold at 33@36c; prime quoted 40c. Ocean freights quiet but without essential change; grain to Liverpool, by steam, quoted 3d; bacon, 15s; cheese, 30@40s; cotton, ⅛d; grain to London, by steam, 4d; do, to Hull, 3½@3¾c; do. to Antwerp, by steam, 5d; refined petroleum to the Adriatic, 4s; do, to Hamburg, 3s 1½d; do, to Antwerp or Bremen, 3s; naphtha to Hull, 3s 9d.

## GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.)

GLOUCESTER, June 30—[For the week past.]—Codfish have been in fair receipt. The receipts of mackerel continue light in comparison with receipts for corresponding week last season, the quantity landed then being about double the receipts of the past week. Whole number of arrivals 71, of which 15 were from Georges, with about 200,000 pounds codfish and 4500 pounds halibut; 3 from Cape North, with about 210,000 pounds codfish; 19 from Western Banks, with about 1,230,000 pounds codfish and 25,000 pounds halibut; 11 from shore fishing grounds, with about 120,000 pounds codfish; 4 from the Banks, with 120,000 pounds halibut; and 9 from mackereling, with 3500 bbls mackerel. Total receipts, 1,810,000 pounds codfish, 149,500 pounds halibut, and 3500 bbls mackerel. We quote the market as follows: Large Georges Cod at $5 75 ₱ qtl; medium Georges Cod, $4 75 ₱ qtl; large Bank, $4 50 ₱ qtl; medium Bank Codfish, $3 75 ₱ qtl; dry cured large Bank Codfish, $5 50 ₱ qtl; large Shore Codfish, $5 50 ₱ qtl; medium Shore Codfish, $4 50 ₱ qtl; Haddock, $2 75 ₱ qtl; Hake, $2 ₱ qtl; Cusk, $4 25 ₱ qtl; Pollock, $2 00 ₱ qtl. Fresh Halibut, last sales at 10c ₱ lb for white and 8c ₱ lb for gray. Salt mackerel—Sales have been made out of pickle for mixed mackerel at $5 10 ₱ 200 lbs, without barrel, and $5 50 ₱ bbl, with barrel; medium No 3 mackerel at $6 ₱ bbl.. Halibut Heads, $3 ₱ bbl; Halibut Fins, $15 00 ₱ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ₱ bbl; Cod Tongues, $11 ₱ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $13 ₱ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $4 75 ₱ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $6 ₱ bbl; Swordfish, $12 ₱ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ₱ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ₱ bbl; scaled Herring, 28c ₱ box; No 1 Herring, 15c ₱ box; smoked Halibut, 12½c ₱ lb; boneless and prepared fish, 5½@9c ₱ lb; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ₱ lb; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ₱ lb. Fish Oils—Tanners oil, 46@...c ₱ gal; Medicinal Oil, $1 ₱ gal; Porgie Oil, 38c ₱ gal; Blackfish Oil, 65c ₱ gal; Livers, 70c ₱ bucket; Fish Scrap, $16 ₱ ton; Fish Skins, $9 ₱ ton.

## LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

### Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, June 29, 1883:

Western cattle, 3120; Eastern cattle, 59; Northern cattle, 235. Total, 3414.

Western sheep and lambs, 12,760; Northern sheep and lambs, 867; Eastern sheep and lambs, —. Total, 13,627.

Swine, 17,465. Veals, 1201. Horses, 338.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Extra quality......... | $6 25 | @6 75 |
| First quality......... | 5 50 | @6 12½ |
| Second quality......... | 4 50 | @5 37½ |
| Third quality......... | 3 62½ | @4 25 |
| Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc..... | 3 00 | @4 12½ |

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brigh. hides..7½@8 | ₱ lb | Country tal... 4@4½ | ₱ lb |
| Brigh.tallow.6¾@7 | ₱ lb | Calfskins ....11c@ | 12½ |
| Countryhds..6½@7 | ₱ lb | Sheepsk's....20c@.... | |
| do do h'vy...7 @7½ | ₱ lb | Lambskins...50c@.... | |

Prices of beef cattle, ₱ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4 00@@9 00.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

THE GREAT CURE FOR —R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M—

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

44- Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

# FOLLOWING A TRAIL.

## Pleasures of Indian Fighting in Apache Land.

## Odds of the Situation—Scarcity of Water and Loss of Animals—Tricks of Hostiles.

## A Luckless Lieutenant in Command of a Tedious Exhibition.

To properly understand the country and its difficulties, suppose a case as follows: An outrage has been committed. Troops, accompanied by scouts, start, say twelve hours late, in pursuit of the perpetrators. They march on the trail twenty-four hours and "strike" water for the first time where the Indians have camped, and on leaving have fouled the spring, throwing in old hides and filth of all kinds, so no water is to be had. The stock is allowed to graze for a few hours, and, then, with scouts in front trailing, the pursuit is resumed. It is no Broadway promenade or a pleasant ride on New England macadamized roads. The hostiles have chosen the roughest part of the mountain range, always in a position where they can see and observe the surrounding country for miles. The trail runs up and down rises of more than forty-five degrees angle, and through passes and canyons where ten determined men with breechloaders could defy a hundred. Lucky is the officer in command that he has no Anglo-Saxon foe to contend with. This foe is cowardly, and will not fight unless he has every advantage on his side and the troops none. Had the Apaches, on more than one occasion, had the necessary pluck, massacres would have occurred that would have astonished the country. Many an officer of the Sixth and Ninth Cavalry would have been remembered by an obituary notice of four lines, ending with "killed in an affair with hostile Indians."

The trail now probably leaves the mountains and runs across an alkali plain of great length to another range of mountains. If the troops reach this plain in daylight

**It Would be Folly to go On**

as every man and animal could now be seen by the outposts and runners that the Apaches generally leave behind and on either flank of their raiding parties. It is now thirty six hours without water, and still a march of many miles to reach a known spring. The troops halt, horses are unsaddled, mules unpacked, and men and stock keep out of sight in the foothills of the mountains.

At sunset the march is resumed, the Indians trailing in the dark almost as well as by daylight by use of touch. Picture a long line of Indians, silent as death, in single file. Close behind them comes the cavalry, and behind them the pack train. The only sounds heard are the steps of the animals on the rocks or hard earth, the muffled tinkle of the bell on the bell-horse of the pack train, accompanied by the occasional crack of a packer as some mule shows a tendency to leave the column.

No smoking or talking is allowed. Suddenly the Indians halt, the trail is lost, the line breaks, spreads out like a fan, and in the dim starlight men are seen on their hands and knees feeling the ground. After a time some Indian will rise, perhaps away off to the right, and a soft "Hish!" is heard. The trail is found, and the command runs forward in the new direction. It is all night work, and the men have been almost without sleep for forty-eight hours. It is a long time since stock have been watered and the strain is beginning to tell on both man and beast.

At daybreak the mountains have not been reached toward which the trail runs, and the command hunt a depression in the plain where they can rest unseen. Signs of hard riding on the part of the Indians have been found in a number of killed and abandoned ponies. In the matter of a mount they have every advantage over the troops. If a pony gives out he is at once killed or abandoned and another stolen to replace him at the first opportunity. Should a trooper's horse give out, he has to dismount and lead him—he cannot steal.

**Toward Evening a Scout Runs in and Reports Water,**

his refilled canteen being proof. It is off the trail ten miles, but it is now sixty hours since water has been had, and the animals must have it. The trail is abandoned at sunset, and the command pushes, as tired men and leg-weary animals can, for the point where water is reported. On arriving the water is found to be in a water-hole, and strongly impregnated with alkali. Halt! The men tumble off their horses without command; a guard is put on the hole to keep out the mules, whose bump of self-interest is more hugely developed than that of any animal, human or otherwise, that exists, and who always break for water, to the detriment of all, if not restrained. The men and scouts drink what they want, canteens are refilled, the horses are then watered, and after them the mules.

And now take a look at the young officer in command. He wears a flannel shirt, a dirty, hard-looking canvas coat, and a dirty pair of soldier's trousers. His headgear is a hat that has seen its best days. His men are attired similarly, but their arms are bright and in good order. Loss of sleep, coupled with anxiety, makes him look haggard and worn. He knows that no thanks are to be given him if successful for risking his life, save perhaps an empty complimentary order which is only known to the army, and ten chances to one he will not get that. If killed his immediate friends are the only people who will mourn his loss. No promotion awaits him, thanks to the present retirement laws. His captain is probably old or fat, or cannot ride, and the other troop officer is on a "soft detail" in the East. He is doing the work of three officers, and his scout may, like many others, result in two or three hundred miles of hard marching with terrible privations and no result. He is carrying his life and those of his command in his hand, and he does not shrink from the task. Renewed and invigorated by the water, he signals the command to mount, and the force sweeps forward to renew the pursuit.

**The Story of the March is the Same**

scarcity of water, the trail leading a direction to bring about this result, and avoiding any possible chance of being approached without the pursuers being discovered long before they can come within striking distance.

On the other hand, suppose that by good fortune and night marching the Indians are so closely pursued that they cannot escape without a fight. The trail leads to water, the commanding points around which are fortified breastworks built of stone. On rush the scouts, who are leading. The trail is "hob" now, and they cast aside all superfluous clothing and spring forward like cats over the rough ground in nature's garb, with the exception of a breech-clout and moccasins. Wildly excited, they scatter all over the hills endeavoring to find shelter from which to deliver their fire with effect. The troops have their horses in a safe place and move forward in extended skirmish lines, trying in some way to flank the hostiles. It is a fight now to the death. Officers and men know that, if wounded, and the command is repulsed, a horrible death awaits them. Probably two days without water, maybe three; they are fighting for that as much as anything else. The scouts are fighting for plunder and pay, the troopers because it is their duty. The hostiles in impregnable positions, unapproachable except through narrow passes, pour in a fire so hot and scorching that in a few minutes every Indian and soldier is behind some shelter. The fight lasts all day, or until a flanking party, after long and wearisome marching, gets near them, then the Indians withdraw with their stock and squaws, the former freshly watered. The troops find the water fouled upon its capture and have to wait until the spring is cleared and refilled before the exhausted stock is watered, and by this time the hostiles are miles away, probably in Mexico.

### An Italian in America.

[Letter from an Italian in New York to the Rome Italian Times.]

Landing at New York by a ferry-boat is the first impression I got of Americans. To us who have no estimate of hurry and live longer than some of these people exist, the scene is very attractive—in one sense! The ferry-boat is crossing early in the morning and is full of business men—that proud term of a country which recognizes the dignity of labor and condemns our dolce far niente. No one waits for the chain to be lowered; this chain oft-times protects a free people from going overboard. They all jump over it, and frequently before the boat touches the wharf. That is progressive young America. And from that early hour until the evening, when they go back on this boat, they are jumping over endless chains of commerce and coin. The great nation of jumpers! The republic of hurry! Young men in the prime of life jump into graves; middle-aged men hurry into coffins! I live on, a type of retrogressive Italy! Oh, progress! progress! On thy altar are the sacrifices of millions of lives, millions of luxuries and millions of happiness! I am hurried off the ferry-boat and hurried into a cab; I am hurried into a hotel, a bath, a dining room, where dinner is hurried into me, and then told that this is progress! I am hurried into and out of bed and down Broadway, the veriest gulf stream of all hurry. Yes, it is progress! So is a locomotive on the Hudson River railroad at eighty miles per hour. So is cabling messages for the daily press under the Atlantic, when the messages are worth cabling! So is lobbying at Albany on appropriation bills! Progress here is to me a paradox, because I have not yet lost my Italian peculiarities. The American girl is champagny. She is glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart—in a word, fizzy! She has not that dreamy, languid, unhurry loveableness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of verbal intrigue! You may lose your head with her easily in a week, and in the way of recollecting what you had said to her yesterday, for she is gifted with memory, but your heart—jamais! It takes a longer time for that! But, be sure, she will have both sooner or later. I don't believe she is half as mercenary as she talks, in the vein of what female heart can gold despise. Yet she gives you a strong impression that the alpha and omega of life is a modiste and a millionnaire. My impression of the American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk and business-like. To be concise, I would call the American girl a sort of social catechism—full of questions and answers. In many instances she omits the answers, and becomes an incarnate questioner. I never experienced such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life.

# GERMAN FIREMEN.

## The Phlegmatic Teutons Who Never Run to a Fire, and Rest Early and Often.

When a fire breaks out in Germany there is no alarm—not the slightest—and no excitement, writes a correspondent from Berlin. I don't think that one could discover anything which, in the most remote degree, could be said to resemble alarm or excitement. I know of nothing more solemn or sadder in this life than the calling out of the German *fierwehr*. It is a painful sight to see the brave men who compose it dragged out of their chairs, where they may have been just about to take the first wink of sleep they have had for an hour. More painful still is the reckless haste with which they are expected to dress for the terrible world before them. I think the average time allowed for putting on rubber coats, boots and caps does not exceed twenty minutes. It is no wonder that these men invariably die young, as has been proved by Professor Schmidt's recently published statistics of the Berlin fire department. Well, when the chief has called his men around him or rather when he has stood them in a row before him, he calls the roll. An attendant then hands each man a coil of rope and a sort of battle-axe, made after the Norman fashion, the blade being shaped like that which Minerva wears on her skull-cap. While this is being done the other attaches of the *fierwehr* are not idle. Oh, no! A horse and wagon appear in front of the *fierhaus*, and in this wagon can be seen, if one will look closely, a couple of ladders, either of which is at least ten feet in length. There is also some more rope, and there are also some more axes, which in cases of great emergency are distributed among the populace.

**The House is Burning All This Time,**

but that doesn't matter. There are generally eight men and the chief at each fire-station. The chief stands in the middle of the street, a crowd of admiring citizens surrounding him, and puts the eight men through a course of drill. At the conclusion of this manœuvre two men take their places on each side of the wagon, like pall-bearers, two in front and two behind, the chief walking ahead with a gold-plated trumpet in his hand, the driver mounts to his seat, and the funeral procession moves on.

Slowly and sadly the mournful cortege wends its way, the firemen shouldering their battle axes and keeping the regulation military step. Now and then the horse shows signs of impatience, but he is immediately checked by the driver. The chief turns ever and anon to see if any of his brave followers have fainted from fatigue; but, finding that they are still where he left them, he sounds an order on his trumpet, the men change their battle axes from the right to the left shoulder, the driver steadies the horse, who is anxious to walk faster, and the pageant moves on.

The fire is still raging. The flames have spread until they now envelop an entire block. The sky is blood-red, and the reflection lights up the city, but the fierwehr cannot be moved by scenes like this. It is used to them. The question now in the mind of the chief is: "Can we reach the fire just after the walls have fallen in and when there is nothing more to be done?" If he is an old fireman and understands his business,

**He Will Know How to Time Himself.**

As the procession nears the neighborhood of the fire the speed of the horse is slackened and the men walk slower. The chief consults his watch and calculates as to the length of time a block requires to burn, and the wind blowing as it is tonight. Having satisfied himself that there is at least fifteen minutes to spare, the wagon stops in front of a beer hall, the men fall into line, and, led by the chief, they select two of the most comfortable tables and order the beer.

The men are so weighted down by the heavy rubber clothing, the coils of rope, the battle axes and the helmet caps that they are scarcely able to speak for a few moments. When they regain consciousness one says to the other:

"Do you think we will get there in time to return before bed time?"

"I think so," is the answer; "I never knew the chief to miss seeing a fire go out of its own accord yet."

"Well, I hope he is calculating all right now. I told my wife I'd be home at 10 o'clock tonight; it is now 9.30. I will be an hour late. I cannot stand this life."

"Neither can I," says the other, emptying his beer mug. "I got wet at a fire the other night, and I was so hoarse that I couldn't sing at the mannærchor yesterday."

"Come," says the chief; "if you are rested sufficiently we must be going."

The men form in line once more and are put through another drill, after which they take their places around the hearse, and

**They Are on Their Way to the Fire Again.**

Before they have gone very far, however, they meet the crowds returning, and a policeman steps up and informs the chief that the fire is out, the block having burned to the ground. The chief reprimands the policeman for not notifying him before. The policeman tells him that he could not have done so unless he had walked fast, which was forbidden by the regulations, as it would make him perspire, thereby soiling his collar. The explanation is considered satisfactory to the chief. He gives his orders for the return, and the horse and men travel much faster. The station is reached in half an hour; the horse and wagon are put away; the battle axes and rubber suits are hung up; the kerosene lamp is extinguished, and the fire department sinks into a heavy slumber.

A man must know how to rest before he can become a fireman in this country.

# SOUTHERN LIFE.

## Its Domesticity and Its Humor—Two Phases Which Are Little Appreciated at the North.

[The Continent.]

There are two phases of Southern life which are but little appreciated at the North—its domesticity and its humor. The conventional planter of the ante-bellum era was a careless, boastful, swaggering tyrant; his wife and daughter equally careless in regard to the home life, its comforts and economies, as he of the administration of his boundless acres. Both ideas were equally incorrect. The Southern planter as a rule was a careful administrator of his estate; not in the same snug, tidy manner of which the Northern farmer boasts—he did not work and fuss and worry over all the details of farm management as much as his compeer of the North, nor was his sense of fitness outraged by a lack of completeness and order which would have driven the farmer of the Middle States into an insane asylum. There was a sort of laxity about his methods which was hard for the Northern man to distinguish from slothfulness. Yet he watched with care the development of the crops, the progress of his work, and was no doubt a better director of labor than could generally be found upon the Northern farm. With ignorant labor and crude machinery he achieved good results. It is especially with regard to the domestic life of the South, however, that false ideas prevail at the North. The planter's family has been credited with hospitality of a lavish, careless kind, but a very small proportion of the people of the North have ever supposed that the planter's wife was very generally a Martha of the most anxious and troubled variety. The difference of method betwixt the Northern and the Southern housekeeper has been so great that the former has very often been inclined to elevate a dainty nose in scorn of any professed acquirements of the latter. So, too, the hurly-burly of our Northern life, its sharp competition and the constant influx of the outside world, have been such as to predispose us to underestimate the charming domesticity of the Southern home. It is not often as strictly ordered or administered with that anxiety with regard to detail that characterizes the Northern household, yet there is rarely to be found a more faithful purveyor of comforts than the mistress of a Southern plantation. The very isolation of life, the rarity of strangers' visits and the care with which even the most distant family ties are remembered and acknowledged in that section, all tend to make the domestic life of the better class of the South very charming and delightful.

### Anæsthetic Bullets.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of bullet which, he urges, will, if brought into general use, greatly diminish, if not altogether remove, the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anæsthetic producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. A battlefield where these bullets are used will in a short time be apparently covered with dead bodies, but in reality merely with the prostrate forms of soldiers reduced for the time being to a state of unconsciousness. While in this condition they may, the German chemist points out, be carefully packed in ambulance wagons and carried off as prisoners.

### Petticoats and Panics.

[New York Graphic.]

It was the woman who stumbled and fell that caused the first fatal block at the Brooklyn Theatre fire in 1876. It was the woman who stumbled and fell that caused the block at the fatal panic in the Sixteenth Street Catholic Church a few years since. And the stumbling woman, so far as can be known, started the panic on the bridge on Wednesday. Rather ghastly arguments as to the cumbrousness of long skirts. Let a man put them on and count the number of times he would fall up or down stairs within twenty-four hours.

# BROADCLOTH BLOSSOMS.

## Gorgeous Posies Made Out of People's Old Clothes.

## Art That Outstrips Nature—Daisies from Baby Stockings and Dresses.

## Gaudy Wreaths Evolved from Depths of the Family Rag-Bag.

"Remember the Loved Ones! Memorial Flowers Made of Your Deceased Friends' Clothing." This is the simple inscription on a tin sign, nailed against the front of a private residence in Philadelphia. A passing reporter saw the sign and sought an interview with the person who puts sentiment into old clothes.

"Do you really make flowers of old clothes?" asked the curious newspaper man of the lady of the house.

"Yes, indeed; that is a part of my business. In fact, it is the feature that I want to make the leading one. It is a new departure, and there is no limit to its possibilities." Before the reporter had left he was fain to believe there was not.

"A great many people don't like hair work, and some say preserved flowers have too much of the waxy look of a corpse. The prettiest natural flowers are only emblems, after all; but bouquets made from clothes worn by those we wish to keep in remembrance are almost a part of our friends themselves."

The floral artist then proceeded to prove in a most conclusive manner what could be done by showing what had been done already, and when all is known it is as simple as it is ingenious. Samuel of Posen could not make a necktie out of a pair of socks with more ingenuity. Given a sufficient quantity of old garments and the skill imparted by the artist at $1 a lesson, the problem of how to make the flowers is easily solved. The process is much like that of making artificial flowers for ladies' bonnets, the difference being that instead of selecting the colors to suit the design to be wrought the design must be

**Made to Suit the Materials at Hand.**

Right here is where the skill of the manipulator to adapt means to ends of ribbons and scraps of cloth comes into play. Two wreaths, in which the artist takes especial pride, were shown the reporter to illustrate this point. One was made from the clothing once worn by a dead grandchild. It contained, besides a number of roses fashioned of the white muslin of tiny skirts, a number of odd-shaped leaves made by cutting out the pattern of the embroidery upon the edge of the same. A daisy blossom had the white stuff of a baby stocking cut in strips for petals and a yellow-covered button for a centre. There were queer-shaped botanical specimens evolved from striped and plaid percale, and unnamed blossoms in navy blue and cardinal wool that only the brain of a grower of flannel flowers might conceive. The second wreath, the admiring newspaper man was told, contained flowers made of the clothing worn by the artist's own first infant. In this white blossoms predominated, as was explained by the proud mother, because "there is not so much variety in an infant's dress as in an older person's. But white flowers are so much more appropriate for a little babe that is all innocence and purity, and, besides, they never will fade, you know." The sceptical scribe didn't pretend to know. With pride the mother proceeded to point out a pale buff pansy made of the kid of a tiny shoe, and a few little snowdrops of cotton that had been stuffed into the toe of the shoe to make it short enough for baby's foot.

**The Gem of the Whole Collection**

and the one which was shown with most gratification was a cream-colored lily on the inner circumference of the wreath, which the loving parent triumphantly explained was a part of the crape scarf that hung on the door-knob when the little one lay cold in its casket.

Another wreath, more gaudy in color and more cosmopolitan in make-up, was one of all the shades of the rainbow and several others besides. It was in itself a whole family history. "A red, red rose," was a part of her married daughter's last new bonnet, and a delicate white blossom called to mind the dress she wore when she was made a wife. A wild-looking tiger lily was once part of a colored underskirt. The blossoms that told the story of the rest of the female side of the house were in such colors as were not found in all the bright robes worn by Solomon in the days of his glory.

"But only feminine apparel can be utilized for bouquets," objected the reporter. "That's just where you are wrong!" the artist exclaimed. "Why, think of the colored shirts, flannel drawers, neckties and stockings. They furnish an unlimited supply for as bright bouquets and rosettes as you could wish. I made a beautiful bunch of pansies not long ago of bits of a gentleman's kid gloves. Many of the pieces were the right shade, but a few had to be colored to suit. I am about to make a large bouquet for a down-town woman whose husband belonged to the old Moya Hose Company and was afterwards a soldier. The centre will be a large hollyhock.

**His Red Fireman's Shirt will Come into Play Here,**

don't you see. I can surround this by blue flowers of some kind. I like best to make them according to my own ideas. Some people think they can tell just how it ought to be done. Why, this woman, whose husband was a fireman, wanted me to make a lot of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley out of her husband's blue uniform and a white flannel shirt. Such blossoms would do for a baby or a love-sick girl, but for an old fellow that used to run with the masheen it makes my head ache."

Just at this point a Columbia avenue dude passed the window. The disgusted artist espied him and exclaimed: "Wouldn't I like a chance to make a bouquet for him out of his clothes? That spotted jacket would be just lovely worked up into tiger lilies and sunflowers, and his legs would make elegant stems for the flowers if they were a little thicker and not so crooked."

The many advantages of the flannel and linen flowers are causing the trade in them to grow and the florist who now does the chief business in growing them has confidence that as soon as their virtues become more widely known some of the florists will be compelled to shut up shop for lack of something to do. When it is considered that they don't fade or wilt under the hottest rays of the sun or freeze though attacked by the coldest blasts of winter, the small sum of $20 asked for making a medium-sized wreath sinks into insignificance, and it will be admitted that the genius that originated the idea of remembering dead friends by their old clothes is a benefactor to the race.

### A Suit in Which One Could Waltz Forever.

"Lisle thread is a somewhat new departure for underwear," says Clara Belle, in the Cincinnati Enquirer, "and for persons of full habit or those who feel the heat very much there is nothing better. It is elastic, but at the same time offers a healthy friction.

"'I shall be able to waltz for hours this summer,' said a frivolous young thing, 'where last summer I could only keep it up for minutes.'

"'How is that?' I asked.

"'You've heard of Spring-heel Jack? There was something or other about his shoes, if I remember rightly, that helped his gait so much as to make him a wonderful runner. Well, consider me mechanically improved all over in that kind of way. I've got on an elastic, eelskin sort of combination suit. It keeps me at a tension, and makes every nerve and muscle feel capable of unprecedented activity and endurance. A girl who couldn't waltz continuously under such conditions would be a rarity.'"

### Richest Sovereign in the World.

Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, and "absolute ruler of true believers," is probably one of the richest sovereigns in the world. Unlike other millionnaires, however, he does not invest his wealth in profitable securities, but, like a monarch of "The Thousand and One Nights," he hoards it in underground vaults with which the greatest bank and trust vaults of civilized cities cannot be compared. The treasures of gold, silver and gems are buried 100 feet deep, surrounded by tenfold walls of alternate stone and metal fifty feet thick. They are reached only through a subterranean labyrinth of the most intricate description, and are guarded by a band of armed Africans, who, having once entered this service, never again ascend to the light of day. They live and die in Aladdin's garden.

### Dying of Homesickness.

One day during the war when a lad from Central New York was near his death, the visitor of the ward carried a bunch of sweet fresh roses and laid them on his pillow. As he inhaled the fragrance his breast heaved with emotion; the icy torpor and reserve was broken and he burst into a passionate agony of tears. Then, and not till then, he told the intense and bitter longing he had for home and friends. He was too manly to complain or confess his homesickness. If he had spoken before he might have been furloughed while yet strong enough to be sent there. His father was telegraphed for and every effort made to arouse his strength, but, alas! too late. The storm of weeping so prostrated the frail body that he never rallied from the exhaustion.

### Chinese Tea Making.

Usually the American who visits one of the Chinese restaurants in San Francisco is afraid to venture on soups and meats, but contents himself with tea, cake and sweet-meats. The tea leaves for each person are put into a cup with a cover, for which the Chinese in 'Frisco have adopted our word, "steeper." Boiling water is poured in and left for a few minutes, and then the contents is poured from the steeper into another cup, the lid of the former being held on loosely to prevent the leaves from passing into the cup. The steeper is then refilled with water, and the second or third brewing from the same leaves is considered better than the first. The grasping of the steeper between the thumb and second finger, the holding on of the lid with the forefinger, and the pouring out of the almost boiling contents without spilling or scalding yourself; is an accomplishment not easily learned, and the visitor who tries to imitate the Chinese waiter is very apt to come to grief. Neither milk nor sugar is usually drank with the tea, though the latter can be obtained.

### A PARABLE OF THE SEASON.

**How the Little Green Apple and the Early Peach Combined Against the Small Boy in Vain.**

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

The Early Peach came to a place where four roads met. He slapped his chest with his stem and looked to the east and the south.

"Bismillah!" he cried, I am the boss, and I drive the ambulance."

The little Green Apple came down the long road from the west and heard him. He bowed to the north and he bowed to the west.

"I am the son of the cyclone," he shouted, "and I travel with my own private coroner."

"By the camel of Mohammed," said the Early Peach. "I am the friend of the sexton, and I can knock you out in four rounds, Marquis of Tewksbury rules."

"Come to the wake," shrieked the little Green Apple, "and you may call me the harmless pawpaw of the wilderness if I cannot double up the man who planted you."

Then they looked down the four long roads and waited for some one to practice on. From the East came a fair young girl from Vassar College, and up from the South came a gray-haired African.

"Take you that fair student," said the Early Peach.

"Not I," said the little Green Apple; "I didn't come here to attempt impossibilities. For nearly four years that girl has sat at surreptitious midnight lunches; she has broken up a score of young men with her ice-cream bills, and still she is hungry. But I will stand aside and give you a chance at the African."

"I am not on the suicide lay this morning," said the Early Peach. "I know him, and already since yestereven's sun there have reposed beneath his unroubled vest a peck and a half of my brethren, and he is even now famished. He is known as the destroyer of watermelons, and all my tribe fear him. Allah is great, but some things are impossible."

So they let many people pass by unharmed—the old, the tough, the wary and the well-seasoned. But when the day was far spent, coming down the long road from the west they saw a ruddy boy, the pride and joy of home and the torment of his teacher. Whistling a merry roundelay he came, his face as rosy as the glowing west, his heart as light as thistle-down.

He was their meat.

The Early Peach and the little Green Apple set their teeth and breathed hard as he came near.

"Now!" they shrieked, and, livid with hate, they fiercely sprang upon him.

In two short minutes that boy had both of them down, and as he cracked the peach-pit to get at the "goody" he said:

"By jiminy jinks, I wisht I knowed where I could find a bushel of them fellers."

The Early Peach, with a dying gasp, turned and said:

"We are taken in."

With a hollow groan, the little Green Apple replied:

"Of corpse."

But the boy slept soundly all that night, and came back the next day to look for more.

### "EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET."

**Eccentricities of the Winged Leaden Messengers of Death—Miraculous Escapes.**

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button of his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three-quarter of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared.

At Pittsburg Landing a member of the Twelfth Michigan Regiment of Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act a bullet, aimed at his breast, struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man, and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open and dropped to the ground in halves.

At the second battle of Bull Run, as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings and carried 100 feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear.

At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in his right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth, and passed out of the left hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed.

An object, however trifling, will turn a bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant valley. They had a "bull-pen" there, in which about 500 bounty-jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was lying down and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him a candle, by which he was reading, sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent into the one behind it, passed between two men and brought up against a camp kettle.

There is in Detroit, Mich., a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

### How to Keep Girls From Talking.

In a New York millinery store: "There is a curious thing about this business. We can't get the girls to work well without gum. This is how it is: The girls are all in one large work-room. We found that they talked so much that a good deal of time was lost from work, and, though they work by the piece, when there was a rush of business it often delayed orders very much. Then my forewoman suggested that an order be issued that the girls do no talking during work hours. We put this into effect, but you might as well try to stop a flood with a bar of soap. Then I tried bribery. I bought some spruce gum and got the forewoman to announce that I should give each girl one bit morning and evening on condition that they did not talk. The plan has worked admirably. You can go up in the workshop and the noise you will hear is that of a lot of jaws opening and closing. Hardly a word is spoken. The girls are contented. The problem is solved. A girl must move her mouth some way, and if it isn't chewing its talking."

### A Great Inscription Rock.

A few miles east of Zuni, N. M., is a quadrangular mass of white sandstone, known as Inscription rock, which has attracted much attention. It is nearly a mile in length, and more than 200 feet in height. Upon its weater-beaten surface are numerous inscriptions in Spanish, cut by persons who have passed that way, some of them deeply and beautifully engraved, and dated as far back as 1606. Upon the top of the rocks are the ruins of two pueblos, the size and shape of which can be distinctly traced, and many pieces of painted pottery are lying about. The inscriptions often contain short histories of the object of the visits of those by whom they were engraved; either explorers of the country, Spanish soldiers on the march to the conquest or early Franciscan friars penetrating the wilderness to convert the native heathen to the living God. What a field for sober reflection and poetic romance this rock presents to the mind with its inscriptions and its ruined villages. It is a mute but eloquent historian of an unknown past.

### Pap Wyman's Den.

[Toledo Telegram.]

The gambling business in Leadville is as openly conducted as the dry goods stores—in fact, more so, since the stores do close up once in a while, which is more than can be said of the "tiger dens." Everybody plays, from the small boy who makes bets of a quarter each to the man who has "struck it rich" and lays down a pile of $20 gold pieces on the ace. There are men who have made fortunes at gambling, but they are the dealers. One of the institutions of the town is Pap Wyman's place. Pap is a burly, bullet-headed saloon-keeper who would evidently enjoy the reputation of being the worst man in Leadville. He owns one of the largest saloons and gambling dens in the place, and he has the windows stained and painted with Biblical scenes to look like a church. Inside he has a large open Bible in a prominent place on a stand, and the glass case of the clock bears the injunction in large letters, "Please do not swear."

# ANCIENT IMPOSTORS.

## Nothing New Under the Sun, Even in Humbuggery.

## A Cagliostro of the Second Century Who Outdid all the Slades of His Day.

## He Read the Future and Posed as an Oracle, With Aid of a Tame Snake.

In his last volume of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Mr. Froude gives a very interesting account of "A Cagliostro of the Second Century." Alexander of Abonotichus—to wit, one of the school of esoteric disciples left by Apollonius of Tyana, an account which goes to show that "dear Lady Mary" teapots and golden plates of the Book of Mormon were inventions about as un-new as everything else under the sun. In partnership with a gamester and tipster named Cocconas, Alexander procured a tame snake, designing to set up an oracular shrine which would take the place of Delos and Delphi. Abonotichus was decided upon as the theatre of operations. Æsculapius, the best-believed-in of the surviving deities, was selected as the god to be incarnated, and by way of advance advertising brazen plates were buried in the temple of Apollo, at Chalcedon, announcing that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that the latter would appear at Abonotichus in bodily form. These plates, being discovered, became the theme of much excited discussion, the traders carried the news all over the surrounding country, and the delighted people of Abonotichus set to work to lay the foundations of a temple for their honored guest. At this point Cocconas vanishes from the story, dying at Chalcedon very conveniently, and leaving Alexander to carry on the work alone. Lucian describes the chief performer when he appeared at Abonotichus as tall, majestic, extremely handsome, with large and lustrous eyes, and a sweet and limpid voice, hair long and flowing and a moderate beard, partly false.

**He Made His Appearance in His Native Town,**

his locks wildly streaming, in a purple tunic, with a white cloak thrown over it, bearing in his hand a falchion like that with which Perseus had slain the Gorgon, and chanting a doggerel of Alexandrian metaphysics, with monads and triads, pentads and decads playing in anagrams upon his own name. "He had learned from an oracle, he said, that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny had been foretold for him. He rolled his beautiful soft eyes. With the aid of soapwort he foamed at the mouth as if possessed. The poor people had known his mother and had no conception of her illustrious lineage; but there was no disputing with an oracle, and Alexander was received with an ovation, all the town bowing down before him, and he then prepared for his next step."

The serpent was throughout the East the symbol of wisdom and immortality; with its tail in its mouth it represented the circle of eternity; by the annual shedding of its tail it was supposed to renew its life forever. From the time of the lifting up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness it had been the special emblem of the art of healing, and if the divine physician ever appeared on earth in visible shape a snake's was the form which he might be expected to assume. Alexander's Macedonian purchase, which was of enormous size, was now about to be utilized. He had tamed and trained it until it would coil about his body and remain in any position which he desired;

**He Had Made a Human Face for It Out of Linen,**

had painted the mask cleverly, and had made a contrivance of horse-hair so that the mouth would open and shut. The creature had grown used to this mask and wore it without objection. The prophet now provided himself with a goose egg, blew out the contents and placed inside a small snake just born, covered up the cracks in the shell with wax and white lead and concealed the egg in a muddy pool in the foundations of the new temple. Next morning he rushed into the market place almost naked and in a state of frenzy, a girdle of golden tissue about his waist, his hair streaming, his eyes flashing, his mouth foaming and the Perseus falchion whirling about his head. An excited crowd gathered around him. "Blessed be this town," he cried, "and blessed the dwellers in it! The day the prophecy is fulfilled and God comes to take his place among us!" Then he made an oration in an unknown tongue—some said in Hebrew, others in Phœnician—the only distinguishable words being the names of Apollo and Æsculapius; then set up the familiar Psalm of the Sun-God, and, followed by the crowd singing the chorus, moved to the Temple, where he offered a prayer to Æsculapius, and, calling for a bowl, scooped the egg out of the mud. "Æsculapius is here!" he said solemnly, as he broke the shell, and the delirious crowd saw the tiny creature twisting about his fingers. He bore it back in his bosom to his dwelling, followed by the triumphant population. There was a judicious pause of a few days, during which the news spread with electrical rapidity throughout the whole Black Sea region, and multitudes

**Flocked to the Birthplace of Æsculapius.**

Alexander was ready for their reception. He had erected a booth with a door at each end, a railed passage leading from one to the other. Behind the railing, in a subdued light, he sat, the great serpent wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering amid the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed, but occasionally the prophet lifted his arm, and then appeared the awful face, the mouth moving and the forked tongue darting in and out. The rapidity with which this enormous creature had grown up from the tiny snake found in the egg, far from exciting any suspicion, was accepted as an additional proof of the miracle. Rich worshippers came with valuable gifts, and those who gave most liberally were permitted to touch the creature. Images of the god were made in brass and silver, and circulated by thousands. All Asia Minor heard and rejoiced over the good news that the gods still lived, and in the darkest hours of the old faith had wrought this miracle to confute alike the Christians and the philosophers. At length it was told that the deity had spoken and proclaimed itself Glycon, the sweet one, third in descent from Zeus, and the light of the world; and the temple having been completed, with proper accommodation for Æsculapius and his prophet-priest, public announcement was made that the god, for a fit consideration, would answer any question which might be put to him.

There was at first some doubt as to the tariff to be charged. Amphilochus, who had emigrated from Thebes to Cilicia, and had been

**Prophesying There for a Thousand Years,**

charged two obals—or six cents—for each oracle, but money had fallen in value and a god could not afford to make his direct communications too cheap, so the price was fixed at twenty-five cents. Days and hours were set when inquiries would be received; they were to send in their names beforehand, and to write their names on a paper or parchment, which they were at liberty to seal as they pleased. After a day, or sometimes two days, the packets were restored with the answers attached. The seals were apparently unbroken, but the packages had been opened by passing a heated knife blade under the wax, or an impression in collyrium had been taken, and a new seal made. Most of the inquirers asked about their health, and Alexander was doctor enough to be able in most cases to read in their faces what was wrong. He had a special panacea of his own—a harmless plaster of goat's fat. The names of the inquirers being known, information was obtained from the slaves, or companions, by the pumping process resorted to by the wizard in "Hudibras." Shrewd guesses were regarded as miracles, and mistakes were forgotten. In cases of difficulty, the prophet could give an opinion couched in magniloquent but ambiguous phraseology. To lovers, to aspiring politicians, to expectant heirs, the reply was returned that the facts were undecided, and that everything depended upon faith in Æsculapius, and the intercessions of his prophet.

The business done was immense. Each question was separately paid for, and many visitors asked ten or fifteen.

**An Army of Munificently Paid Disciples**

found occupation as servants, spies, manufacturers of oracles, keepers of seals or interpreters, for the god answered the querists in their own languages, to their overwhelming admiration. Emissaries were sent throughout the empire to spread the fame of the oracle, instigate fools to consult it and send back particulars of the nature of their errand. The revenue of the shrine was immense, being swollen by the offerings of the grateful and of the believers in the old pagan cultus. The god proclaimed that to him gold and silver were nothing. His only desire was that his prophet and servant should receive due honor.

The imposture was, of course, attacked both by men of science, who persisted that miracles were out of the course of nature and any worker of them must be necessarily a humbug, and by the Christians, who regarded Alexander as a missionary of the devil.

Of the allies against Alexander the Epicureans were made more dangerous than the Christians. Lepidus, the Roman pro-prætor, was a man of sense and culture, from whom the provincial capital, Amestris, took its intellectual tone. So many ingenious tricks had been played upon the prophet from that quarter that he was compelled to announce that no questions from Amestris would be answered. A good deal of mockery followed and, to revive the faith of his worshippers, Æsculapius gave up the practice of making his revelations secretly to his prophet and began to deliver them viva voce. A tube was fitted, through which articulate noises could be made to issue from the snake's mouth

**With the Help of a Confederate Behind the Curtain;**

only select visitors were admitted to these especially sacred performances, and a high price was charged. But the experiment was successful, as not only did the fact that the serpent-god was speaking refresh the faith of his worshippers, but the messages delivered by word or mouth, being taken down to be given afterwards to the world, could be corrected before publication. The advantage of this plan was soon made manifest. Verus had sent Severian to make war on the Armenians, and the oracle had given the general an encouraging reply. Severian, however, was cut off with his whole army, and Alexander promptly revealed his fact that the oracle had said, "Go not against the Armenians, where death and disaster await thee," and that, consequently, the catastrophe proved the accuracy of the god! It may be added that Alexander was too clever to set up as a monopolist and provoke professional jealousies, and so would occasionally tell a patient that he had no message for him, and send him to another shrine.

# THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

## A Protest Against Periodical Purgatories Which Exhaust the Pocket and Enfeeble the Digestion.

The strawberry festival season is upon us, says an exchange, and there is a tart expression upon the face of the average beau. The strawberry festival is a favorite method made use of by the churches to replenish their coffers, and are much enjoyed by those devout persons who take their earthly pleasures in their mildest forms, in fact in homeopathic doses. The "good of the cause" is always expected to make up for the bad of the strawberry, and in this way the delight of the evening is about equally balanced. It always was a strange thing to us that the good people of churches should enjoy fairs in winter and strawberry festivals in summer. It often struck us as compared with a horse race or a good theatrical performance such pious pleasures seemed very stale and flat, if not unprofitable. To be hauled around a hot room and accosted by nice-looking girls and solicited to buy things you had not the slightest use for, to take chances that you know you would never realize upon, to be swindled right before your face, feeling that if you did not spend freely you would be set down as mean, and if you did you would be laughed at for a fool afterwards; to know all the time that you are making a silly spectacle of yourself and allowing yourself to be wheedled out of your money for one tough oyster in a bowl of soup or

**A Sour or Rotten Strawberry in a Mass of Frozen Milk,**

was never a mode of enjoyment that struck us as being particularly exhilarating. And yet there are people who look so soberly at life that they find intense relish in a chasing the solitary bivalve to its opaline depths and gorging the acid strawberry with writhing countenance. It may be that there is a holy joy—a peculiar kind of pleasure—a sanctified satisfaction in these devout dissipations that the wicked sons of Pelial cannot know. Perhaps the India rubber oyster is miraculously mellow and the sour strawberry seductively sweet to a pious palate. It may be that the church member has a regenerated taste and don't mind sand when grinding strawberries in the interest of the heathen. The same luxurious indulgence would set a sinner's teeth on edge more effectually than if all his fathers and grandfathers for generations back had eaten nothing else but sour grapes. We can't understand it. We only know that we can taste last year's strawberry festival yet, when, with that reckless charity which distinguishes us, we bit into those red balls of vitriol and could chew alum for twenty minutes without being able to tell it from rock candy. We suppose church members enjoy them or they would not hold them. It may be that they regard such things as penance for sin, or a part of their duty on earth, or as a religious ceremony.

**For if We Believed That Any Person Enjoyed**

anything so unfair as a fair, or so unconvivial as a strawberry festival, we should pity that person from the bottom of our heart of hearts. For that life must have been lonely and barren and wretched indeed that could imagine such an ordeal a pleasure. We know there are persons who believe that ladies like these periodical purgatories. This is simply a delusion. Single girls take part in them to test the patience and politeness, the wealth and the wisdom of the young men. The wives patronize them when they have grudges against their husbands, and do it more in the interest of colic than charity. We can never be induced to believe that any human being who ever experienced or realized an hour of real fun and pleasure, could teach or discipline himself into believing that he enjoyed one of these. And we are sure there are thousands who think with us, especially young men of moderate means and discriminating taste.

### THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

**Time Has Changed and Tamed Him—No Room for Him, "Except Up-Stairs."**

[Philadelphia Press.]

Time has changed the college graduate and tamed him. A bluer, more dispirited, less hopeful set of young fellows is not to be found than the 2000 or so who are regretfully packing their trunks in one pretty college town and another, bidding good-by with a lump in the throat and a blank prospect in the future. The old variety of college student still survives on rare occasions in out-of-the-way colleges which teach the old students in the old way; but the modern college course brings a man's ignorance home as the old curriculum never did. The opening paths of science, on which each student paces a few steps, just far enough to see it branching off in illimitable perspective, leave him humble. The din of the world is heard in every college town, and the noise of the captains and their shouting, and the average student, as he peers out just before he is kicked into the dusty arena, sees all the places full, no room, "except up-stairs," and the stairs hopelessly blocked. He has had four years of the only leisure most busy men know, his mind has become alert rather than industrious, and, keenly aware that no one thing he has learned makes bread-getting easier, he comes back from academic idleness and quiet to the swift industries of modern life feeling, like the prodigal son, satisfied if he can be even as one of the hired servants in his father's house.

Compensations there are, but he does not know it; wide opportunity and advantage lies before him, but his eyes are sealed. He will start below other men who have "improved" the four years of a college course in learning the minor machinery of some calling, and he will find himself pulling past them as the years lengthen. But whether success comes or not; whether the wider world knows him or the narrow burg is ignorant of him; if he uses the keys of light and learning which a college course has put in his hands, he will find that in all that makes life more than a mere living, his education has opened for him hid treasures and spread a table in the arid wilderness of middle age. For he belongs, if he has learned aright the teachings of his books, to that small number in every nation who places the creation of mental and moral values above the founding of fortunes and the pursuit of fame, and by such men nations live.

### The Floating Population of a Chinese City.

As we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of this strange land is the vast wilderness of boats, which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more than 100,000 human beings. As our steamer made its way slowly through this city of boats to her wharf, it seemed as if half of Canton was afloat on the water. All around us were acres, yea, square miles of junks, moored in blocks or squares, with long streets or canals between them, while darting hither and thither were hundreds on hundreds of others, carrying passengers or freight. These boats are of various sizes and shapes, and are partly covered with bamboo matting, the one or two apartments furnishing space for parlor, kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, woodshed, barn and idol shrine. These multitudes on multitudes of men and women, parents and children, grandparents and babies find a home, each boat often sheltering more souls than Noah had in his ark. There thousands are born, grow up, grow old and die, seldom being on land until carried there for burial. Many of these boats are manned by women and girls, whose large, bare, unbound feet prove that they are not Chinese ladies, and yet they have learned to "paddle their own canoe." Babies are fastened to the deck by strings, and other children wear life-preservers of gourds and bamboo to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard, though the parents do not seem to grieve much if one does get drowned. There are larger and more gayly decorated junks called "flower-boats," used as floating pleasure houses of no good reputation. A few years ago a typhoon swamped thousands of these small craft and hundreds of inmates were drowned.

### The Philadelphia View of Love.

"As a matter of course love is the simplest thing in the world, and it is perfectly easy for any newspaper to tell what it is," remarks an analytic philosopher in the Philadelphia Times. "The only difficulty about it lies in the fact that to different people and in different seasons love comes in different forms. That is why so many have trouble to understand it. It comes in the summer in the shape of ice cream and picnics, and in the winter it means oysters and the theatre. Sometimes it is a sleigh ride or a boat ride, and sometimes it is an evening on the front steps, or an hour in the parlor, or a swing on the front gate, but it is always love. Love may even come in less pretentious shape. It may apppear in a pint of peanuts, or in a mouthful of taffy, or in ten cents' worth of caramels. It may be even the circus. Love is a pleasing thing, which sometimes endures and sometimes doesn't. It thrives very well when the sun shines, but it gets a good deal put out in a storm. Young people expect much of love. They want it in great variety, and it is little wonder that so few of them know what it is. There are people, however, who have lived long enough to know that love is merely—absent-mindedness."

# BRIC-A-BRAC.

### July.

The summer harvest day begun,
With cloudless dawn and flaming sun;
Ripe grain the sickle flashes through;
The sweep of scythes in morning dew;
The nooning underneath the trees
Made cool by sea or mountain breeze;
The thunder shower, the clearing sky,
And sunset splendor of July.
—[John G. Whittier.

God made the country, says the sage,
And man has made the crowded town;
Then be my future pilgrimage
'Mong clover-heads and thistle down;
To walk with nature hand in hand,
In nature's pure and simple way,
And 'neath the elm and maple stand,
Embalmed with breath of new-mown hay.
—[Frank J. Ottarson.

The robin sings, as of old, from the limb!
The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush!
The rich milk-tinging buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge.
—[James Russell Lowell.

### Like Unto a Newspaper.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelina. "Why so?" inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

### The Summer Moon.

[Mary A. Sawyer.]

Ah, cloudless moon, forever hang
High in the starry sky!
Forever let thy mellow light
Our longing eyes descry!

Forever clothe the slender twig,
The flow'ret bathed in dew,
The stately tree, the clinging vine,
With beauty ever new!

Forever on the silvered sea,
And on the shining sand,
Pour the full radiance of thy glance
And make it fairyland!

### Propriety.

"Aunty, dear, the young artist, Herr Schmidt, again entreated me at the ball last evening to lend him my photograph, which he says will be of inestimable value to him in painting his new picture. He promises to return it as soon as the picture is finished. May I give it to him?" Aunt—"Well, I think it will be all right if you enclose with it a picture of your mother or some other elderly person; to send your picture alone to an artist's atelier would be a terrible breach of etiquette."

### Benevolence and Gratitude.

[Ivan Tourgenieff.]

The Virtues were invited once
To banquet with the Lord of All.
They came—the great ones rather grim
And not so pleasant as the small.

They talked and chatted o'er the meal,
They even laughed with temperate glee,
And each one knew the other well,
And all were good as good could be.

Benevolence and Gratitude
Alone of all seemed "strangers yet,"
They stared when they were introduced—
On earth they never once had met.

### Can a Woman Keep a Secret?

[Anon.]

"Annabel Jane": Of course a woman can keep a secret. A great deal better than a man can. One little secret will last a woman through a two-hour shopping excursion, a mite society, a missionary circle, ten calls and a household furniture auction, and there's enough of it left to tell her husband when he gets home. Now, a man would forget three-fifths of both ends of it before he could get half so far with it. A woman can't keep a secret? Annabel, she can keep it on the dead run more miles in more hours than a man can make it walk.

### Stolen Kisses.

[The Judge.]

The unripe, wind-fall peach, in all its greenness,
Ranks not with fruit grown mellow in the sun—
A kiss, quick-snatched, has all a niggard's meanness,
The joy's confined to one.

A kiss should mark a pause—no semicolon,
But a strong period: set to emphasize;
Nor can you linger o'er a booty stolen
As o'er a lawful prize.

These are my theories on osculation;
Let others steal their tiny tastes of heaven,
And, thief-like, gain their kiss by depredation—
I'll wait till mine is given.

### A Home Thrust.

[Wall Street News.]

"I have made it a rule through life," he said at the lunch table the other day to the man at his left, "never to meddle with another man's business." "That's right, perfectly right," was the reply. "But I see you have a new confidential clerk?" "Yes, sir—yes." "He's a hard-looking case. I've seen him drunk a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a nickel. Took him in out of charity, eh?" "Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my oldest son." Then there was a period of silence, so painful that both wished some one would yell "Fire" to break it.

### Apparitions.

[Robert Browning.]

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star!

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace,
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face.

### Why She Grieved.

"You needn't take on so dreadfully!" exclaimed one of the group of ladies around the bride, whose husband had just been left at the last station; "he'll come on the next train."

"I sup-suppose so," sobbed the bereaved one; "in-indeed I know he—he will."

"Then what are you crying about?" demanded the sympathizer. "You have only a few hours to wait."

"Y-yes, I—I know, but—but we made such a fuss over e-each other when we first c-came aboard that ev-everybody knows we-we're married, and there won't an-any young man ask me if—if this seat's engaged!"

### Castle-Building.

[G. H. Jessop.]

What! building castles in the air?
I've reared such structures in my time,
And still find ruins here and there,
All ivy grown with silly rhyme.
We cannot build an edifice
With fancy stone and sanguine mortar,
Which, in the winter of what is,
Won't crumble and let in the water.

You see, the fancy takes such scope,
It cannot finish all its forms,
And when the architect is Hope,
There's no allowance made for storms.
Build and adorn them ne'er so fast,
They vanish ere you touch the gilding;
You cannot fashion them to last—
'Tis waste of time, this castle-building.

### What is Needed at West Point.

[Denver News.]

West Point wants $22,000 to mend its barracks and to build a new gymnasium. The money should be forthcoming as soon as possible. West Point has not kept pace of late with the other great educational institutions of the country. The academy has no base ball club worthy of the name, and its oarsmen, if it has any, have never distinguished themselves in any of the great college regattas. It is true that the young men are now taught to ride horseback, and to leap through burning hoops and across outstretched banners, in true circus style, but this does not fill the measure of public expectation. Base ball, boxing and rowing should be given prominent places in the course of study. Without these manly and ennobling sports our army can never reach the highest degree of excellence.

### Seasonable Sentiments.

[Somerville Journal.]

The student of the college
Gives up pursuit of knowledge,
And at the beach he seeks the girls to mash, mash, mash;
Or, scorning idle pleasure,
Devotes his summer leisure
To earning honest dollars slinging hash, hash, hash.

Now the apothecary
Doth deem it necessary
To closely scan the men who soda drink, drink, drink;
So that he may not stir up
Their wrath by giving syrup
Entirely inconsistent with a wink, wink, wink.

The small boy goes in swimming,
With very little trimming
Or ornament to deck his bathing suit, suit, suit;
In fact, quite unhampered,
As Adam when he tampered
In Eden with the interdicted fruit, fruit, fruit.

### Jumping for a Wife.

The following amusing incident is related in Leslie's Autobiography:

"Single ladies," said Captain Morgan, "often cross the water under the especial care of the captain of the ship. A very fascinating young lady was placed under my care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked my advice. 'Come on deck,' said I, 'the first day when it is perfectly calm—the gentlemen will, of course, all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down; then do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will be the first to jump after you. I will take care of you.'"

A calm day soon came, the captain's suggestion was followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at the same instant. Between these two the lady could not decide.

"Take the man that didn't jump," said the captain, "he's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."

# THE BEACON STREET PUZZLE

OR,

# UNRAVELLING A TANGLED SKEIN.

## The Story of Donald Dyke's Closing Case.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

INSPECTOR BURR AT WORK.

It now becomes necessary to follow for a short time the skilled rival of Donald Dyke, Inspector Burr, whose experiences become of vital interest to our story.

At the moment that Dyke left Roland Mayhew alone with the one-armed ex-soldier, who was no other than Burr in disguise, the latter said:

"You are in some new trouble, Mr. Mayhew!"

The young man briefly explained.

"So your bride has run away with another fellow, so soon?"

"I can't believe that to be the case. There is fraud somewhere."

"Undoubtedly. But that doesn't alter the fact that she has gone away with another man, if not a handsomer one."

"I do not think she went voluntarily."

"Do you think she was kidnapped?"

"I think so."

"That's absurd!"

"Surely you do not believe her capable of deserting me in this heartless manner?"

"I can't answer for her capabilities. But I know that she was not carried away by force."

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw her leave the Mt. Vernon street house."

"You saw her?"

"Yes."

"Then you were in the vicinity?"

"Of course."

"How did it happen?"

"I 'shadowed' a person. He led me to the house in question, and there he was joined by your bride."

The young man's countenance grew deathly pale.

"Then the man with whom she went away was a criminal?"

"I suspect him as one."

"Who was it?"

"A fellow named Chase."

"Why were you shadowing him?"

"Because I suspect him of complicity in the robbery of your father's safe."

"Did you call at the house from which my wife was taken?"

"Yes."

"Did they not know whither she had gone?"

"No."

The heart of the young man grew heavy with sudden dread. The discoveries of Inspector Burr agreed with those of Donald Dyke. Of the two, Burr's testimony was more darkly against Stella.

Could it be true!

"Don't look so lugubrious, Mayhew," the inspector exclaimed.

"I do not think I have reason for appearing very much elated."

"So you begin to think that the pretty coatmaker has fooled you?"

"I do not know what to believe."

"Then I'll tell you."

"Well?"

"Believe that there can be circumstances which it is impossible to fully understand. Because you are not able to leap at the solution of a mystery, you mustn't decide that there can be no satisfactory solution."

"Then you believe it possible that Stella's departure was not wholly voluntary?"

"I haven't advanced any theory yet. I don't intend to. But, as the case which I am 'piping' leads me to this new complication, I will endeavor to clear it up. But I want your assistance."

"How can I assist you?"

"By 'posting' me concerning the lady. Tell me if you know Robert Chase. Give me every point concerning this matter. I desire all or none."

Mayhew complied, giving substantially the same points which have already been given the reader in the young man's answers to Donald Dyke's questions. Roland repeated his declaration that Robert Chase was "a humdrum fellow."

Inspector Burr snapped his fingers significantly.

"I should say he was a humdrum fellow!" he exclaimed.

"What do you know about him?"

"Enough."

"Then he is a suspicious character?"

"Rather."

"You suspect him of complicity in the safe robbery?"

"Yes."

"What cause have you for your suspicions?"

"I have good grounds. And that is where I am ahead of my rival."

"Do you really think, then, that you are on the right track?"

"I feel feel sure of it."

"Is Chase the culprit?"

"He is the principal one."

"Then, if you can get your hands on him, the case will soon be ended?"

"Perhaps not."

"Why?"

"Because I would not arrest him without stronger evidence."

"What do you know about him?"

"He is an old acquaintance of mine."

"What do you mean?"

"If you will promise not to give the point to my rival, I'll tell you?"

"I promise."

"Robert Chase, alias 'Harry Bird,' was convicted of a noted robbery in New York City two years ago. I ferreted out the crime and captured my man. Six months later he escaped from Sing Sing. I have been looking for him ever since, but didn't strike his trail till you engaged me upon this case. The method of this crime is the same as that in New York. And now I know that Chase, alias Bird, is in this city. I'm doubly sure that he is at the bottom of this Beacon-street affair."

"How, then, do you explain my father's singular behavior?"

"It isn't explained. My first lookout is to get my hands on the robber."

Inspector Burr continued:

"This is where Donald Dyke and I differ in our methods. He keeps digging away at the complications in a case, while I am striking at the root."

"I like your method best."

"So do I. It has never yet failed. Still, I must acknowledge that Dyke has been remarkably successful in the past, and as this is the first case upon which we have been rivals, I do not expect to win without a struggle. I have the advantage of a prior acquaintance with Robert Chase, and I count that as something."

By this time the twain had reached Cambridge street, and, somewhat abruptly, Inspector Burr said:

"I'll leave you now; I'm a one-armed soldier, and it won't do for us to be seen together. I have a special mission, and in time you shall know how it succeeds."

They separated, the inspector going at a slow, hesitating pace toward a saloon in an adjacent basement.

As he entered, he encountered a tall, sandy-complexioned individual, whom he accosted familiarly.

"I say, Cap'n!"

The stranger, who seemed a trifle the worse for liquor, stared a moment in silence, and then retorted:

"What'll you have, co'po'al?"

"I was looking for a man."

"Well, what is that to me?"

"I wanted you to direct me where to find him."

"Who is it?"

"Robert Chase."

"What do you want of him?"

"To deliver a message."

"From whom?"

"That is *our* business."

"It may be mine, too."

"How?"

"Chase has gone away, and he intrusted me with some private business."

"Where has he gone!"

"That doesn't matter."

The man continued:

"Give me the message and I'll see it delivered all right."

"How do I know that you are a friend of his?"

"You'll have to take my word for it, I suppose."

"That won't do."

"Then you might as well throw away your message."

"Will you not tell me where Chase has gone?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know."

"Then how can you deliver the message?"

"I will take it to a certain place, and he will get it."

"Tell me the place, and I'll carry it."

"No. I have orders not to do that."

Inspector Burr, seeing that the man would not yield a point, decided to give up to him.

He produced an envelope which was unsealed, saying:

"The message is important, but I'll have to trust you to deliver it. There ought not to be an hour's delay."

The man took the envelope and said:

"I'll see that it is all right."

Burr then walked rapidly up the street, though he took pains to keep the stranger in view.

He saw the latter enter an alley and open the letter. Then he thrust it into a pocket and rapidly proceeded toward Green street.

Inspector Burr "shadowed" him presistently. He saw him enter a many-storied basement house. Ten minutes later he emerged from the building, accompanied by a very feeble, aged man.

The latter seemed to walk with great difficulty, using a stout cane, which he thumped with pendulum-like regularity upon the sidewalk.

Burr followed the twain until they reached a smaller, quieter building. This they entered, the old man leading the way.

Scarce had they stepped inside before the detective rang a bell at the same door.

It was quickly opened, and by the aged person who had just entered.

Burr hastily said, appearing as though deeply disturbed:

"Where is the man who just entered here with you?"

In a remarkably strong and crisp tone for a man of such apparently advanced age, the other answered:

"He has gone up stairs."

And he continued:

"What do you want of him?"

"To rectify a mistake."

"What is it?"

"I gave him a message to deliver to some one else a few moments ago, and I now find that I gave him the wrong letter."

"So you wish to exchange?"

"Yes."

"Come in and we'll see about it."

Burr entered, although he felt sure that the invitation of the venerable-looking gentleman boded him no good.

He was shown into a small, plainly furnished room. Then the old man turned away, saying:

"I will summon my friend, and you can rectify your blunder."

Before the man could leave the room, however, Inspector Burr seized his arm firmly.

"You needn't call him!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Because I had rather talk with you."

"Talk about what?"

"About yourself."

And Burr quietly added:

"That disguise of yours, Robert Chase, is too thin; so we might as well cease our masquerading and proceed to solid work!"

### CHAPTER XX.

ANNA GRAY.

We will return to Donald Dyke, whom we left in such a thrilling situation at the close of chapter 18.

The detective clung tenaciously to the arm of his companion. The latter struggled desperately to free herself.

At that moment a step sounded upon the threshold, and Donald saw a seemingly aged man standing in the doorway.

The stranger leaned upon a stout cane and gazed stadfastly upon the strange tableau presented to his gaze.

Again Anna Gray said, in a whisper which was audible only to the detective:

"I beg of you, release me!"

And, with intense eagerness, she continued:

"Do so, and I promise to disclose to you that which you are so anxious to learn."

Dyke felt strongly impelled to grant the singularly eager appeal of the girl. But the suspicion that her earnestness was only feigned for the purpose of carrying her point prevented his doing so.

At this moment the old man in the doorway spoke, in tremulous tones.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, father, protect me!" cried the girl.

The old man advanced, raising his cane threateningly.

"Release my daughter, sir!" he commanded.

Donald Dyke, believing all this by-play to be only a farce intended to deceive him, quietly returned:

"You had better not attempt to strike me."

"Why not?"

"Because it will not do you any good, and it may prove unfortunate to you."

"I won't strike if you will release my daughter and leave this house."

The detective, who had hastily decided what to do, said:

"This girl is your daughter, is she?"

The old man answered:

"She is."

"Do you live here?"

"No."

"Then what brings you here at this time of night?"

"I came after my child."

"This girl you mean?"

"Yes."

"Were you going to take her home?"

"Yes."

And in a whining tone the old man continued:

"My daughter is somewhat wayward, and I have to keep her constantly under surveillance."

"Is your name Gray?"

The detective saw the girl attempt to make a signal to the old man; but the latter did not observe it, and answered:

"No, my name isn't Gray."

This response, showing that there had been no previous understanding between them, also proved that the gypsyish Anna was not the old man's daughter.

Thus the detective was furnished with an excuse for disputing the man's assertions.

"What is your name?" the detective asked.

"Jones."

"Then you are looking for the wrong girl."

"What do you mean?"

"This girl's name is Anna Gray."

"It is, eh?"

"I have her word for it."

The detective was surprised by that which followed.

The seeming old man uttered a torrent of fierce oaths, flourished his cane and fairly danced up and down in his rage.

Donald became conscious that Anna was trembling like an aspen leaf. A glance at her face disclosed a picture of terror and dismay.

She clung to the arm of the detective and exclaimed, in a low, frightened tone:

"Oh! why did you say that? He will kill me!"

The old man was for the moment so overcome with passion that he could neither hear nor understand the low, hastily-exchanged words between Anna and the detective. The latter asked:

"Why are you so frightened?"

"Because you have told him that I revealed my real name. He forbade my doing so."

"And you are afraid of him?"

"Yes—he will show me no mercy."

That Anna Gray's terror was genuine could not be doubted. And at this juncture it became evident it was not unfounded.

The old man advanced and seized the girl roughly by the shoulder, exclaiming in harsh, angry tones:

"So you told this man your name, did you?"

Anna Gray shrank closer to the detective.

"He compelled me to," she answered.

"You wasn't obliged to give him that name."

"I dared not deceive him."

"But you dared disobey me!"

"No—no!"

The old man uttered another fierce oath and lifted his cane. The detective, half-suspecting that this was all a cleverly acted farce, released the girl's arm and stepped backward a single pace. But at that instant the old man brought down his cane with a severity which was unfeigned. Hesitating no longer, Donald Dyke sprang forward, caught the descending cane and wrenched it from the other's grasp.

The old man involuntarily released the girl and faced our hero.

"What did you do that for?" he uttered, furiously.

"In defence of the weaker party," was the quiet response.

"By what right?"

"I did it by might."

The detective continued:

"If you wish to recover your cane you will have to do so by the same power."

"You think I'm old and feeble, do you?"

"You don't appear as though you were."

"Well, you'll find out that I'm not very feeble, if I am old."

The old man, who seemed beside himself with passion, added:

"My daughter has disobeyed me, and I claim the right of inflicting a punishment which will teach her to respect my commands."

"How has she disobeyed you?"

"By yielding to your questioning."

"I am to blame for that."

"So is she."

"Perhaps. But you shall not strike her."

"Who will prevent?"

"I have foiled you once."

"You shall not again."

That the great detective possessed an object in thus incensing the anger of the strange old man to an uncontrollable pitch shall presently appear.

The stranger seemed to have no power over himself when seized by a fit of anger, and now, with another outburst of profanity, he leaped toward the detective, his hands clenched. He met with an unexpected reception, however.

Donald Dyke easily parried the wildly delivered blows, and, grappling with his adversary, flung the latter to the floor.

Anna Gray, white and trembling, watched the brief conflict with evident anxiety.

The instant that the man whom she had addressed as father was overpowered, she stepped forward and said:

"Pray do not injure him."

The detective, who was holding his opponent in such a way that the latter could make no effective resistence, quietly returned:

"Then you had rather he would strike you, as he attempted to do?"

"No."

The girl shuddered, casting an apprehensive glance into the face of the old man.

"Why, then, do you wish me to spare him?"

"I have good reasons."

"He is not your father?"

"Yes, he is!"

This was uttered so hesitatingly that Donald knew it was not so; and he now felt convinced that the girl was only defending the villain because she feared his wrath when he should regain his liberty.

Speaking in a stern voice, he said:

"He is not your father, and I shall show him no mercy unless he yields to me!"

Then pressing the muzzle of a revolver against the man's temple, he continued, addressing the latter:

"I will give you one minute in which to tell me your real name. A second's delay will seal your doom?"

The old man, resuming the whining, tremulous tones which he had first used, said:

"You would not take the life of one so decrepid and helpless as I?"

"You have my word for it."

"I have told you my name."

"It was a false one."

"Well, then, my real name is Gray."

"Is Anna your daughter? Remember, if I catch you in a falsehood I will execute my threat?"

"She is not my daughter."

Donald felt sure that the last of those two replies were truthful, and as he had no time to waste, he proceeded to carry out the plan which he had formed before precipitating a conflict with the erratic old man.

Producing a pair of handcuffs, with which he was always provided, he closed them upon the wrists of Gray.

Then, turning to Anna, he said:

"Come with me, and I will release you forever from the fear of this tyrant!"

Before the girl could demur, the detective led her hastily from the room. He brought out the lamp, and closed and locked the door, clinging to the arm of Anna the while.

Pausing for a moment at the door, Dyke called to Gray, who was indulging in impotent threats and oaths:

"If you make an uproar, my man, a policeman will take you to other quarters, but if you choose to keep quiet I will return in due time and release you!"

This resulted in quieting the man.

Then the detective led Anna Gray across the hallway to the door of Lavinia Rankin's apartments. At the same moment the door was opened, and Lavinia, seemingly more beautiful than before, stood before them.

And there followed, within the next few moments, a most extraordinary scene, resulting in the disclosure of the first tangible clew to the great Beacon street puzzle!

### CHAPTER XXI.

BURR GAINS IMPORTANT POINTS.

We will go back to the small tenement house on Green street, where we left Inspector Burr and the disguised person whom he charged with being Robert Chase.

The latter showed no agitation, in spite of the suddenness of the inspector's accusation. He did not even attempt to release his arm.

The pretended old gentleman calmly retorted:

"I think, sir, that you have made a slight mistake."

And he added:

"I am not Robert Chase."

Inspector Burr was somewhat surprised by the complacent denial.

The voice of the putative old man was really unlike that of Robert Chase. It dawned upon the inspector that even he had committed an error.

However, he quietly rejoined:

"Possibly I am mistaken."

"You are."

"Then you will be willing to prove my error?"

"Yes."

"Do so, then."

"How?"

"By removing your disguise."

The old man laughed.

"I will do so, upon one condition," he said.

"Name it."

"That you do the same."

"Who said that I was disguised?"

"No need for any one to say so. One-armed soldiers don't go into the detective profession."

"So you think I am a detective?"

"I know you are."

"Perhaps you know my name also?"

"No."

"I will tell you if you will remove your disguise."

"Agreed."

"Off with that gray wig and beard of yours then."

"Not until you give me your name."

"I am Inspector Burr."

"Oho!"

The seeming old man appeared greatly amused. He continued:

"I have heard of you."

"I thought likely. Now let me see whom you are."

"Not so fast."

"Aren't you going to remove your disguise, as you agreed?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you do so, then?"

"Because I'm not ready."

"How long do you propose to wait?"

"Until I'm out of your sight."

"So you intend only a quibble?"

"That is all."

Burr quickly raised a whistle to his lips, bent upon calling assistance before it should be too late.

From the first he believed that he had been led hither to fall into a snare. Therefore he determined to forestall treachery.

But, before he could make the intended signal, the old man authoritatively said:

"Stop!"

And, in the momentary hesitation of the detective, the man continued, pointing toward a door which stood slightly ajar.

"If you blow that call it will be a signal for your own doom?"

Burr glanced in the direction indicated. At the same time he experienced a sense of sudden horror.

The muzzle of a rifle, protruding through the crevice, threatened his life with ominous certainty.

For an instant the peril of his situation startled him. But he did not lose his presence of mind nor coolness of exterior. He lowered the whistle and calmly said:

"I think I'll not blow this time."

"I thought so, too," was the grim rejoinder.

Realizing he was face to face with a desperate, yet cool and crafty criminal, Inspector Burr governed himself accordingly.

"Perhaps we had best come to an understanding of some sort," he declared, looking the stranger calmly in the eye.

"That is so."

"I propose that we part company."

"Forever."

"No—only for the present."

"That won't do."

"How, then?"

"If you wish to return to the street alive you must first make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"That you will say nothing about this affair to a policeman for an hour."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"I promise, then."

"Remember your promise forbids your calling the police to arrest any one."

"Very well."

"Go, then—you are free."

Inspector Burr made haste to return to the street.

But he did not yet consider himself outwitted. He had made the required promise willingly, otherwise he would not have made it at all. He yielded to his enemies only because it best suited his purpose to do so. As yet he had gained little, but he was not yet through with the seeming old man nor his accomplice.

He entered a saloon in the vicinity and made a change in his disguise. While engaged in this operation, however, he did not lose sight, for an instant, of the door of the tenement house in which he had met with such a singular adventure.

A quarter of an hour later he approached a rear door of the same building and knocked. From within came the sounds of rapid, heavy footsteps moving to and fro.

A second knock resulted in a somewhat abrupt opening of the door.

A coarse, bloated, yet feminine visage confronted the detective.

"How are you, Biddy?" was Inspector Burn's salfitation.

"Biddy" sharply retorted: "I'm well enough, sure. But me name isn't Biddy at all."

"What is it, then?"

"Kate Connelly."

"Do you live here?"

"I does."

"Up-stairs or down?"

"In the basemint."

"Who lives upon the next floor?"

"Me cousin, Mary."

"Is Mary a widow?"

"No. Why d'ye axe that?"

"Who is her husband?"

"Pat Morris."

"What kind of a man is he?"

The repulsive face of the woman grew dark with passion.

"He is a brute, to be sure!" she grunted.

"A brute, eh?"

"He is that."

"Why?"

"He about pounded the life out o' Mary this mornin'!"

"How was that?"

"He was mad at her, a coorse. He's a bad man, Pat Morris is."

"Why was he so angry with Mary?"

"Because she wouldn't help him in his maneness."

"He wished her to aid him in some crime?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I don't know."

"Describe Morris."

"What for?"

"To see if I know him."

The woman complied. The description was of the same Morris whom Donald Dyke "shadowed" from the Beacon street mall to the house on Phillips street. It likewise tallied with the appearance of the man to whom Burr had given the message to deliver to Robert Chase.

Of course Inspector Burr knew nothing concerning the experiences which fell to the lot of his rival a few hours later. It will become evident to the reader, however, that the rival detectives' investigations were leading them toward the same point. It was still a question as to which should arrive at the goal first.

When the woman had finished her description of Morris, which she supplemented with numerous characteristic remarks concerning his depravity and abuse of Mary, Inspector Burr said:

"Pat Morris must be a very bad man. But there is somebody who puts him up to his villainy."

"So there is, bad 'cess to him!" was the vehement response.

"Who is it?"

"He is an oold man. I doosn't know his name."

"Does he come to this house?"

"Sometimes."

At this juncture hasty footsteps sounded from behind the communicative Irishwoman.

The latter turned and exclaimed:

"Here is me cousin, Mary."

At the same time the latter, who was a small, pale-faced woman, and whose countenance wore an expression of habitual fear, stepped forward and lifted one thin hand with a warning gesture, saying:

"Hush!"

Inspector Burr entered the room, unceremoniously pushing past Kate Connelly.

Placing one hand reassuringly upon the arm of the pale, frightened woman, he asked:

"What is the trouble, madam?"

"It is trouble enough!" she answered in a half-whisper.

"Explain to me and I will see that no harm comes to you."

"Who are you?"

"A friend to you, if you will trust me."

The woman seemed inspired with confidence. In a cautious tone she said:

"My husband is being led into a crime. They're up stairs at this minute, talking it over. Sure and we'll all be arristed. But I doesn't dare spake a word of it to Pat, for he will be the death of me if I do."

"You say they are talking the matter over?"

"Yes."

"Lead me to a place where I can overhear what they are saying."

"They'll be the death of ye—"

"Never mind; I'll shoulder the risks, and you needn't. If you do as I tell you, I will guarantee perfect safety to you."

The woman hesitated an instant, and then yielded.

"Come wid me and take care that you'll make no noise," she said.

She conducted him through a side doorway and up a narrow staircase.

"They're in the room beyant. Listen sharp and you can hear all that they're saying," she whispered.

The woman noiselessly descended the stairs, leaving the detective to listen to the interview which was in progress "beyant."

Every word was distinctly audible. Pat Morris was speaking.

"I thought there were to be no detectives to fight in this case," he said.

"It isn't Mayhew's fault that there is," was the answer.

"Yet there are two of the sharpest of the profession on the scent?"

"Yes."

"I wish I was out of it."

"Don't weaken so early. We must make sure that the detectives are silenced—especially Donald Dyke. It is a plan to accomplish this end which I desired to discuss with you today."

Intensely eager, Inspector Burr listened to a plot which was to rid him of his skilful rival!

### CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE POWER OF A TYRANT.

Donald Dyke closed the door of Lavinia Rankin's apartment and then glanced from the face of one to the other of the two girls.

Anna Gray's jet-black eyes met the gaze of Lavinia with an expression of defiance. But the beautiful danseuse, usually so skillful in concealing passing emotions, betrayed deep and unmistakable agitation.

For a minute the detective watched the countenances of the two women in silence. Then Lavinia, addressing him, asked:

"Why did you bring this girl hither?"

"Because I wished to have a plain understanding with you both, and thought one could be obtained more readily by having you together."

"The hour is very late," she said, expostulatingly.

"That doesn't matter, as you have not retired."

Addressing Anna, the detective continued:

"You and Lavinia appear to be acquainted?"

"We are," was the curt reply.

"Are you friends?"

"No."

"Enemies?"

"Yes!" with emphasis.

"Then you are not in league with each other in the Beacon street robbery?"

"No."

"Are you connected with it?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Do you refuse?"

"Yes."

"Very well."

Donald Dyke turned to Lavinia and went on:

"What is the cause of your enmity toward Anna Gray?"

"I am not her enemy."

"Am I to understand that you contradict her declaration?"

"She is my enemy; but I have no wish to injure her."

"A queer state of things. But it will doubtless be made clear as you both explain that which I shall require of you."

Again the detective directed his remarks to Anna Gray. The latter was trembling with apprehension.

"Who is the pretended old man whom I left locked in the room yonder?" Donald asked.

The girl shuddered as she replied:

"He told you his name."

"Is he your father?"

"Yes."

"Is this the way in which you intend to answer all my questions?"

"What do you mean?"

"That you are merely repeating falsehoods."

"It is the best I can do."

"Do you mean that you can do no better than to utter falsehoods?"

"Do not ask me."

Donald Dyke seized one of the strange girl's small, dusky hands in both his own. She did not attempt to withdraw it. Something in the magnetism of his touch seemed to control her speech, and she impulsively exclaimed:

"I would gladly tell you the whole truth if I only dared!"

"Then you fear the man in the room yonder?"

"Yes."

"You need not fear him hereafter."

"I cannot help it."

"I promise to protect you from his wrath."

"It is not in your power to do so."

"I have power to take him at once to a police station."

"I do not wish you to do that."

"Why not?"

"Because I have promised—"

The girl hesitated, and the detective proceeded:

"You have promised what?"

"Not to betray him."

"Why did you make him such a promise?"

"To save a human life!"

"Ah!"

Every instant this interview became of more interest to our hero.

He saw that his own will was exercising great control over the strange, impulsive girl.

He continued, in his deep, thrilling tones:

"Whose life did you save by the promise?"

"That of a friend."

"Tell me the name?"

"I saved the life of Barbara Mayhew!"

Donald Dyke was astonished and mystified more deeply than ever.

"You saved the life of Barbara Mayhew?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"How?"

"By promising to keep a secret."

"And the promise was made to the man in yonder apartment?"

"Yes."

"How was Miss Mayhew's life endangered?"

"By enemies."

"Explain?"

"Some one threatened to destroy her life. My promise caused her enemies to change their purposes."

"Then the man whom I have locked in that room would have killed Barbara."

"I did not say that he was the one."

"Why do you so carefully guard that fellow, whom you have declared that you fear?"

"On account of—my promise."

"You must break the promise, then?"

"Do you ask me to do that?"

"Yes."

"And you are Donald Dyke, who is spoken of as an honorable man, even when dealing with enemies?"

"I ask you to break no voluntary promise of yours. You confess that this one was made to save the life of a friend. Therefore you were coerced, and promises obtained in that way, and for an evil purpose, I do not consider binding. A bad promise is better broken than kept, in my opinion."

Anna Gray glanced apprehensively toward the door, shivering with sudden dread.

"Oh! why do you importune me so?" she exclaimed.

"In fulfilment of my promise."

"Your promise?"

"I told you a few moments ago that I would release you from the power of that villainous tyrant. I will do so, and you cannot help yourself."

The strange girl covered her face with her hands. Glancing into the face of Lavinia, the detective saw that she had grown deathly pale. What did it all mean?

What was the mysterious connection between these two girls? Were they, indeed, enemies, and yet linked together in the same criminal plot? It occurred to him that it would be difficult to induce one to betray the other while they were together; therefore he decided to reserve this part of his investigation until a more favorable opportunity.

Anna stood silent and motionless for several moments.

At last she lifted her head and glanced up into the face of the detective.

In a tremulous tone she said:

"It is not in your power to release me from the tyranny of this man."

"Why not?"

"Because more than one promise binds me to him."

"I have told you that a bad promise were better broken than kept."

"This one is different. It involves the deepest principles of my honor."

"You are not really his daughter?"

"I confess that I am not."

"His wife, then?"

"No."

"His betrothed?"

"Yes."

"And you respect a betrothal with such a man?"

"I promised to do so, no matter what came."

"Did you make this promise blindly?"

"The fault was mine if I did."

In his most sympathetic tones the great detective said:

"My poor girl!"

"Do you really pity me?" she quickly asked.

"From my heart."

Donald Dyke continued:

"You were victimized by a villain. You are not betrothed to him because he loved you, but because he wished you to act in concert with him in some criminal scheme. And, having once won your confidence and promises of fidelity, he has become a tyrant. Is this not true?"

"It is—it is!"

"Do you love him now?"

"No."

"Then break the chains."

"I dare not!"

"What do you fear?"

"He will surely take revenge."

"I will take care of that."

"You do not know him."

"Will you not tell me the truth concerning him?"

Anna Gray hesitated. The detective saw her glance toward Lavinia, and the latter was making rapid, vehement gestures.

Dyke turned upon her rapidly.

"What do you mean by those signals?" he demanded.

"Nothing."

"You were making signs for Anna to refuse my request."

"I do not like to see her so weak and wavering. She isn't obliged to reveal everything to you."

Lavinia spoke slowly, and her tones were as sweetly musical as ever.

Yet her cheeks were very pale, and it was plain that she was repressing deep agitation.

The detective quietly said:

"I see that the only way in which you can be controlled is under lock and key."

Turning to Anna Gray, he went on:

"Tell me the real name of the pretended old man who has held you under his tyrannical spell."

The girl slowly raised her eyes to the white face of Lavinia. They flashed with defiance.

"He is her brother!" she said.

The danseuse clenched her hands and sank upon a chair, seemingly overcome with a sudden sense of horror.

"Then his name is Rankin," Donald Dyke continued.

Before Anna could respond the detective added:

"You may as well own up to the truth. He is the robber of Roderic Mayhew's safe!"

"Yes, he is!"

"And you have aided him in concealing the affair?"

"I have."

"And you know all the puzzling details of the great crime?"

"Nearly all."

"Will you give me the points now—tonight?"

"Yes, I will tell you all. But may heaven have mercy upon me if I again fall into his power!"

Scarce had these words escaped her lips before the door was suddenly burst open, and two men rushed in.

One was Pat Morris; the other, the pretended old man whom Dyke had left handcuffed and locked into the opposite room.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FORTUNE RETURNED.

Morris and his companion had nearly reached the centre of the room before they noticed the detective.

In that momentary delay Donald Dyke decided what to do.

To attempt to arrest both of these men, under the circumstances, was not the thing to do.

In the first place they would be likely to make a desperate resistance, and doubtless a successful one, should he attempt to arrest them unaided. On the other hand, should he show lenience they would be likely to attempt no violence, for in so doing they would incur greater risks to themselves. The presence of Lavinia and Anna, besides others in the rooms above them, were unfavorable to any attempt to kill or capture the great detective in this house.

Thus our hero reasoned, and hence his subsequent action.

The two men paused abruptly, with simultaneous ejaculations of astonishment.

Anna shrank closer to the side of the detective, and clung in terror to his hand.

Donald bent his head slightly and whispered to the girl:

"I wish you to aid me in practising a piece of deception upon Lavinia's brother. He must think that you are still true to him, and that you have told me a fictitious story. You will aid me by making significant signals to him, and by acquiescing in whatever I say. Do this and you will be safe, for I will defend you, if need be, with my life!"

The girl heard and understood. She was keen-witted, and, now that she had promised to aid the detective, was ready to use all her skill in the deception of the man whom she now hated and feared.

"So I've found you here, have I?" the pretended old man exclaimed, scowling upon Anna.

Donald Dyke hastened to speak, in accordance with the plan which he had decided upon.

"Yes, she has thrown herself upon my protection, and even though you are her father she shall no longer submit to your tyranny!"

And Anna, making a significant signal to Gray—as we shall continue to call him until his true name appears—exclaimed with feigned earnestness:

"I have found in this noble man a protector from the cruelty of an unnatural parent."

Gray was secretly pleased by this evidence that Anna had not betrayed his identity, and that she was carrying out his previous instructions.

Although he had admitted to the detective a short time before that Anna was not his daughter, he now believed that she had convinced him that she was his child.

Desiring to assist the girl in her supposed deception of the detective, he said:

"He thinks to take the authority of a father from me, does he?"

"That is my intention," Donald Dyke replied.

"I demand my daughter, sir!"

"I refuse your demand."

"I wish to take her home to her sorrowing mother."

"I will attend to that myself."

"What are you going to do with her?"

"I shall take her to a place of safety, where she will be at liberty to come and go at her own will."

At this point Anna again made covert signs to Gray, who slyly acknowledged them.

"The girl is faithful after all, and more crafty than I gave her credit for," was the mental comment of the man.

Aloud he said, with simulated menace:

"If you don't give the girl up to me it will be the worse for you."

Donald Dyke did not wish to prolong his stay in this house at present, and so said to Anna, paying no heed to the feigned bluster of Gray:

"Come with me. If your father desires to commence proceedings against me, he can do so."

They went from the room without molestation from either Morris or his companion.

As they emerged upon the street Dyke said:

"You are now free from your persecutor."

And he added:

"He was fully deceived by our ruse, was he not?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Will Lavinia undeceive him?"

"I think not."

"She, then, is not in league with him?"

"Not in the Beacon street crime."

"In another, then?"

"I think he is making her an involuntary tool."

"How?"

"I will tell you."

Anna Gray continued:

"There is something—I do not know what—which he is very anxious to accomplish, and in which Lavinia has promised to aid him, upon conditions."

"What are the conditions?"

"That he will assist to bring about her marriage with Roland Mayhew."

"How does she expect to do this?"

"I do not know."

It instantly flashed upon our hero that this part of the plot had something to do with the mysterious flight of Roland Mayhew's bride. But at this juncture they arrived at a building at which he desired to stop for the night, and he suddenly remembered that he had as yet secured no quarters for his companion. So he asked:

"Where do you live?"

"I board upon Anderson street. But I dare not go back there tonight."

"Why not?"

"For fear of my enemy."

"Have you no friends in the city?"

"I have none in the world."

"Then, if you will trust me, I will lead you to a place where you can remain as long as you wish, and with no fear of being persecuted."

"I will trust you."

Ten minutes later the detective left the strange girl at the place in question, instructing the matron briefly concerning her.

Then he returned to the lodging-house where he had arranged to spend the remainder of the night.

He now believed that he was approaching a solution of the great mystery.

Anna Gray had declared that her tyrannical lover was the robber of the Mayhew safe. Yet he was inclined to believe that she was not aware of the real facts of the case—in other words, that she merely believed "Gray" to be the culprit, while it was more than likely that he was merely a skilful accomplice in the crime.

Dyke's reasons for doubting that the so-called Gray was the leader in the conspiracy it is not necessary to fully explain at present. But they were mainly based on the original theory of the crime, which was that it was committed by an inmate of the Mayhew household.

It must be remembered that Donald Dyke supposed the name of the pretended old man to be Rankin, as Anna Gray had declared that he was Lavinia's brother.

The incidents of his investigations had crowded upon him so rapidly during the last few hours that he had had no opportunity to unearth many minor points in the case which would otherwise have received his attention.

He was satisfied, however, that the ruse to which he had resorted, with Anna's assistance, would throw Morris and "Gray" off their guard. If they believed the detective to have been misled, they would not fear an immediate arrest. Therefore they would not resort to flight until their position became more alarming.

The next day Donald Dyke's first move was to call upon Anna Gray and question her further.

The results of this interview, which was brief, shall appear in due time.

He next paid a visit to the Mayhew mansion.

He was admitted by a servant. His inquiry had been for Barbara Mayhew, but he was informed that she was out.

He came undisguised, and the broker, who came hastily forward to meet him as he entered, seemed singularly elated.

"Glad you came, Mr. Dyke!" he said, briskly, placing a chair for his visitor.

The detective was too deeply amazed to notice the courtesy. What could have happened to make such a change in the demeanor of the unfortunate broker?

"I did not expect you to welcome me, Mr. Mayhew," the detective returned, giving the other a penetrating glance.

"You are surprised, then?"

"Yes."

"I can surprise you still further."

"How?"

"With good news."

"Explain."

"I am the most fortunate man in the world!"

Beginning to suspect that the broker's reason had actually succumbed, Donald Dyke impatiently exclaimed:

"State the facts plainly if you wish me to listen to them. My time is valuable."

Roderic Mayhew rubbed his palms together with exaggerated elation.

"It is such glorious news that I like to tantalize you with uncertainty."

And, laughing strangely, the broker continued:

"The fortune of which I was robbed so mysteriously has been returned!"

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF STELLA.

As incidents of importance and interest have occurred in the meantime to other characters of our story, we will leave our detective heroes for a short time and unravel, for the benefit of our readers, certain knots in our tangled skein of mystery.

Thus far in our story Stella, the working-girl bride of Roland Mayhew, has occupied a somewhat vague position in relation to the Beacon street robbery, and its attendant complications.

Upon the morning of her singular flight from the Mount Vernon street dwelling, she was greatly disturbed by the receipt of a note, delivered by Jack Rankin, which ran as follows:

MY DEAR STELLA—As I have feared, the blow has fallen. Roland Mayhew was arrested this morning for complicity in the robbery of his father's safe. He is at present in confinement in a police station at the North End, and desires to see you at once. He has requested me to call for you in a carriage as soon as I can do so and take you to the police station. Of course, it will be better that you say nothing about Roland's misfortune nor your destination to any one until you have seen him.

Do not despair, as the suspicious circumstances will doubtless be easily cleared away. Yours in sympathy, ROBERT CHASE.

Jack Rankin stood demurely by while Stella read the note; and, observing her pallor, he exclaimed quizzically:

"Bad news, miss?"

"Yes—very bad," she answered.

"If you wants to send back any word I'll carry it, miss."

"You may tell Mr. Chase that I will be ready to go with him at once."

"All right, miss."

The shrewd face of the lad evinced none of the triumphant cunning which he really experienced as he turned away and left Stella to realize alone the shock of her misfortune.

Without mentioning the dreadful news to her friends in the house, she hastily prepared for her visit to the police station.

Robert Chase called promptly. He was a man of thirty-eight and of very mild and quiet demeanor. His eyes, of a light gray hue, were somewhat cold and restless. Otherwise his countenance would have inspired confidence in the observer.

As Stella entered the carriage, she said:

"Drive first to the Phillips street house. I wish to procure a veil suitable for my destination."

The man complied. And thus are her mysterious acts, as witnessed by the two detectives, explained.

As they drove away from the Phillips street house, Robert Chase said:

"You must have been greatly shocked by the intelligence contained in my note."

"I can scarce credit it," she answered.

"Yet it was no surprise to me."

"No surprise to you?"

"No."

"Surely you could not have foreseen anything so terrible?"

"It is but a natural result of the circumstances."

"How?"

"The detectives have been searching high and low for some person upon whom they could reasonably fasten suspicion. And clews, which they had reason to believe reliable, led them to suspect Roland."

"*You* do not give weight to these circumstances, Mr. Chase?"

With seeming reluctance the villain answered:

"I confess that the evidence is strong."

Stella clutched his arm in sudden horror and gazed searchingly into his face.

But, cleverly masking his real feelings, Chase appeared very grave and full of solicitude.

"Roland is innocent—I would stake my life upon it!" she said.

"He may be—I cannot say as to that. I am only sure that he doesn't appear very confident of acquittal!"

"You do not mean that Roland makes no attempt to refute the evidence?"

"I will repeat to you what he said to me."

"What was it?"

"He said, 'I suppose I shall have to face the music!'"

"Was that all?"

"Yes."

"What did he mean?"

"I inferred that he believed the proof against him strong and well-grounded."

"That is almost equivalent to a confession of guilt!"

"So I thought."

"Yet he is innocent."

"I hope so."

"*You* believe him guilty?"

"I don't know what to believe. The motive was strong."

"Do you think his father's threat to disinherit him, in case of persistence in his determination to marry me, a motive sufficient to urge him to such a crime?"

"It's a pretty strong motive. Still I am by no means ready to believe him fully guilty."

This conversation was carried on in low tones.

In the meanwhile they had left the portion of the city with which Stella was familiar in their rear.

Passing along North street they turned into a narrow court.

Before a low, gloomy brick building they came to a halt.

"Is this a police station?" Stella asked.

"Yes."

"It seems very quiet."

"So much the better, isn't it?"

While speaking Robert Chase leaped from the carriage and assisted Stella to alight.

To her surprise, he opened the door of the silent building and said:

"Come in quickly, before you are observed."

She obeyed him, involuntarily, and he continued:

"The cell in which your husband is confined is this way."

But she hesitated, wondering that she saw no police officers in the building.

"Are you sure this is the police station?" she asked.

"Of course, I am sure. Yonder is a guard, waiting to admit you."

As Chase said this a man stepped forward and said, blandly:

"This way, lady. The young gentleman is expecting you."

Being possesed of great confidence in Chase, who had long pretended to possess great friendship for her, she hesitated no longer. The two men led the way along a narrow, gloomy corridor, and then down a flight of stairs.

The stranger unlocked and flung open a heavy door, which, indeed, looked like the door of a dungeon.

Then he stepped back for the lady and her companion to enter.

Chase led the way, Stella followed. The door clanged behind them, with the ominous click of a spring lock.

They found themselves in a small, square apartment. It was furnished with a lounge and a single cane-seat chair. There was a small, high window, grated and secure like that of a dungeon.

All this Stella noted without her suspicions being aroused. But the next moment, with sensations of vague, horrified wonder, she comprehended that Roland Mayhew was not in the room—that the only inmates were Robert Chase and herself.

She quickly faced her companion, a flame of indignant fire illuming her countenance.

"Roland is not here!" she huskily exclaimed.

"So I observe!" was the complacent rejoiner.

"And you knew he was not?"

"I had some grounds for suspecting that we shouldn't find him in this place."

"Then this is not the police station?"

"No."

"You have deceived me?"

"A little."

"I—I thought you were a friend."

"I am."

"Then why have you practised this act of deception?"

"To show the strength of my friendship."

"Do you call this a friendly act?"

"Certainly."

"Where is the police station where Roland is confined? Why did you not take me thither? Oh! explain this terrible, tantalizing mystery!"

The eyes of the beautiful, tortured girl were full of tears now. She seized the arm of her companion with both hands, and clung to it in an agony of suspicion and apprehension.

"I'm very sorry for you, Stella," said the villain, with mock solicitude.

"Then tell me about Roland—tell me why you do not take me to him as he wishes?"

It was plain that as yet the young bride did not realize that all of Chase's statements were false—that they were all a part of the ruse which had entrapped her.

Very naturally, her mind had been impressed by the declaration that her husband was under arrest, and confined at a police station, and, although she now knew that she had been led into a snare, she did not comprehend at once the fact that the original statement of Robert Chase was a fabrication. He had seemed so sincere, and, withal, she had considered him in the light of an upright, disinterested friend, that it was difficult to take in at once the full depth of his deception. Wishing to put an end to her embarrassing delusion at once, Chase said:

"Roland is not detained at a police station or elsewhere that I am aware of. He didn't send for you at all. My letter to you, and everything that I have told you in the premises, is false. That is the true aspect of affairs, and you might as well resign yourself to the inevitable."

Stella covered her face with her hands, overwhelmed by a sense of terror and helplessness.

For a minute she was silent. Then she straightened her slender form and met the gaze of her captor with bold defiance.

"So your friendship was all a pretence!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, no."

Robert Chase added:

"I'm quite fond of you. But it is greatly for my interest that you be kept out of sight for a while. You see it will be generally reported that we have eloped together, and it will be suspected that you are connected with the Beacon street robbery. Thus the detectives will be misled."

"Then you are the real culprit?"

"No, I assure you that I am not. But I have aided him somewhat—am aiding him now, in fact. He, at present, is wholly unsuspected by the detectives."

"And you wish to have suspicion directed to me?"

"Yes."

"You are a base villain!"

"I grant the truth of your estimate."

"And you know who is the real culprit?"

"Yes, I know. Under the circumstances, it is perfectly safe for me to reveal his identity to you. He is a member of the Mayhew household, and I will even tell you his name!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "Was Them Horses a Runnin' or a Trottin'?"

The recent feat of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's horses, Maud S. and Aldine, recalls an anecdote of the old commodore, Mr. Vanderbilt's father, who was passionately fond of horses. He was driving a pair of his fast animals on Bloomingdale road one day, when another man whom he did not know drove up and attempted to pass him. That stirred the old gentleman's ire and put him on his mettle, and for a few minutes there was an impromptu race well worth seeing. At last the other man made a spurt, and in an attempt to pass caught the wheel of his road wagon in that of the commodore's, creating a violent collision and throwing the railroad magnate out on his head. He was picked up unconscious, carried some distance to a house, and for some time it was thought he was dangerously, if not fatally, injured. After a while consciousness began to return, and while those around him were anxiously watching to see if he would come entirely to his senses, he looked up and said: "Did any of you fellers notice whether them horses was a runnin' or a trottin'?"

## Wherein Hillsdale College Beats the World.

The Grand Rapids Democrat has interviewed three brothers, residents of Fyfe Lake and students at Hillsdale College, and on the way home for the vacation. The small lads are both dwarfs, the eldest is 19 years old, 39⅓ inches high, and weighs 37 pounds. This is a little less than his usual weight, but, as the grown brother remarked, "we all had a wrestle with the measles a little while ago, and he hasn't got his weight yet." This young man's name is Christopher Sparling. The younger midget is 17 years old, is 42½ inches high, and weighs 40 pounds, although he should reach 50, light weight being resultant from measles. His name is Edwin Sparling. The brother who accompanies them is 21 years old. His name is J. Wesley Sparling, and his weight is 137 pounds. He says he should weigh 160. The two dwarfs are the only midgets in the family, and, as the father weighs 180 pounds and the mother 120, they have never been able to ascertain any natural cause for the diminutiveness of these two children, and they are not "dwindled sons of little sires." They were never sick, and look very rugged, full-grown and developed men in miniature mould. They have a brother older than Wesley that weighs 200 pounds, and one of 7 summers that outweighs either. The three boys have been two years in preparatory course at Hillsdale, and when they return all enter the freshmen class together.

## THE BAD BOY.

### He Describes the Fate of the Family Rooster, and Its Widow's Flirtation With the Dude.

[Peck's Sun.]

"Why don't you take an ice-pick and clean the dirt out from under your finger nails?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store and stroked the cat the wrong way, as she lay in the sun on the counter, on a quire of manilla paper.

"Can't remove the dirt for thirty days. It is an emblem of mourning. Had a funeral at our house yesterday," and the boy took a pickle out of a tub and put it in the cat's mouth, and shut her teeth together on it, and then went to the show-case, while the grocery man, whose back had been turned during the pickle exercise, thought by the way the cat jumped into the dried apple barrel and began to paw and scratch with all four of her feet, and yowl, that she was going to have a fit.

"I hadn't heard about it," said the grocery man, as he took the cat by the neck and tossed her out in the back shed into an old oyster box full of sawdust, with a parting injunction that if she was going to have fits she better go out where there was plenty of fresh air. "Death is always a sad thing to contemplate. One day we are full of health and joy and cold victuals, and the next we are screwed down in a box, a few words are said over our remains, a few tears are shed, and there is a race to see who shall get back from the cemetery first, and though we may think we are an important factor in the world's progress, and sometimes feel as though it would be unable to put up margins and have to stop the deal,

#### The World Goes Right Along,

and it must annoy people who die to realize that they don't count for game. The greatest man in the world is only a ninespot when he is dead, because somebody else takes the tricks the dead man ought to have taken. But, say, who is dead at your house?"

"Our rooster. Take care, don't you hit me with that canvassed ham," said the boy as the grocery man looked mad to learn that there was nobody dead but a rooster, when he had preached such a sermon on the subject. "Yes, how soon we are forgotten when we are gone. Now, you would have thought that rooster's hen would have remained faithful to him for a week at least. I have watched them all the spring, and I never saw a more perfect picture of devotion than that between the bantam rooster and his hen. They were constantly together, and there was nothing too good for her. He would dig up angle worms and call her, and when she came up on a gallop and saw the great big worm on the ground, she would look so proud of her rooster, and he would straighten up and look as though he was saying to her, 'I'm a daisy,' and then she would look at him as if she would like to bite him, and just as she was going to pick up the worm he would snatch and swallow it himself, and chuckle and walk around and be full of business, as though wondering why she didn't take the worm after he had dug it for her, and then the hen would look disappointed at first, and then she would look resigned, as much as to say

#### Worms Are Too Rich for My Blood

anyway, and the poor, dear rooster needs them more than I do, because he has to do all the crowing, and she would go off and find a grasshopper and eat it on the sly for fear he would see her and complain because she didn't divide. O, I have never seen anything that seemed to me so human as the relations between that rooster and hen. He seemed to try to do everything for her. He would make her stop cackling when she laid an egg, and he would try to cackle, and crow over it as though he had laid it, and she would get off in a corner and cluck in a modest, retiring manner, as though she wished to convey the idea to the servant girls in the kitchen that the rooster had to do all the hard work, and she was only a useless appendage fit only for society and company for him. But I was disgusted with him when the poor hen was setting. The first week that she set on the eggs he seemed to get along first rate, because he had a couple of flower-beds to dig up, which a press of business had caused him to neglect before, and a couple of neighbors' gardens to destroy, so he seemed to be glad to have his hen retire to her boudoir and set, but after he had been 'shooed' out of the gardens and flower-beds he seemed to be nervous, and evidently wanted to be petted, and he would go near the hen, and she would seem to tell him to go and take a walk around the block, because she didn't have time to leave her business, and if she didn't attend to it they would have a lot of spoiled eggs on their hands, and

#### No Family to Bring Up.

He would scold, and seem to tell her that it was all foolishness; that for his part he didn't want to hear a lot of chickens squawking around. He would seem to argue with her that a brood of chickens would be a dead give-away on them both, and they would at once be classed as old folks, while if they were alone in the world they would be spring chickens, and could go in young society, but the hen would scold back, and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself to talk that way, and he would go off mad, and sulk around a spell, and then go to a neighbor's hen-house, and sometimes he wouldn't come back till the next day. The hen would be sorry she had spoken so cross, and would seem pained at his going away and would look anxiously for his return, and when he came back after being out in the rain all night, she would be solicitous after his health, and tell him he ought to wrap something around him, but he acted as though he didn't care for his health, and he would go out again and get chilled through. Finally the hen came off the nest with ten chickens, and the rooster seemed very proud, and when anybody came out to look at them he would crow, and seem to say they were all his chickens, though the hen was a long time hatching them, and if it had been him that was setting on them he could have hatched them out in a week, or died a trying.

#### But the Exposure Told on Him,

and he went into a decline, and one morning we found him dead. Do you know, I never see a hen that seemed to realize a calamity as she did. She looked pale, and her eyes looked red, and she seemed to be utterly crushed. If the chickens, which were so young they could not realize that they were little orphans, became noisy, and got to pulling and hauling over a worm, and conducted themselves in an unseemly manner, she would talk to them in hen language, with tears in her eyes, and it was a picture of woe. But the next day a neighboring rooster got to looking through the fence from the alley, and trying to flirt with her. At first she was indignant and seemed to tell him he ought to go about his business and leave her alone, but the dude kept clucking, and pretty soon the widowed hen edged up towards the fence and asked him to come in, but the hole in the fence was too small for him, and then the chickens went out in the alley and the hen followed them out. I shall always think she told the chickens to go out, so she would have an excuse to go after them, and flirt with the rooster, and I think it is a perfect shame. She is out in the alley half the time, and I could cuff her. It seems to me wrong to so soon forget a deceased rooster, but I suppose a hen can't be any more than human. Say, you don't want to buy a good dead rooster, do you? You could pick it and sell it, to somebody that owes you, for a spring chicken."

#### "No, I Don't Want Any Deceased Poultry,

that died of grief, and you better go home and watch your hen, or you will be bereaved some more," and the grocery man went out in the shed to see if the cat was over its fit, and when he came back the boy was gone, and after awhile the grocery man saw a crowd in front of the store, and he went out and found the dead rooster lying on the vegetable stand, with a paper pinned on its breast, on which was a sign, "This ruster dide of colix. For sale cheep to bording house only." He took the dead rooster and threw it out in the street, and looked up and down the street for the bad boy, and went in and hid a raw hide where he could reach it handy.

## Are the Louisiana Lottery Drawings Fair?

The two commissioners who superintend their single-number drawings, when interviewed on the subject, reluctantly admitted that the numbers which were placed in the tubes and put in the wheel were only counted twice a year. They draw the lottery every month. Is not this a barefaced fraud? Their excuse is that it would take ten days' labor, with four assistants. How, then, can any ticket-buyer in this lottery know that the number on his ticket has a corresponding number in the wheel? If they desire an honest drawing, why do they not, on the day of and just before their drawings, allow the ticket-holder the privilege of calling out his number and see that it is placed in the wheel, so he then can have some chance of its being drawn out with a prize from the other wheel? Other lotteries have done so. Under their system, why don't they make their capital $1,000,000? They might as well. Is not the published list of winners in their lottery also a fraud? It is very easy for a few dollars to get persons who are willing to let them use their names as the holders of a big prize. Is it any longer a wonder how they controlled the Louisiana constitutional convention, courts and Legislatures and a former post office administration? Under this system of drawings it will be no trouble to make money enough to control and run our very government. [From the Philadelphia Record, June 9, 1883.

# "NOT TO SEE TOO MUCH."

## Capt. Marsh Denies Having so Instructed the Watchman.

## He Claims That Any Ill-Treatment of the Barron Woman Was Unknown to Him.

## Intent of the Keepers Regarding the Disposal of Bodies.

The second half-hundred of the Tewksbury hearings was entered upon Monday morning in the green room before an audience of the usual size, and Captain Thomas J. Marsh was recalled to the witness chair. In answer to Mr. Brown, he testified: Individual bath-tubs were placed in the second part of the insane building before the Dudleys or Barkers came to the institution; when Mr. Dudley came there, there was no system of registering the duties of the night watchman; I never told him when he came "not to see too much"; the regulations were posted all about the building; cannot say that he was furnished with a copy; I recollect the Barron woman, and saw her while Mr. Dudley was in charge of the insane; I visited the departments at irregular times because I thought that the better way; the Barron woman was not always kept in the same cell; sometimes she had to be strapped to a seat; she was violent, and in her habits was a beast.

Mr. Brown then asked the witness if Mr. Dudley ever complained to him that the woman had not been properly cared for. Governor Butler objected on the ground that this would not contradict Dudley, because he testified that he immediately cleaned out her cell. Mr. Brown answered that, if the cell remained dirty fifteen minutes after Dudley's arrival, he should have complained at once, inasmuch as the old subordinates were still there, and that if he did not he was a villain; "I shall argue," said Mr. Brown, "that Dudley is a deliberate liar, and I understand he came here after being promised the superintendency of an almshouse."

Governor Butler responded that the latter insinuation was so false that he could think of no words to fitly characterize it.

Mr. Brown then withdrew his question.

Witness—Never heard of any ill-treatment of the Barron woman until I heard it here; I read the testimony of John H. Chace; I know that no bodies were ever sold.

Mr. Brown here asked a question bearing on the witness's understanding of the statute regarding the disposition of bodies. Governor Butler objected on the ground that motives were of no consequence, and acts only should be considered. "Motives might have been of consequence had not the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, in its wisdom or unwisdom, changed already the personnel at Tewksbury; but that charge having been made, motives do not concern the committee. I dare not say that motives are none of its business, for this might be called improper language, but that is just what I mean."

At the suggestion of the chairman Mr. Brown withdrew the question.

Witness—Some ten or twelve years ago the trustees appointed my son Thomas an agent to attend to the disposition of bodies; the intent was to be careful to send no bodies away when any relatives or friends could be found.

Another question here arose regarding the question of motives, which was discussed at length, after which the committee voted, 4 to 1, not to strike out the last answer.

Witness—When I first went to Tewksbury, the disposition of the bodies was in charge of Dr. Brown, one of the physicians; afterwards Dr. Wheelwright had charge of it, and still later Dr. Hines; when friends called for bodies that had been buried, the bodies were taken from the coffins and the coffins reburied; it would be possible, therefore, to dig up empty coffins in the Tewksbury graveyard; the water in our reservoir is the color of ordinary brook water; it looks like pure wine; there is nothing dirty about it; we had it analyzed before using it.

Mr. Brown then pursued at wearisome length the line of examination begun on Saturday, consisting of reading to the witness extracts from his annual reports, and asking him how he came to use the language read.

Witness—We have been allowed at the end of each year, if sufficient funds remained from the appropriation, to purchase $50 worth of books for the library; we have been allowed to spend no money for newspapers; the library now has 800 or 900 volumes; never knew any member of my family to appropriate a cent's worth of the inmate's property; no member of my family ever had any of the Commonwealth's property, except what was eaten at the table, and excepting further two barrels of apples which were sent to Exeter; I never bought goods in Boston at the State's expense and had them sent to the Atwoods at Exeter; have had coal sent there, but it was not paid for by the Commonwealth; never sold a pig or calf and put the money in my pocket except in the case of the pig sold to Mr. Pillsbury; in that case I have the ten dollars, together with some other moneys, which I shall turn over to the State in the final settlement of my accounts; never knew a box of dry goods to be in the corridor spoken of by Mr. Dudley; we bought milk of Mr. Pillsbury a year and a half, when his bid was rejected. I asked him what he "bid that miserable fraction for"; he was very much provoked; the fraction may have had something to do with the rejection of the bid, but not so much as the fact that another bidder was known to furnish the very best quality of milk; Mr. Dudley and his wife got into the habit of playing croquet in the back yard in the afternoon to the neglect of duty; they were finally discharged in consequence of Mrs. Dudley's impudence to my wife; since the investigation of 1876, the system at Tewksbury has been a double-headed one; the doctor and I have never quarrelled, but we did not always agree; the wife of my son Thomas was matron of the sewing department up to 1876; since that she has been under no obligation to attend to it, but has generally done so; Mr. Dudley never complained to me of finding the beds in a rotten and filthy condition; never told Mrs. Dudley that the inmates were brought there to die; the coal charged to me in the auditor's account was paid for by the State and used by the State; I did not know that it was charged to me till this investigation began.

There being no time left for cross-examination, that was postponed till tomorrow morning at 9.30 o'clock.

### DUEL IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

### Captain Marsh and Governor Butler the Principals—Record of the Ex-Superintendent Before and After He Went to Tewksbury.

A rather larger audience than usual gathered in the green-room Tuesday for the fifty-second session of the Tewksbury investigation, attracted perhaps by the anticipated duel of tongues between Governor Butler and the old original Marsh. The principals faced each other at 9.45 o'clock, but Captain Marsh's second, Mr. Brown, not being on hand, the word was not given till 9.50, when the captain made the following endeavors to parry the Governor's thrusts: I was born at Exeter in 1812; from 1830 to 1850 I worked at boot and shoe making in Amesbury and Lynn, first as a journeyman and then as a proprietor; afterwards I was in a grocery store four or five years; then I came to Boston, and was a weigher and gauger in the custom house; I was appointed in the custom house, January 1, 1846; I became postmaster at Lynn in 1839, and filled the office until General Harrison's death; in the custom-house I got $1500 a year; after leaving the custom-house in 1853 I went into the retail boot and shoe business near the Revere House; remained in that business two or three years, and then became secretary of the Republican State Committee for a short time; I was a delegate to the Philadelphia Republican Convention, and spent some time in Pennsylvania; then went to Kansas and helped to make it a free State; in 1858 was appointed superintendent at Tewksbury by Governor Banks.

The Governor then asked the witness what qualifications he thought he had for the position, but the committee excluded the question.

Governor Butler—We will take it, then, that he hadn't any.

Witness—My family consisted of myself and wife, my father, four sons and four daughters, Mrs. Davis, then the only one married, being the oldest child; next in order came Thomas J.; Mrs. Davis was not living in my family then; her husband left her in 1856; she was keeping house by herself; she had two children.

Governor Butler—What means did she have in 1858?

Mr. Brown—I object to this testimony.

Governor Butler—I am in cross-examination of this witness.

Mr. Brown—But there is a limit to cross-examination. There was when you were cross-examined before the congressional committee. You objected to having your private affairs gone into.

Governor Butler: No, I did not. That is another newspaper slander which mean men take up. I don't propose to have any impudence or abuse. Now, quit!

Mr. Brown—I propose to do my duty in any event.

Governor Butler—It is no part of your duty to slander me.

The committee admitted the question.

Witness: Mrs. Davis was not dependent on me; I don't know that the washing of my sons in college was sent to Tewksbury; think it could not have been, because it must have cost more to send it back and forth than to pursue the ordinary course; Mrs. Atwood, my daughter, was left on my hands by her husband; two years before my mother died I assisted my parents in Exeter; my annual reports were in almost every instance written by me in substance; I took paper and pencil and put down what I wanted to say, and this was afterwards revised or rewritten by my son Charles or some one else of better scholarship than myself; in 1862 I furnished the inmates with good, wholesome, sufficient food as far as I had means to do it with; I never have had means enough for this purpose; I never complained of this in my reports except once; all my requests in these reports have not been granted; I never got the impression that the insane were brought to Tewksbury in consequence of advice in my reports; before we used coffee at the institution, we used burned grain; I think it was bought already burned; don't know why burned grain does not appear on my accounts; it does not appear as coffee; the burned grain sometimes came in barrels; I bought one lot in Chicago; it was branded coffee, and bought for coffee, and appears as coffee in the reports; I used this preparation several years; I think until 1876; I began using genuine coffee about the time that Dr. Lathrop came; my cook's statement, if he made such, that the same grade of coffee has been used ever since his connection with the institution cannot be true; as a rule the same coffee was used at the officers' table.

Here a lively encounter took place between Governor Butler, Mr. Brown and the chairman regarding a personal insult of the Governor by Mr. Brown, after which the witness continued: The genuine coffee purchased by me has been principally Rio; I meant to buy a good quality, because the officers and my family used it also; I don't think I have bought any Java for several years; we use a mixture of Oolong and Japan tea for the inmates; sometimes the teas are not mixed; I sold a calf to Mr. Pillsbury for $10, and have got the money now; it is recorded on a private memorandum of my own; don't know that I have still got the identical money paid to me; the animal was not a calf, but a pig; I lent the pig to begin with; the pig was sold last January; the money was paid in January; since the pig was sold I have paid no money at all into the treasury; this $10 does not appear upon any cash book; I have been in the habit of using any money that came in and accounting for it at regular times; my private book does not show that the money belongs to the Commonwealth, but I know it; there is no way, perhaps, for the Commonwealth to know anything about this money outside of my own personal knowledge; there is no record of any sales of calves on my private book; have heard the story of Mrs. Marsh taking clothing; it has been talked of at the institution for a number of years; I believe such a charge was made at the investigation of 1876.

Reference to the charges in that investigation showed that this was not embodied therein, and the witness said he must have been mistaken.

Witness—This charge was made elsewhere; then I showed the trustees what Mrs. Marsh had done; I did not show them in writing; I knew there was no truth in the charge and cared nothing about it; I have bought coal for the officers and for the minister; should think likely that I bought it of the same parties that I bought the State coal of; no part of the coal bought privately was paid for with the State's money; the two car-loads of coal that have been referred to were wanted for the range; we usually bought it in large quantities, but this time we got out and wanted a little more; dead bodies have been shipped to Harvard since I went to Tewksbury; I never saw one shipped; have known on some occasions when they were shipped; the first bond which I required was in 1868, I think; the bond given by the College of Physicians and Surgeons is dated 1881; I don't think any bodies were sent to that college prior to that; I don't know whether the appointment of my son Thomas by the trustees as agent to take charge of the disposition of bodies appears on the records; I was present when the appointment was made; don't know that he has ever made any report; he has submitted no account that I know of; I never took any measures to know whether the bonds were fulfilled; a good lawyer has told me that the colleges were not required to give bonds for such purposes

Governor Butler—I hope you didn't pay him for it.

Witness—He asked me nothing for it.

Governor Butler—Well, I should think that he got the full value of his opinion.

Witness—There was no rule regarding how long the bodies should be kept, except that the intent was to keep them until there seemed no chance of finding friends or relatives; I never inquired of any inmate before death whether he or she had objections to being sent to the dissecting-room; the bodies sent were selected from those who had no friends and who had not requested to be buried; I know that sometimes bodies have been pickled in barrels at times when the colleges did not want them immediately; never knew whether my son got anything for this business; should think he would be a great fool to do it for nothing; his time belonged to the institution and was paid for by the State; I suppose he got compensation besides what he paid for transportation; some bodies have been brought back at the request of relatives of whose existence we did not know when the bodies were sent.

At this point the committee adjourned until Friday morning at 9.30 o'clock.

### CAPTAIN MARSH AGAIN.

### He Resumes His Testimony—What He Has to Say Concerning Charlotte Anderson and the Barron Woman.

Thomas J. Marsh, Sr., took the witness chair the third time Friday morning in the green room, and, with the continuation of his cross-examination, was begun the fifty-third session of the Tewksbury investigation. In answer to Governor Butler's searching questions he testified: I remember an insane patient named Charlotte Anderson; she was said to have been got with child at the institution; never made improper remarks to her; don't remember that her sister called on me after Charlotte's death; we have had in our employ a man named Burns; he was in charge of the old men's ward; sometimes he drank too much; am not sure whether he was of American or Irish descent; Mrs. Marsh used to have rugs made sometimes; probably they were made from the refuse material of old clothes left there; Charles kept chickens at one time; don't know whether he sold the eggs to the institution, nor whether he fed them with the institution's grain; my wife owns a house in Exeter; it was bought in 1870, I think; never heard of an empty coffin being buried at Tewksbury before this investigation; I had charge of the hospital all along, though the doctor tells me that he had charge of it; there have been cases when I heard complaints of cruel treatment; wouldn't swear that the Barron woman was under French at all; she was under Dudley for a time; she was there three years, and then removed to Worcester, probably by Mr. Wrightington; I did not remove Mr. Barker; he voluntarily resigned to go into business; don't remember that I ever authorized the statement that he is a discharged person; have bought the bulk of the men's clothing for the last ten years of Isaac Fenno & Co.; the women's clothing is made up at the institution; have bought also of Charles Winslow & Co.; the firm patronized just previous to Fenno, was Burdett, Whitten & Young.

Redirect examination: Never heard that Dr. Lathrop abused anybody at the institution; my house at Exeter is worth $5000; the two barrels of apples were sent to Exeter at a time when we had so many that we did know what to do with them; the trustees gave permission to send the apples.

John H. Chace was discharged on account of intemperance; I never paid a private debt with the funds of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Brown here called upon the Governor to produce a letter written in September, 1876, by the Tewksbury trustees to the then governor. Governor Butler said he would have the letter looked for.

Witness—I couldn't give the sick patients a sufficient variety of food because of the insufficiency of the appropriation; our estimates are usually cut down at the instance of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity; I used the Chicago coffee on my own table; the prepared grain was in use when I went there; no fault was ever found with me for having a better variety of food on my table than the paupers had.

Governor Butler—That is not what I find fault with. I object to the superintendent eating at the public expense. The statute allows him to live in the building, but not to eat the Commonwealth's food.

Witness—I would not have taken the office on such terms. I know of only one instance at Tewksbury where a cow had twins.

Governor Butler—Do you pay the expenses of this investigation or any part of them?

Witness—That is a private matter, and I decline to answer.

Chairman Gilmore—I do not see what this has to do with the management of Tewksbury.

Governor Butler—I desire to show that we are laboring under difficulties in getting witnesses in consequence of the interest taken in this investigation by a powerful organization which is prolonging the defence at great expense.

Mr. Brown—This institution is attacked by one of the ablest, most ingenious and most persevering men of his time, who has succeeded in proving nothing of any importance against it, and yet he took twenty-eight days in putting in his case, while I am now on my twenty-third, and he has used four-fifths of my time. This defence has not been protracted, and it is the privilege of any citizen of the Commonwealth to contribute to it. (This speech, which was delivered with considerable vehemence, was loudly applauded.)

Governor Butler—Now, we have had another explosion of fireworks. (Great laughter.) I do not mean to have the immense expense of this investigation attributed to the Governor. I am not responsible for it. The committee is responsible. I no more started this investigation than I did that into Warden Earle, though I discharged him. I am responsible only for what I have done in it, and I thank God that he has let me live to do it. Judgment and execution have followed. (Applause.)

The question was excluded by a strict party vote of 3 to 4.

The next witness called was Francis H. Nourse, who testified: Am 64 years old; reside in Winchester; became a Tewksbury trustee in 1863; Governor Rice handed me Mr. Sanborn's letter of charges, and told me it was the duty of the trustees to look into them; they appointed Mr. Safford and I for that duty; we submitted a report to Governor Talbot.

Mr. Brown here read this report, which sustained the Marshes and attributed the charges to loose women and drunken slanderers.

Witness — We investigated the charges as far as was in our own power; never heard the charge of appropriation of inmates' clothing outside of Mr. Sanborn's communication; recollect that Agnes Calder complained of Emmons French for ill-treating inmates; before she got through she confessed that there was nothing in it; I remember only two or three instances of cruelty; the appropriation for Tewksbury has been insufficient, in my judgment; when I became connected with the institution bodies were sent to the medical school.

At this point the committee adjourned until Monday, at 9.30 o'clock.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.—"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

# JAMES PARTON ON BUTLER.

## He Pays the Governor a Very High Compliment.

## The Democratic Party the Party of the Poor and Helpless.

## Reasons Why General Butler Should be Treated With Decency.

NEWBURYPORT, June 28.—This afternoon at 3 o'clock the Jeffersonian Club of Essex county had its regular monthly dinner and meeting at the Merrimac House in this city. After discussing the good dinner provided by Landlord Shattuck, George J. L. Colby, as presiding officer, called the assembly to order, and in a very pleasant manner introduced as the first and principal speaker the distinguished biographer, James Parton, who is a very felicitous after-dinner speaker.

Mr. Parton began by saying that by his being present it might be laid to his charge that he had obtained his goodies under false pretences, for he had eaten a good dinner, and had come not aware of the partisan character of the club. He said he had never voted any but the Republican ticket since that party came into power, and hence he felt a little out of place. He could say that for the last twenty years, or since the conclusion of the war, each presidential election he had most ardently desired to vote the Democratic ticket, and in that failing he believed he represented a large class of citizens, enough to decide a presidential election. He felt convinced that why the Democratic party ruled for sixty years was because it was right on all great issues which divided the country, save one; that one was the extension of slavery. He believed the Democratic party would come into power again as soon as it got righted. At the election next year he should be glad to be

### Able to Vote the Democratic Ticket.

The party has the glory of being the party of the poor man, and he always liked to be with the party of the poor and helpless. There were three ingredients in the Democratic party; the first the great mass of poor men, the second the persons who desired to thrive by its suffrages, and the third and best such men as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, who have loved the common man and common people, and have an interest in elevating human life. The speaker asked what would Jefferson or Madison say on looking over our tariff book? Neither would countenance the destruction of the manufacturing industries of sixty years' growth, but if this country was beginning business today there would be no question save that of free trade; but unfortunately the world is not beginning business. In 1816 the United States made the greatest mistake in its history by adopting the protective policy.

The speaker said he would venture to suggest a way out of the difficulty. The mistake was in not limiting the tariff to a term of years. There was the error. The time ought not to be unlimited. In Maine, where they are making small herring into French sardines, the manufacturers sent to France and learned that the secret of the delicacy of the fish was in allowing them to lie in oil for twelve months. This of course increases the expense, and straightway they sent to Fernando Wood, at Washington, who had charge of the bill, to have another extra two cents duty put on imported sardines. If it was necessary to cultivate the sardine interest of the coast it might have been right to make every man pay two cents extra for his sardines for a time, but it is not right to make him do it for ever and ever. The Democratic party should be perfectly sincere in this matter, and frame a platform which the candidate can intelligently write upon, and the people intelligently read.

On civil service reform the speaker said he was a good deal of a maniac, and he believed the Democratic party must fully commit itself to this before obtaining power. The hurly-burly of power since 1789 was only the evolution of an idea, to take the place of the hereditary idea. The people of the United States had not learned how to be a good governor or how to compensate. In this the monarch had the advantage. He can call on the best and pay them for their services. The United States has an attorney-general with thirteen assistants. They are all necessarily small lawyers, because they are paid small salaries, and out of the lot not one was capable of conducting the Star route prosecutions. The President of the United States has not the power of picking men. Men should be paid market value, and then able ones can be obtained. That is democratic. Another advantage a monarch has. He cannot be blackguarded. Here in this State we have a Governor—General Butler. The speaker said he was happy in intimately knowing him, he was happy in knowing his foibles, which he possesses as any man does. He is an open air man, and a man who in every relation of life

### Has Endeavored to do His Duty.

In every relation of life he stands pre-eminent; a good father, a kind husband, an estimable citizen of Lowell. The speaker said he would relate a little anecdote, although partaking somewhat of a private nature. When General Butler's son went to college his father gave him a check book, and said "Take it; you are as free to draw on my account as I am; if at any time you have any doubts, consult your mother." Few men would say that to a son. After four years he looked over the account and found that his son had spent just what was right and proper for a young man in his position, the son of a rich father, some $1500 a year. All this, said Mr. Parton, makes no reason why we should vote for him for governor, but it is why we should treat him with decency, and the blackest thing of all is that the cream of the editorial brains is puzzling itself today, how to make some vituperative paragraph concerning him tomorrow. It is low; it is barbarous; it is stupid; it is provincial. This kind of political warfare is inoperative. If General Butler were nominated tomorrow and the election occurred next week he would go in by an increased vote, because he is so happy in his enemies. Mr. Parton, in closing, gave some interesting anecdotes from his historical works on political topics, as to how and why political offices were given away during President Jackson's administration. He was listened to with close attention, and frequently interrupted by applause.

Other interesting speeches were made by Messrs. Crowley of Danvers, Mayor Hill of Salem, Clark, representative to the General Court from Peabody, Sleeper and Currier of Haverhill, Roads of Marblehead, Richardson of Essex, and Dr. Chase of Danvers. The next meeting will be held in Salem.

### Two Bright Kentucky Girls in Mortal Peril.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

During one of the recent rises in Buck creek, Ky., Miss Nannie Lee and sister, aged 12, attempted to cross the creek, both on horse. When they got near the middle of the stream the horse became entangled in some brush and threw them into the foaming stream and went to the bank and shook the saddle off. Miss Nannie had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair, and the horse went to them, turned around and the younger sister caught him by the tail with one hand, and, holding Nannie with the other, reached the shore safely. The horse started home in a gallop, and neighed as if in great trouble; but getting no one to notice him, he started back in full speed to the girls. Finding them both alive and on their way home, he ran up to them and rubbed his head on their shoulders and neighed as if he was very glad to see them alive.

### Southern Notes.

Eufaula, Ala., shipped 100 mocking birds to Northern markets recently.

An old lady of Georgia sued for $8 for coffee borrowed by a neighbor, a cupful at a time.

Savannah has about ninety electric lights. Sixty of these are on the city circuit and the other thirty are private lights.

An ice famine prevails at Dallas, Tex., the factories being unable to supply the demand. Prices are now from three to five cents a pound.

There is a man in Moore county, Tenn., who has worn one pair of Sunday boots for twenty years, and they appear to be good for years yet to come.

Texas claims 10,000,000 sheep within her borders. They are largely coarse, unprofitable animals, but are being bred up more rapidly than is generally supposed.

An English lady, living a few miles from Warrenton, Va., draws an annuity provided for in the will of her uncles, who appear as the "Cherryble Brothers" in "Nicholas Nickleby."

In the Gulf hammock, Levy county, Fla., are two live cypress trees, some eighty feet high, that have cabbage palmettos growing out of holes in their sides forty or fifty feet above the ground.

A hen, a guinea and a partridge are all laying in the same nest on the farm of Simmons, near Donalton, Tex. Mrs. Finley, in the same neighborhood, has a hen that hatched a partridge last year and the little bird ran with the chickens until mating time this spring.

The Marshall (Tex.) Herald, referring to the trouble the flies give the bald-headed editor of the Hubbard City News, says: "We saw an account of a man similarly situated who secured immunity from the flies by painting a large spider in the centre of the bald space."

A North Carolina girl has twice been struck by lightning, twice attacked by train robbers, once nearly drowned, run away with and thrown by horses a number of times, and in other ways placed in danger to life and limb. She still lives, is unmarried, and is as buxom and merry a lass as one would wish to see. Most women of her experience would have been frightened into permanent hysterics or married a mock hero before this.

John Wilhite of Jackson county, Ga., was bothered by the crows, so he got some long strips of tin and tied them to a pole in the middle of the field—it makes a splendid scarecrow—and John was well satisfied with the arrangement until the other day. He was ploughing in the field, and the apparatus commenced working in such a lively manner that it scared him and the horse so that they both ran away before they could think what the trouble was.

# CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..................EDITOR

BOSTON, July 3, 1883.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

### Notice.

During the months of July and August this Checker department will be published every other week, and after that period it will be conducted as heretofore.—[ED.

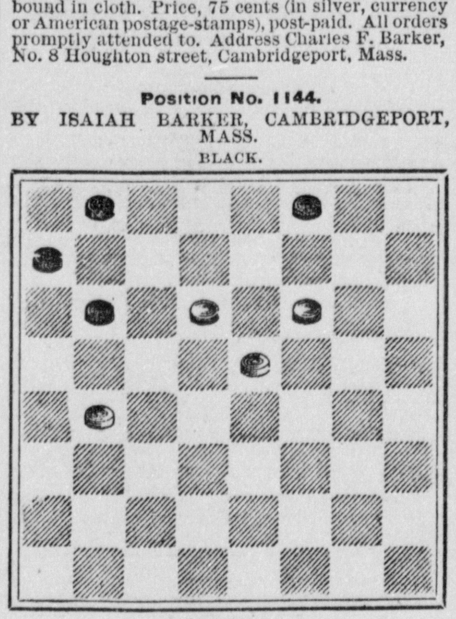
### Now Ready,

"Barker's American Checker-Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five critical positions, twenty-two of which have been contributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles F. Barker, author of the "World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, 75 cents (in silver, currency or American postage-stamps), post-paid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

### Position No. 1144.

BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

BLACK.



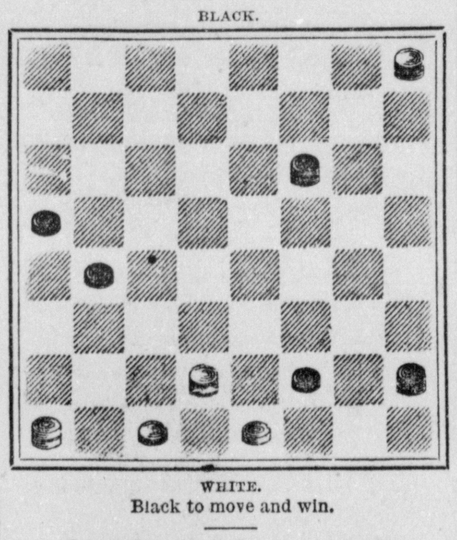
WHITE.

White to move and draw.

### Position No. 1145.

BY L. M. STEARNS, DERRY DEPOT, N. H.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

### Game No. 1617—Laird and Lady.

The following two games were played at Philadelphia, Penn., for $200, between M. C. Priest and George Dick. Dick's move.

First game.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 19..15-1 | 2..6 | 31..22 | 8..11 |
| 23..19 | 4..8 | 29..25 | 7..10 | 23..18 |
| 8..11 | 24..19 | 6..10 | 14..7 | 11..16 |
| 22..17 | 6..10 | 25..21 | 3..10 | 18..14 |
| 9..13 | 15..6 | 10..17 | 27..23 | Drawn. |
| 17..14 | 1..17 | 21..14 | 11..15 | |
| 10..17 | 25..22 | 13..17 | 22..17 | |
| 21..14 | 18..25 | 26..22 | 15..24 | |
| 15..18 | 30..14 | 17..26 | 28..19 | |

(Var. 1.)

In the seventh game Mr. Priest varied here with:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 26..23 | 12..16 | 29..25 | 30..21 | 10..15 |
| 4..8 | 30..26 | 23..26 | 14..10 | 25..30 |
| 24..20 | 22..31 | 20..16 | 13..17 | 23..19 |
| 6..9 | 25..21 | 11..20 | 10..6 | 17..22 |
| 31..26 | 31..24 | 2..11 | 17..22 | 19..16 |
| 2..6 | 28..12 | 5..9 | 6..2 | 30..25 |
| 26..22 | 9..14 | 11..15 | 21..17 | 27..23 |
| 6..10 | 18..9 | 9..14 | 2..6 | 20..24 |
| 22..6 | 11..18 | 15..18 | 17..14 | 23..18 |
| 1..17 | 9..6 | 26..30 | 32..27 | 24..27 |
| 23..18 | 18..23 | 19..23 | 14..17 | 18..14 |
| 17..22 | 6..2 | 14..17 | 6..10 | 27..31 |
| 19..15 | 8..11 | 21..14 | 22..25 | 14..10 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

### Game No. 1618—Bristol.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. L. Stearns of Derry Depot and T. Leddy, Jr., of Epping, N. H.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..16 | 5..14 | 7..16 | 11..15 | 14..18 |
| 24..19 | 29..25 | 26..22 | 25..22 | 9..5 |
| 8..11 | 11..15 | 3..8 | 15..24 | A6..9 |
| 22..18 | 25..22 | 17..13 | 23..18 | 13..6 |
| 4..8 | 15..24 | 8..11 | 16..23 | 2..9 |
| 25..22 | 28..19 | 22..18 | 27..4 | 17..13 |
| 16..20 | 8..11 | 1..5 | 10..15 | 9..14 |
| 22..17 | 22..18 | 18..9 | 31..26 | 5..1 |
| 9..14 | 11..15 | 5..14 | 12..16 | Stearns |
| 18..9 | 18..11 | 30..25 | 22..17 | Resigned. |

A—Very foolish. 16..19 should have been played.—[L. M. S. —[Yankee Blade.

### Game No. 1619—Glasgow.

Played at Syracuse, June, 1883, between J. D. Allen and F. Wolf, Jr.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 22..17 | 19..23 | 13..9 | 9..14 |
| 23..19 | 4..8 | 25..22 | 6..13 | 16..12 |
| 8..11 | 26..23 | 2..6 | 14..10 | 1..6 |
| 22..17 | 16..19 | 22..17 | 11..15 | 3..7 |
| 9..14 | 23..16 | 15..18 | 10..7 | 6..9 |
| 25..22 | 12..19 | 31..27 | 12..16 | A7..11 |
| 11..16 | 24..15 | 8..11 | 24..20 | 19..24 |
| 17..13 | 10..19 | 17..14 | 16..19 | Drawn. |
| 16..23 | 17..10 | 3..8 | 20..16 | |
| 27..11 | 6..15 | 28..24 | 5..9 | |
| 7..16 | 29..25 | 8..12 | 7..3 | |

A—7..10 would win.—[F. W.

—[Binghampton Sunday Tribune.

### Solution of Position No. 1142.

END GAME BY MR. J. SMITH, SPENNYMOOR, ENG.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..6 | 25..22 | 19..15 | 6..9 | 13..6 |
| 24..19 | | | | 22..18 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

### Solution of Position No. 1143.

BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

The above position should read black to move and draw.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15..19 | 2..7 | 19..24 | 25..30 | 27..31 |
| 11..4 | 11..9 | 22..17 | 13..9 | Drawn. |
| 3..8 | 5..30 | 30..25 | 24..27 | |
| 4..11 | 27..23 | 17..13 | 9..6 | |

### Checker News.

The Blade adds the following remarks relative to the article published in our last issue taken from the Sunderland Weekly Echo:

This is good common sense, and what the Echo says is just what we have been trying to convince Mr. Wyllie's friends and himself for a long time. The disgusting attitude taken by one or two papers in this country is enough to sicken all lovers of the game. Their principal efforts appear to be to see who shall do the largest amount of lying. When called upon to prove a few of their statements they are unable to do it. It is to be hoped that these cheap dignitaries will think the matter carefully over, and, in the future, when making statements, remember that Charles F. Barker has stood ready at any time to play any American player who meant business.

CELEBRATED CHAMPIONS.

The following is an "official" list of the best players in the world holding "champion" titles:

Champion of the World, James Wyllie of Scotland.

Champion of America, James Wyllie of Scotland.

Champion of Scotland, James Wyllie of Scotland.

Champion of New England, James Wyllie of Scotland.

Champion of Boston, James Wyllie of Scotland.

Champion of Greensburg, Ind., James Wyllie of Scotland.

Mr. James Wyllie of Scotland, having no use for one or two of his "titles," is willing to dispose of them at reasonable rates. Poor players will now have a chance to procure a "title" without playing for it.

BLINDFOLD DRAUGHTS.—A report of Mr. Strickland's recent simultaneous blindfold entertainments summarizes his contest with six Longton competitors to four games which he won, one lost and one drawn. At Honley he contested with eight competitors, won five, lost one and drew two. Against six opponents at Burslem he scored four wins, lost one game and one was drawn; and against the same number of opponents at the Oldham Draughts Club he scored four wins and two draws. These entertainments, we are pleased to learn, have been attended by influential and appreciative audiences. At present the champion is in Leeds organizing a tour in Scotland and on the borders, which will embrace visits to Dumfries, Mauchline, Kilmarnock, Paisley, Johnstone, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, Hawick, Galashiels, Alnwick and other places. Draughts votaries, residents of the above places, or on the line of his route, who require further particulars, are invited to address communications to Mr. W. Strickland, Parker's Temperance Hotel, Wood street, Briggate, Leeds.

MATCH AT MANCHESTER.—On the 7th inst. a struggle for draughts supremacy and a stake of £7 (£3 10s. a side) took place at Whittaker's Temperance Hotel, Green street, Manchester, between Messrs. A. Bell of Ashton and J. Alston of Oldham. The conditions were the best of ten games, wins and draws to count, and at the eighth game the score stood: Bell, 4; Alston, 1; draws, 3. Mr. G. Templar, late of Preston, officiated as umpire for Bell; Mr. W. Maloy for Alston, and Mr. Gilman presided as referee. Among the audience were Messrs. Strickland (Leeds), Rothwell (Oldham), Jackson, McClement, Atkinson, Firth, Maudley and Grimes (Manchester). At the conclusion of the match Mr. Alston challenged his successful opponent to participate in another encounter for £20 or £25 a side, but this Mr. Bell declined.—[Leeds Mercury.

### The Business Outlook.

[American Grocer.]

At the beginning of the year trade prospects were certainly not flattering. Railroad building had apparently been overdone and orders for iron had not only ceased but those which had been given in advance were well worked out. As a consequence the iron and coal industries were depressed, and in the large districts depending upon these industries trade was dull. The same thing was true, to some extent, of other branches of manufacture. Production had outrun consumption and markets were in many cases overstocked, and could only be relieved by a decline in prices stimulating consumption. The agitation of the tariff question in Congress still further tended to unsettle trade, and during the first months of the year it was evident that if these conditions should be supplemented by a bad harvest a dull season would be inevitable and a panic probable. Prudent business men, therefore, began to take in sail and prepare for squalls. Six months, however, have passed away without any serious disaster. The crops, upon which the general prosperity so largely depends, and which in the early spring did not promise well, have progressed favorably, and in most sections of the country a good harvest is now well assured. Prices of many manufactured and imported goods have declined to a point lower than ever before known, and, as a consequence, consumption is rapidly increasing; and, with the changes in the tariff, which go into effect on the 1st of July, we look forward to a large increase of trade, accompanied by a general improvement in prices. Merchants in the districts which depend entirely upon manufacturing establishments, which, for the time being, are shut down, would, of course, do well to buy cautiously. The ability of operatives in such districts to purchase is curtailed, but throughout the country at large we believe the time has come when prudent merchants can with safety and profit spread a little more sail than it was safe to do while crop prospects were uncertain and the tariff unsettled. The remarks apply even more forcibly to the grocery trade, which is not exposed in the same degree to fluctuations that the dry goods and fancy goods trades are. People eat and drink at all times, and nearly as much at one time as another. They will economize on their wearing apparel and articles of ornament before they will curtail their supplies for "the inner man," and we, therefore, look forward to an active trade in this line immediately after July 1, when the new tariff takes effect.

"TEST a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!" Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation as well as for kidney complaints. If you feel out of sorts, and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

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Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.
Mix.

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| Mother's Magazine | 1.50 | 2.00 |
| North American Review | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| N. Y. Medical Journal | 5.00 | 5.15 |
| N. Y. Fashion Bazar | 3.00 | 3.30 |
| Nursery | 1.50 | 2.20 |
| N. Y. Weekly | 3.00 | 3.60 |
| N. Y. Sportsman | 3.00 | 3.60 |
| N. Y. Observer (new subs.) | 3.15 | 3.30 |
| Ohio Farmer | 2.00 | 2.05 |
| Puck (the best comic weekly) | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| Portland Transcript new names) | 2.00 | 2.60 |
| Phrenological Journal (without premiums) | 2.00 | 2.55 |
| Phrenological Journal (with premiums) | 2.25 | 2.80 |
| Princeton Review | 2.00 | 2.35 |
| Prairie Farmer | 2.00 | 2.50 |
| Peterson's Lady's Magazine | 2.00 | 2.55 |
| Popular Science Monthly | 5.00 | 5.10 |
| Potter's American Monthly | 3.00 | 3.00 |
| Produce Exchange Bulletin | 3.00 | 3.10 |
| Philadelphia Medical Times | 4.00 | 4.10 |
| " Practical Farmer | 2.00 | 2.40 |
| Rideout's Magazine | 1.00 | 1.75 |
| Rural New Yorker | 2.00 | 2.90 |
| Saturday Evening Post | 2.00 | 2.55 |
| Scientific American | 3.20 | 3.60 |
| " " (with supplement) | 7.00 | 7.00 |
| Sunday School Times | 2.00 | 2.55 |
| Sunny South | 2.50 | 3.05 |
| St. Nicholas | 3.00 | 3.45 |
| Sanitarian | 4.00 | 4.10 |
| Saturday Night (Weekly story) | 3.00 | 3.30 |
| San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly) | 2.00 | 5.55 |
| Spirit of the Times | 5.00 | 3.05 |
| The San Francisco Argonaut (Weekly) | 4.00 | 3.30 |
| The Critic | 2.00 | 2.65 |
| Westminster Review | 2.50 | 3.30 |
| The Republic (Irish American) | 2.50 | 2.00 |
| Turf, Field and Farm | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| The Arm Chair | 3.00 | 3.40 |
| Vick's Floral Magazine | 1.25 | 1.95 |
| Wide Awake | 2.50 | 3.05 |
| Washington Post (Daily) | 8.00 | 8.00 |
| Waverley Magazine | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| Watchman | 3.00 | 3.30 |
| Western Stock Journal | 1.00 | 1.85 |

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